



THE LIBRARY  
OF  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES

*from*



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation



SOME LEISURE HOURS  
OF A LONG LIFE

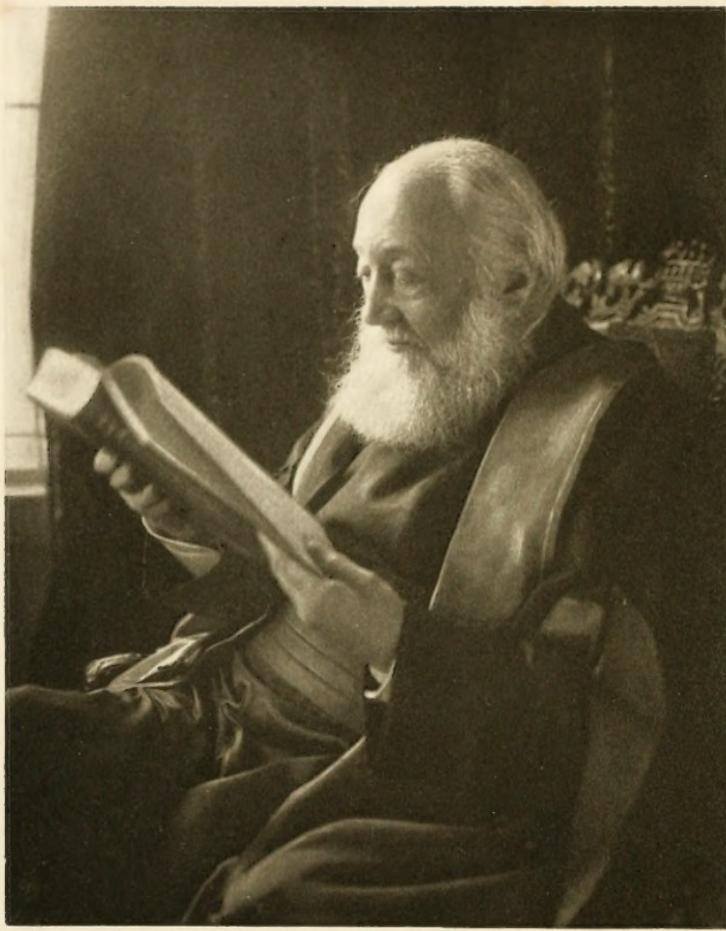
PUBLISHERS.



LONDON: MACMILLAN & CO., LTD.

GLASGOW: JAMES MACLEHOSE & SONS





From a photograph by Ethel Glazebrook

A. Montagu Butler

# SOME LEISURE HOURS OF A LONG LIFE

TRANSLATIONS INTO  
GREEK, LATIN, AND ENGLISH VERSE  
FROM 1850 TO 1914

by

HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER, D.D.

Master of Trinity College, Cambridge

And from 1860 to 1885 Head Master of Harrow School

*Τυῶθι σεαυτόν,* warned the Sage of old,  
And still the faltering tale is left untold :  
Our little Labours whisper what they can,  
But oft our Leisure best proclaims the man.

*April, 1914*

CAMBRIDGE

BOWES & BOWES

1914

IN MEMORY OF

RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB  
RICHARD DACRE ARCHER-HIND  
SAMUEL HENRY BUTCHER  
CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY  
WALTER GEORGE HEADLAM  
ARTHUR WOOLGAR VERRALL  
EDWARD MALLET YOUNG

PR  
4349

B46214

## PREFACE

WHEN it is said that this little book is meant to be in the main autobiographical rather than a contribution to Classical Literature, it follows that any value that it may possess must be strictly limited. The Greek and Latin Compositions do not pretend in any way to compete with the beautiful and powerful productions of such scholars as Dr Benjamin Kennedy, Mr H. A. J. Munro, Canon T. S. Evans, Sir Richard Jebb, Mr Archer Hind, Mr E. D. Stone, Mr F. St J. Thackeray, Dr Walter G. Headlam, and Professor Hardie.

If they have an ambition, it is of a very different and a much humbler kind. It is to throw a little light on the leisure hours of a long and busy life, which for more than sixty years found again and again one of its happiest relaxations in the composing of verses partly original and mostly translations.

Children, Grandchildren, and intimate Friends may feel some interest, now and hereafter, in the thought or the memory that such innocent studies, however much open to the criticism of scholars, were at least unpretentious and perhaps characteristic.

337697

A large proportion of the verses deals with sacred topics. It is based upon the Scriptures, or upon Hymns, or, in a few cases, upon well known Collects, or, again, upon grave religious musings, like Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar."

In translating the Hymns, some of which are more remarkable for the piety or tenderness of the thought than for their literary workmanship, I have not always been careful to render the original very closely. I have tried to produce a Latin Poem, breathing the spirit of the original, but with such omissions or additions as seemed due to the genius of Latin poetry.

On the other hand, when translating from the Scriptures, or from such masters as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Burns, Tennyson, I have taken such liberties but rarely.

There is one feature in this medley of compositions to which it may be well to invite attention, because I imagine it is somewhat novel. It is the attempt to render in various and very numerous Metres, and sometimes in both Greek and Latin, the same English original.

The chief instances of this are :

- I "God moves in a mysterious way" and "Through all the changing scenes of life," pages 166—175.
- II *Crossing the Bar*, pages 295—333.
- III Tennyson's *Epitaph on Sir John Franklin*, pages 348—352.
- IV *Flebilis Arbor*, pages 353—365.
- V *Sequelae*, pages 366—397.

- VI *Leuconoe*, pages 398—412.
- VII *Lines to my little Ben*, pages 432, 433.
- VIII *Epitaph* in the grounds of New Hailes, Musselburgh,  
pages 443, 444.
- IX *Rivals*, pages 452—455.
- X *Fidelity*, pages 462—466.
- XI *Leaves have their time to fall*, pages 488, 489.

While engaged on these poems, I was constantly haunted by the conviction that each Metre had, more or less, a personality of its own. It represented not so much an effort of ingenuity on the part of the translator as a self-assertion on the part of the metre itself. The metre in each case determined not the form only but the spirit. It not only expressed, it also created.

Was this conviction wholly an illusion? I can imagine that even friendly critics might decide that it was this, and no more. But to myself it was a reality, almost a revelation.

With regard to translations from the Psalms and from Collects, I may be allowed to say, as the result of a rather long experience, that, in my opinion, the metres of Ovid or Catullus or Horace are not well suited to such sacred themes.

If the Psalms are ever to be represented with tolerable fidelity and chastened reverence in any ancient language other than their own, it must, I think, be either in Latin Hexameters, as in Bishop Lowth's solemn version of Psalm cxxxix, in Greek Elegiacs or, perhaps better,

some form of Greek Lyrics, like an Ode of Pindar or a Chorus of one of the great Tragedians.

Is it not possible that the noble passage in Job xxviii, "Where shall wisdom be found?", might reappear, with much of its sublimity, in the metre of such a Chorus as *πολλὰ τὰ δεῖνά*, Soph. *Antig.* 332, and again that the mournful Psalm xxxix might find a not wholly inadequate interpreter in the pathetic *μὴ φύναι τὸν ἀπαντα νικᾶ λόγον*, of Soph. *Oed. Col.* 1225?

Perhaps this suggestion may appeal to some younger and fresher scholar as a kind of challenge. Let him take up the glove, and may victory crown him!

It has been my lot, in the course of a long life, to be asked to write numerous Epitaphs, most of them in the Chapels of Harrow and Trinity College, but others also connected with places so diverse as the Cathedrals of Carlisle, Ely, Llandaff, the Chapel of Wellington College, and the Gordon Boys' Home at Chobham.

Some of these Epitaphs I have ventured to insert in this volume. They at least bring me in touch with a "goodly company."

As to the long Inscription for the Gordon Boys' Home, page 292, the drafting of which was intrusted to me by Hallam, Lord Tennyson, a word of explanation may have its interest.

When I was Vice-Chancellor in 1890, it happened that Professor Jowett the Master of Balliol and Dr Liddon, who were receiving Honorary Degrees, were

our guests at Trinity Lodge. On the morning of their departure, at breakfast, I ventured to submit to them my first rough draft of the Gordon Inscription, regarding them both as, each in his own manner, masters of graceful, tender, dignified English.

Liddon, I remember, at once pointed out that Gordon's devotion to the young ought specially to be noticed. Jowett took the draft away with him to Oxford, and very soon after sent me a few suggestions, including the all important words, "As seeing Him Who is Invisible." This touch I have always considered as the one note of special value in a somewhat elaborate composition.

A word of a yet more private nature may be added as to one lyrical version, page 207, of a beautiful poem of Whittier, "*At Last*," a poem which gave comfort to Dr Vaughan, the venerable Dean of Llandaff, during the long and depressing illness which preceded his death.

On November 20th, 1896, when we took, as we thought, farewell of each other in his bedroom at Llandaff, he gave me a copy of Whittier's words which he had printed for his beloved Theological Pupils; and as I returned to Cambridge, during the long hours that followed on that melancholy day, I occupied myself with one more Latin Exercise for the dear and honoured Master to whom I owe so much. It was sent to him that evening. I knew that he at least would accept it with indulgence.

Let me end this Preface as I began. The book is a Chapter, or, say, a series of pages, in a fragmentary and very incomplete Autobiography.

At Harrow, at Trinity, in Egypt, in the Desert of Sinai, in Palestine, in Greece, in Italy, in France, in Switzerland, in Scotland, on railway journeys, in mountain walks, in solitary hours, in times of sorrow and depression, in times of over-flowing happiness, the old habit of making verses, begun almost before Harrow days, November 5th, 1846, has clung to me as a faithful companion, helping me, however imperfectly, to keep in touch with the thoughts of the wise, the pious, and the pure, and giving a kind of quiet unity to a life of some labours and many distractions.

TRINITY LODGE,

*April 30, 1914.*

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
<b>PART I. SACRA . . . . .</b>	<b>xvi</b>
1. Six Translations from the Old and New Testaments	1-35
2. Three Collects . . . . .	36-39
3. Revelation, Chaps. iv, v . . . . .	40-49
4. Psalm cvii . . . . .	50-69
5. Psalms xlII, xlIII . . . . .	70-75
6. Psalm xlVI . . . . .	76-79
7. Psalm lxxx . . . . .	80-85
8. Psalm xix . . . . .	86
9. Psalm xxIII . . . . .	88
10. Psalm xlIV . . . . .	90-93
11. Psalm xlV . . . . .	94-99
12. The Lord's Leisure . . . . .	100
13. Psalm xc . . . . .	102
14. Psalm xcI . . . . .	104-107
15. Psalm cIII. 8-18 . . . . .	108
16. Psalm cxxI . . . . .	110
17. Psalm cxxIV . . . . .	112-115
18. Psalm cxxvII . . . . .	116
19. Psalm cxxvIII . . . . .	118
20. Ecclesiastes . . . . .	120
21. While Shepherds watched their flocks by night . . . . .	122
22. We saw Thee not when Thou didst come . . . . .	124-127
23. Jesu, Lover of My Soul . . . . .	128-131
24. I heard the Voice of Jesus say . . . . .	132
25. "Take up thy Cross," the Saviour said . . . . .	134
26. Lord, it belongs not to my care . . . . .	136
27. Thy way, not mine, O Lord . . . . .	138-141
28. "Lord, and what shall this man do?" . . . . .	142
29. Father, whate'er of earthly bliss . . . . .	144
30. I little see, I little know . . . . .	146
31. His light shines on me from above . . . . .	148-151
32. Put thou thy trust in God . . . . .	152
33. O let him whose sorrow . . . . .	154
34. Well I know thy trouble . . . . .	156
35. How are Thy servants blest, O Lord . . . . .	158-165

	PAGE
36. God moves in a mysterious way . . . . .	167-171
37. Through all the changing scenes of life . . . . .	172-175
38. O Life, O Death, O World, O Time . . . . .	176
39. Courage! long the time may seem . . . . .	176
40. Mysterious Night! when our first Parents knew . . . . .	178
41. And has with us the dewy dawn . . . . .	180
42. Brief life is here our portion . . . . .	182-185
43. There is a blessed home . . . . .	186-189
44. Quickly droop earth's brightest flowers . . . . .	190-193
45. "Till He come"—O let the words . . . . .	194
46. There shall be no more Death . . . . .	196-199
47. When gathering clouds around I view . . . . .	200-203
48. O Thou Who dry'st the mourner's tear . . . . .	204
49. "At Last." See Preface, page ix . . . . .	206-209
50. Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending . . . . .	210
51. Lord, it is not life to live . . . . .	210
52. I marvel not that God hath called away . . . . .	212
53. Go home, dear friends, and shed no tears . . . . .	212
54. We know not where we go . . . . .	214
55. Once bright my early Visions shone . . . . .	216
56. The Union Jack . . . . .	218-223
57. I sing the almighty Power of God. . . . .	224
58. Where is Thy favoured haunt, eternal Voice . . . . .	226-229
59. See the soft green Willow springing . . . . .	230
60. Go up and watch the new-born rill . . . . .	232-235
61. Dread when the sound of human praise . . . . .	236
62. Though beaten back in many a fray . . . . .	236
63. Eternal God, we look to Thee . . . . .	238
64. O God, it is enough if we . . . . .	238
65. The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er . . . . .	240
66. "I am old and blind!" Milton's prayer . . . . .	242
67. Bishop Coleridge Patteson . . . . .	244-249
68. England at War . . . . .	250-253
69. Amicus Amico . . . . .	254
70. Ferre doce! . . . . .	254
71. "Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus" . . . . .	255
72. Epitaph in Harrow School Chapel on Henry Arkwright . . . . .	255
73. "Lest there be not enough for us and you" . . . . .	256
74. To know the number of my mortal days . . . . .	258
75. "Lift up your hearts!" We lift them, Lord, to Thee . . . . .	259
76. "O Merciful and Holy". . . . .	260

	PAGE
77. "Rejoice to-day with one accord" . . . . .	261
78. St John Baptist . . . . .	262
79. St Paul . . . . .	264
80. St Peter . . . . .	266
81. The Night of Agony hath passed . . . . .	267
82. Jesus died for us, and rose again . . . . .	268
83. "Ask, and ye surely shall receive" . . . . .	269
<b>EPITAPHS :</b>	
84. Queen Victoria . . . . .	270
85. Dr Vaughan, Dean of Llandaff . . . . .	271
86. Reverend John Smith . . . . .	272-275
87. Reverend William Oxenham . . . . .	276
88. William John Hope-Edwardes . . . . .	277
89. Lieut. Teignmouth Melvill . . . . .	278
90. Edmund Whytehead Howson . . . . .	279
91. Hon. Robert Grimston . . . . .	280
92. Frederick George Brabazon Ponsonby, Sixth Earl of Bessborough . . . . .	281
93. Reverend William Hepworth Thompson, Master of Trinity . . . . .	282
94. Reverend Coutts Trotter, Vice-Master of Trinity . . . . .	283
95. Joseph Barber Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham . . . . .	284
96. Professor Arthur Cayley . . . . .	285
97. Edward White Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury . . . . .	286
98. Professor Henry Sidgwick . . . . .	287
99. Brooke Foss Westcott, Bishop of Durham . . . . .	288
100. Professor Sir Richard Claverhouse Jebb, O.M., M.P. . . . .	289
101. Harvey Goodwin, Bishop of Carlisle . . . . .	290
102. Charles Merivale, Dean of Ely . . . . .	291
103. Gordon Boys' Home . . . . .	292
<b>PART II. MISCELLANEA</b> . . . . .	
104. "CROSSING THE BAR" . . . . .	295-333
105. On the expected Death of Mr Fox, 1806 . . . . .	334
106. A slumber did my spirit seal . . . . .	336
107. I travelled among unknown men . . . . .	338-341
108. The Fountain. We lay beneath a spreading oak . . . . .	342-345
109. "THE SILENT VOICES" . . . . .	346
110. Tennyson's EPITAPH ON SIR JOHN FRANKLIN . . . . .	348-352
111. "FLEBILIS ARBOR" . . . . .	353-365
112. "SEQUELAE ET SEQUELAE SEQUELARUM" . . . . .	366-397
113. LEUCONOE . . . . .	398-412

	PAGE
114. Marquess Wellesley's Inscription for his Monument in the Chapel of Eton College . . . . .	413-416
115. To the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava . . . . .	417-421
116. Lord Byron's last Verses, on his 37th Birthday . . . . .	422-425
117. Hark to the cry! Yon fisher-lads . . . . .	426-429
118. Alas! they had been friends in youth . . . . .	430
119. "To my little son Benjamin, from the Tower . . . . .	432
120. Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon . . . . .	434
121. A New Year's Wish . . . . .	436
122. Fingal's Cave at Staffa . . . . .	438
123. The man of life upright . . . . .	440
124. Lines at New Hailes, Musselburgh . . . . .	443
125. To Archbishop Alexander of Armagh . . . . .	446
126. Insomnis Somno . . . . .	447
127. Departed Days . . . . .	448
128. He who for Love hath undergone . . . . .	450
129. I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds . . . . .	451
130. Rivals . . . . .	452-455
131. Leonidas . . . . .	456
132. Lion at Chaeroneia . . . . .	457
133. Come, dear Amanda, quit the town . . . . .	459
134. Youth and Age . . . . .	460
135. Amantium irae amoris integratio est . . . . .	461
136. "Fidelity" . . . . .	462-466
137. Fratri Natu Maximo . . . . .	467
138. Hugoui Howson et Iacobo Ramsay Montagu Butler . . . . .	469
139. To the Rev. F. D. Maurice . . . . .	470
140. Of old sat Freedom on the heights . . . . .	472
141. The Song that nerves a nation's heart . . . . .	474
142. The Forlorn Hope . . . . .	476
143. Thy Voice is heard thro' rolling drums . . . . .	478
144. As Alexander I will reign . . . . .	479
145. Loyalty . . . . .	480
146. Achaemenidis domus . . . . .	481
147. Ulysses . . . . .	481
148. Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife! . . . . .	482
149. In vain we supplicate the Powers above . . . . .	484
150. O Lady, we receive but what we give . . . . .	485
151. As thro' the land at eve we went . . . . .	486
152. Leaves have their time to fall . . . . .	488
153. The miserable have no other medicine . . . . .	490
154. I know not; if they speak but truth of her . . . . .	494

	PAGE
155. I am undone: there is no living, none . . . . .	498
156. OINΩNH. Browne Medal 1853 . . . . .	499
157. NEMΕΣΙΣ. Browne Medal 1854 . . . . .	503
158. Brennus In Capitolio. Camden Medal 1854 . . . . .	508
159. I fear I shall begin to grow in love. Porson Prize 1854 . . . . .	512
160. Psalm cxxvii . . . . .	516
161. His Poetry His Pillar . . . . .	518
162. The Good Great Man . . . . .	520
163. Some Answer . . . . .	521
164. Garibaldi . . . . .	522
165. On Guido's Portrait of Beatrice Cenci . . . . .	523
166. To Archbishop Davidson . . . . .	524
167. To Mrs H. J. Edwards . . . . .	525
168. To the Vice-Master and Fellows of Trinity . . . . .	526
169. To Harrow friends present at the Dinner on July 9, 1913 . . . . .	530
170. To the Ten Donors of the Silver Bowl on August 9th, 1913 . . . . .	533
171. To the Fifty Nephews and Nieces, etc. . . . .	535
172. A Wife's Disillusion . . . . .	539
Translations from Latin Poets :	
173. O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint (VIRGIL) .	540
174. Di, quibus imperium est animarum, Umbraeque silentes (VIRGIL) . . . . .	544
175. Suave, mari magno turbantibus aequora ventis (LUCRETIUS) . . . . .	546
176. Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon, aut Mytilenen (HORACE) . . . . .	548
177. Caelo supinas si tuleris manus . . . . .	552
178. Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus . . . . .	554
179. Te maris et terrae numeroque parentis harenæ .	556
180. Exegi monumentum aere perennius . . . . .	560
181. Quem tu, Melpomene, semel . . . . .	562
182. Divis orte bonis, optime Romulæ . . . . .	566
183. Diffugere nives, redeunt iam gramina campis .	570
184. Audiat Lyde seclus atque notas . . . . .	572
185. Donec gratus eram tibi . . . . .	576
186. Frater, ave atque vale (CATULLUS) . . . . .	580
187. The Judgment of Brutus . . . . .	581
188. Cornelia's Defence (PROPERTIUS) . . . . .	582

PART I

SACRA

SIX TRANSLATIONS  
FROM  
THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS  
*INTO HOMERIC VERSE*

Λέγω δὲ οὐμῖν ὅτι πολλοὶ ἀπὸ ἀνατολῶν καὶ δυσμῶν ἡξουσιν  
καὶ ἀνακλιθήσονται μετὰ Ἀβραὰμ καὶ Ἰσαὰκ καὶ Ἰακὼβ ἐν τῇ  
βασιλείᾳ τῶν οὐρανῶν.

S. MATTH. VIII. 11.

ERRATA

- Page 143. For *ipse Ducis* read *ipsa Ducis.*  
282. For *Ingressu* read *Incessu.*  
319, first line of the translation:  
For *solus iubar* read *solis iubar.*  
453. For *sperare ceteros* read *spernere ceteros.*  
454. For *nihil magis* read *nil magis.*

CAROLO MERIVALE

DECANO ELIENSI

HARROVIAE PLUS QUAM L ANNOS STUDIOSO

D. D. D.

HARROVIENSIS

## PREFACE

THE Greek translations in these pages are an attempt to see whether some of the most animated and pathetic passages in the Bible admit of being fairly represented by the language of Homer.

My hope has been to produce, if possible, a Homeric whole breathing the spirit of the Scriptures. With this object, I have endeavoured to avoid all mere dexterities and ingenuities of expression, and have aimed rather at simplicity and breadth of effect. Where it appeared that the transposition, or even the insertion, of a clause would give a Homeric colouring to a passage, without impairing the majesty of the original, I have not hesitated to have recourse to such a licence. In one passage (page 13, lines 81, 82) I have even borrowed two lines directly from Homer, believing that the intent of the original would thus be most adequately rendered.

At the same time, if I am not mistaken, it will be found that the rendering becomes most literal in the case of those passages of Scripture which are most marked by force or tenderness, for example, in the translations of parts of the 15th and 19th chapters of St Luke.

There is one passage on pages 9, 11  
(Οψὲ δὲ δὴ μετέειπε—ἐρρίγότας ἄνδρα πέλωρον),  
which requires perhaps a separate apology. It will of

course be understood that it does not aim at *translating* the English verses which are printed on the opposite page. It is intended merely to serve as a bridge connecting the earlier and the later portions of the narrative, which alone are professedly translated. The bridge, however, is constructed not arbitrarily, but out of materials supplied by the words of Scripture, and these words it seemed desirable to print.

This brief preface is sufficient to explain the object which I have had in view. How far that object has been obtained, I must leave to the judgment of the few scholars under whose eye these experiments may fall. My trust is that the execution, however necessarily unworthy, will not be thought wanting in care or in reverence.

It is a pleasure to offer my acknowledgments to Mr D. B. Monro, Vice-Provost of Oriel College, Oxford, for not a few valuable suggestions and corrections with which he has kindly favoured me.

To the Greek translations have been appended Latin Versions, more or less literal, of three of the most beautiful Collects. The attempt will probably not be thought successful, but it helped me to feel, more than I had felt before, that the Collects are essentially poems. The language of the heart, when the affections are set on things above and the emotions are deeply stirred, is truly the language of lyric poetry.

HARROW, *January*, 1876.

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. 1 SAMUEL, CHAP. XVII. . . . .	6
<i>DAVID AND GOLIATH.</i>	
II. 2 SAMUEL, CHAP. I. . . . .	18
<i>THE LAMENT OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.</i>	
III. ST LUKE, CHAP. XV. . . . .	22
<i>THE PRODIGAL SON.</i>	
IV. ST LUKE, CHAP. XIX. . . . .	28
<i>CHRIST WEEPING OVER JERUSALEM.</i>	
V. ST LUKE, CHAP. VII. . . . .	30
<i>THE RAISING OF THE WIDOW'S SON AT NAIN.</i>	
VI. ST LUKE, CHAP. II. . . . .	32
<i>THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE BIRTH OF JESUS CHRIST TO THE SHEPHERDS.</i>	
 <hr style="width: 25%; margin-left: auto; margin-right: 0;"/>	
I. COLLECT AFTER THE COMMUNION SERVICE . . . . .	36
II. THE THIRD COLLECT, FOR GRACE . . . . .	36
III. COLLECT FOR THE TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY 38	

## I

## I SAMUEL, CHAPTER XVII

Now the Philistines gathered together their armies to battle, and were gathered together at Shochoh. And Saul and the men of Israel were gathered together, and pitched by the valley of Elah, and set the battle in array against the Philistines.

And the Philistines stood on a mountain on the one side,

and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side : and there was a valley between them.

And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath, of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span.

And he had an helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail ; and the weight

of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass.

And he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders.

And the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam ; and his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron :

and one bearing a shield went before him.

And he stood and cried unto the armies of Israel, and said unto them,

Σὺν γὰρ Θεῷ εἰλήλουθμεν.

*Il. ix. 49.*

“Ως οἱ μὲν πολεμόνδε Φιλιστῖνοι ἐνὶ Σάκῳ  
Ισακιδῶν ἀνὰ δῆμον ἀολλέες ἡγερέθοντο.  
Σαῦλος δ’ αὐτὸν ἔτέρωθι καὶ Ἰσακίδαι μενέχαρμοι  
οὔρεος ἐν βήσσησιν ἀολλίσθησαν ἐπ’ αὐτούς.  
αἱ μὲν ἐπ’ οὔρει τῷ στίχεις ἔστασαν, αἱ δ’ ἄρ’ ἐπ’ ἄλλῳ, 5  
κεκριμέναι ἔκὰς ἀλλήλων, κοῦλον δὲ μεταξὺ<sup>1</sup>  
ἄγκος ἔην ὑπένερθε, διέκρινθεν δὲ φάλαγγες.

Ἐκ δὲ Φιλιστίνων πρόμος ἦϊε, θαῦμα ἰδέσθαι·  
δεινὸς μὲν δέμας ἔσκε, πελώριος, ὑψικάρηνος,  
μῆκος δ’ ἦν δεκάπους, Γαθέη δ’ ἔνι ναιετάασκε. 10  
βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυθμένος αἴθοπι χαλκῷ.  
ἵτοι ὅγ’ ἐν κεφαλῇ κυνέην ἔχε χαλκοβάρειαν,  
στρεπτὸν δ’ ἀμφὶ χιτῶνα περὶ χροὶ καλὸν ἔεστο,  
χάλκεον, ἐμβριθῆ· περὶ δὲ κνήμησιν ἔνερθε  
κνημῖδας ἔχε χαλκείας, ὤμων τε μεσηγὸν 15  
πέλτην χαλκείην· πάλλεν δ’ ὅγε μείλινον ἔγχος,  
βριθὲν, μέγα, στιβαρὸν, ιστῷ ἄγχιστα ἐοικὸς  
ὅν τις ἀνὴρ ἐστήσατ’ ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ὑφαίνειν  
εἰροκόμοις δμωῆσι· σιδηρείη δέ οἱ αἰχμῇ.  
τοῖος ἔην καὶ τόσσος, ἀνὴρ δέ οἱ ἐκ θεραπόντων 20  
πρόσθε σάκος φέρεν εὐρὺν, ποδηνεκές, ἡύτε πύργον.  
στῆ δ’ ἐς μέσσον ἴών, ἐπὶ δ’ αὐτόθι μακρὸν ἄψε  
λαοῖς Ἰσακιδῶν, καὶ ὄνείδειον φάτο μῦθον·

Why are ye come out to set your battle in array?  
Am not I a Philistine,  
and ye servants to Saul? Choose you a man for you,  
and let him come down to me.  
If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me,  
then will we be your servants:  
but if I prevail against him, and kill him,  
then shall ye be our servants, and serve us.

And the Philistine said, I defy the armies of Israel  
this day;  
give me a man, that we may fight together.  
When Saul and all Israel heard those words of the  
Philistine,  
they were dismayed, and greatly afraid.

Now David was the son of that Ephrathite of Beth-lehem-judah, whose name was Jesse; and he had eight sons: and the man went among men for an old man in the days of Saul. And the three eldest sons of Jesse went and followed Saul to the battle; and David was the youngest: and the three eldest followed Saul. But David went and returned from Saul to feed his father's sheep at Beth-lehem.

And Jesse said unto David his son, Take now for thy brethren an ephah of this parched corn, and these ten loaves, and run to the camp to thy brethren; and carry these ten cheeses unto the captain of their

<sup>1</sup> Κέκλυτέ μεν, λαοὶ, μέγ' ἀνάλκιδες, ὅφρα τι εἴπω.  
 ἥ ρά νύ μοί τι πίθοισθε; Φιλιστίνων δ' ἀγός εἴμι      25  
 αὐτὸς, ἀτὰρ ὑμῶν Σαῦλος μέγας ἡγεμονεύει.  
 τίφθ' οὗτῳ στίχες ὕμμιν ἀολλέεις ἡγερέθονται;  
 ὑμῖν μὲν γὰρ ἔασιν ἄριστῆες μάλα πολλοί·  
 τῶν νῦν ὄντινα θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἀνώγει,  
 δεῦρ' ἵτω ἐκ πάντων, πρόμος ἔμμεναι οἰόθεν οἶος.    30  
 εἰ μέν κεν ἐμὲ κεῦνος ἔλη ταναήκει χαλκῷ,  
 ἡμεῖς χ' ὑμετέροισιν ὑπ' αἰχμητῆσι δαμῶμεν.  
 εἰ δέ κ' ἐγὼ τὸν ἔλω, νίκη δέ μοι ἔμπεδος ἦσιν,  
 ὑμεῖς δ' αὖθ' ἡμῖν ὑποδεδμήσεσθε ἔκαστος,  
 πόλλ' ἀεκαζόμενοι, καὶ ὑποδρηστῆρες ἔσεσθε.      35

<sup>2</sup> Ή, καὶ δεύτερον αὗτε γεγώνεε, μακρὸν ἀνέσας.  
 Σήμερον Ἰσακιδῶν προκαλίζομαι ὅστις ἄριστος  
 ἀντίβιον μαχέσασθαι ἐν αἰνῇ δηιοτῆτι.

<sup>3</sup> Ως φάτο, τοῖς δ' ἄρα πᾶσι κατεπλήγη φίλον ἥτορ,  
 Σαύλῳ τ' Ἰσακίδαις θ', ὑπὸ δὲ τρόμος ἔλλαβε γυνᾶ.    40  
 αἰδεσθεν μὲν ἀνήνασθαι, δεῖσαν δ' ὑποδέχθαι.

<sup>2</sup> Οψὲ δὲ δὴ μετέειπε πάϊς, φίλος νίὸς Ἱεσσοῦ,  
 Δαιδίος· τῷ δ' ἐπτὰ κασίγνητοι τράφεν οἴκῳ  
 πρεσβύτεροι γενεῆ, τὸν δ' ὀγδόατον τέκε μήτηρ.  
 τρεῖς δὲ κασιγνήτων, οἵ τε προγενέστατοι ἦσαν,      45  
 οἴκοθεν ὑσμίνηνδε μαχησόμενοι ἄμα Σαύλῳ  
 αἰχμητὰ ἔσποντο· οἱ δ' ὀπλότατος παρὰ πατρὶ<sup>1</sup>  
 μίμνε γέροντ' ἀγαπῆτὸς ἐὼν, καὶ μῆλα νόμενε.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Il.* vii. 48, 73.

<sup>2</sup> Vid. Preface, p. 3.

thousand, and look how thy brethren fare, and take their pledge.

And David ran into the army, and came and saluted his brethren.

And as he talked with them, behold, there came up the champion,

the Philistine of Gath, Goliath by name,  
out of the armies of the Philistines,  
and spake according to the same words:  
and David heard them.

And all the men of Israel, when they saw the man, fled from him, and were sore afraid.

And David said to Saul,  
Let no man's heart fail because of him;  
thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine.

And Saul said to David,  
Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to  
fight with him:  
for thou art but a youth,  
and he a man of war from his youth.

And David said unto Saul,  
Thy servant kept his father's sheep,  
and there came a lion, and a bear,  
and took a lamb out of the flock:  
and I went out after him, and smote him,  
and delivered it out of his mouth:  
and when he arose against me, I caught him by his  
beard, and smote him, and slew him.

καὶ τότε δὴ τὸν ἔπειμψε πατὴρ, ἵνα σῦτον ἀδελφοῖς,  
ἀλφιτά τε τυρούς τε, φέροι· οὐδὲ ἀνὰ στρατὸν ἐλθὼν 50  
εἶδε Φιλιστῖνον, ὅπα τ' ἄιεν, αὐτίκα δὲ ἔγνω  
Σαῦλόν τ' Ἰσακίδας τ' ἐρριγότας ἄνδρα πέλωρον.  
οἵ σφιν ἐῦφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπε·

Μήτις, ἄναξ, τρέμοι ἡτορ ἀπειλητῆρος ἀκούων,  
ἀντήσω γάρ ἐγὼ τοῦδ' ἀνέρος, οἰόθεν οὖσ. 55

Τὸν δὲ ἐπιμειδήσας ἡμείβετο Σαῦλος ἀμύμων.  
Πῶς δέ σύ γ' ἀντήσεις τοῦδ' ἀνέρος; οὐδὲν δύνασαι γάρ·  
παῖς γάρ ἔτι νεὸς εἰσ· οὐδὲ ἀφ' οὐδὲν ἄνδρεσσι μέμικται  
αἰχμητὴς θρασύς ἐστι, ταλαύρινος πολεμιστής.

Τὸν δὲ ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα πάϊς, φίλος υἱὸς Ἰεσσοῦ· 60  
Τοιγάρ τοι μῦθον, ἄναξ, νημερτὲς ἐνίψω.  
μῆλ' ἔχεν εἰν ἀγροῖσι πατὴρ ἐμὸς, αὐτὰρ ἔγωγε  
ποίμνης ἥτε πίουρος· ἐμεῦ δέ ποθ', ως ἐνόμενον,  
ἥλθεν ἔναντ' ἀπ' ὅρεσφι λέων, ἄρκτος δέ θ' ἄμ' αὐτῷ,  
ἄρνα δὲ ὑπ' ἐκ μῆλων νέον ἥρπασε, δαῖτα γενέσθαι. 65  
δὴ τότε ἐγὼ θῆρας μετεκίαθον, ἐκ δὲ λέοντος  
ἄρνα λαβὼν ῥυσάμην στόματος, ὅτε δέ ἀντίος ὥρτο,  
αὐτίκα μιν πώγωνος ἐλὼν κτάνον ὀξέῃ χαλκῷ·

Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear:  
and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of  
them,

seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God.

David said moreover,

The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the  
lion,

and out of the paw of the bear,

He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine.

And Saul said unto David,

Go, and the Lord be with thee.

And Saul armed David with his armour,

and he put an helmet of brass upon his head ;

also he armed him with a coat of mail.

And David girded his sword upon his armour,

and he assayed to go ;

for he had not proved it.

And David said unto Saul,

I cannot go with these ;

for I have not proved them.

And David put them off him.

And he took his staff in his hand,

and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook,

and put them in a shepherd's bag which he

had, even in a scrip;

and his sling was in his hand ;

and he drew near to the Philistine.

καὶ κτάνον ἀμφοτέρους· νῦν δὲ ἦρ κύνα τόνδε ἀμέγαρτον  
τοῦν ἐγὼ θήρεσσι κατακταμένοιν ἔίσκω,  
οἷα Θεοῦ λαοῖσιν ὄνείδισεν αἰὲν ἔόντος.

ἀλλ' ἐν γὰρ σάφα οἶδα, Θεὸς μέγας ὃς με λέοντος  
ἄρκτου τὸν ἐκ γενύων ἐρρύσατο, νῦν μὲν ὑπὸ χειρὸς  
ῥύσεται αὖτις καὶ τοῦδε Φιλιστίνου· δύναται γάρ.

“Ως φάτο, τὸν δὲ ἐπέεσσιν ἀμείβετο Σαῦλος ἀμύμων·  
Βάσκ’ ἵθι, παῖ, πολεμόνδε, Θεὸς δέ τοι αὐτὸς ἔποιτο.

“Ως εἰπών ἐπ’ Ἰεστιάδην τὰ ἀτεύχεα ἔσσεν·  
ἀμφὶ μὲν οἵ κεφαλῆι κυνέην εὔχαλκον ἔθηκεν  
ἐνδυκέως, στρεπτὸν δὲ περὶ χροῖ θῆκε χιτῶνα.  
αὐτὸς δὲ ἀμφὶ ὥμοις βάλετο ξίφος νιὸς Ἰεσσοῦν.  
<sup>1</sup>πειρήθη δὲ ἔο αὐτοῦ ἐν ἔντεσι δαιδαλέοισιν,  
εἴ τοι ἐφαρμόσσειε, καὶ ἔντρεχοι ἀγλαὰ γυῆα.  
καὶ τότε δὴ Σαῦλον προσεφώνεεν ἐγγὺς ἔόντα·

Οὗτοι μὲν πολεμόνδε, ἄναξ, ἵμεν οὐκ ἔθελήσω,  
οὕπω γὰρ τούτων ποτὲ ἐπειρήθην ἐνὶ χάρμῃ.

“Η ρά, καὶ ἐκδύετο κλυτὰ τεύχεα, κάτθετο δὲ αὐτοῦ·  
χειρὶ δὲ ἐπειτα πάις σκῆπτρον λάβεν, ἐκ δὲ χαράδρης  
πένθ’ ἔλετο ψηφῖδας, ἀριθμήσας κατὰ κόσμον,  
λείας, κυκλοτερεῖς· οὐδὲ ἐῆ τάς γένθετο πιγρῇ,  
τὴν φορέεσκεν ἔθων, πατρῷϊα μῆλα νομεύων.  
χειρὶ δέ οἱ, ως τὸ πάρος περ, ἐϋστρόφῳ οἰὸς ἀώτῳ  
σφενδόνη ώπλίσθη· οὐδὲ δηῶν ἐγγὺς ἐπῆλθε.

And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David;

and the man that bare the shield went before him.

And when the Philistine looked about, and saw David,

he disdained him: for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance.

And the Philistine said unto David,

Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves? And the Philistine cursed David by his gods.

And the Philistine said to David, Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field.

Then said David to the Philistine,

Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied.

This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee;

and I will give the carcases of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel.

Τὸν δ' ὡς οὖν ἐνόησ' ὁ πελώριος ἀσσον ἵόντα,  
ἀσσον ὅγ' ἥλθε καὶ αὐτὸς, ἀνὴρ δέ οἱ ἐκ θεραπόντων  
πρόσθε σάκος φέρεν εὔρὺν, ποδηνεκὲς, ἥντε πύργον. 95  
σμερδαλέον δ' ὅγε παπτήνας ἵδεν υἱὸν Ἰεσσοῦ·  
ώς δ' ἵδεν, ὡς ἀθέριξεν· ὁ γὰρ νεὸς, ἐν δὲ παρειῆς  
καλὸν ἔτ' ἄνθος ἔην, τοῦπερ χαριεστάτη ἥβη.

Τὸν δ' ἐπικερτομέων προσεφώνεε μακρὸν ἀνσας.  
Τίς πόθεν εἰς ἀνδρῶν; τί δ' ἄνευ τεύχεσφιν ἰκάνεις; 100  
ἥρα κύων τις ὅδ' εἴμ', ὅτι με σκήπτροισιν ἀπωθεῖς;  
νήπιε, ὡς πάντεσσι θεοῖς ἔχθιστος ὅλοιο·  
ἀσσον ἵθ', ὡς κε θάνης· σὺ δ' ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ δαμασθεὶς  
θηρσὶ καὶ οἰωνοῖσιν ἔλωρ καὶ κύρμα γενήσει.

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἵδων προσέφη φίλος υἱὸς Ἰεσσοῦ·  
"Ω μοι ἀμαρτοεπὲς, βουγάϊε, ποῖον ἔειπες; 105  
ἥτοι ἐμὲν σὺ μὲν ἥλθες ἐναντίος, ἀλκὶ πεποιθώς,  
ἔγχει τε, ξίφει τε, καὶ ἀσπίδι τερμιοέσση·  
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἴότητι Θεοῦ σέθεν ἀντίος ἥλθον,  
δεινοῦ, ὑψιμέδοντος· ὁ γὰρ ἐπιτάρροθός ἐστι  
λαοῖς Ἰσακιδῶν· σὺ δὲ τοῖς, κύον, ἀντιφερίζεις.  
ἄλλ' ἐκ τοι ἐρέω, τὸ δὲ καὶ τετελεσμένον ἔσται·  
σήμερον αὖ καὶ ἔμοιγε Θεὸς κράτος ἐγγυαλίξει·  
σοὶ δ' ἄρ' ἀπ' ὕμοιῦν κεφαλὴν τεμῷ ὀξεῖ χαλκῷ,  
τῶν δὲ Φιλιστίνων νέκυας θήρεσσιν ἀφῆσω 115  
οἰωνοῖσί τε πᾶσιν ἔλωρ καὶ κύρμα γενέσθαι.  
εἴσονται δ' ἄρα πάντες ὅσοι χθόνα ναιετάουσιν,  
ἥδ' ὀπόσοι νῦν ἐνθάδ' ἀολλέες ἥγερέθονται,  
ώς Θεὸς Ἰσακιδῶν γε μέγας Θεὸς, οὐδέ τι μιν χρεὼ

And all this assembly shall know  
that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear:  
for the battle is the Lord's,  
and he will give you into our hands.

And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose, and  
came and drew nigh to meet David,  
that David hasted, and ran toward the army  
to meet the Philistine.

And David put his hand in his bag,  
and took thence a stone, and slang it,  
and smote the Philistine in his forehead,  
that the stone sunk into his forehead;  
and he fell upon his face to the earth.

So David prevailed over the Philistine  
with a sling and with a stone,  
and smote the Philistine, and slew him,  
but there was no sword in the hand of David.  
Therefore David ran, and stood upon the Philistine,  
and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath  
thereof,  
and slew him, and cut off his head therewith.  
And when the Philistines saw their champion was  
dead, they fled.

ἔγχεος οὗτ' ἄορος, ὃν κεν ἐθέλησι σαῶσαι. 120  
 τοῖος τοι στίχας ὑμετέρας ἐπὶ ἥματι τῷδε  
 ἅμμιν ἔδωκε Θεός· τοῦ γὰρ κράτος ἐστ' ἐνὶ χάρμῃ.

“Ως ἔφατο, πρόθεεν δὲ ποτὶ στρατὸν, ἀντία δ’ ἀνδρὸς  
 ἵετο, συμβαλέειν μεμαὼς μεμαῶτι καὶ αὐτῷ.  
 οἱ δ’ ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἡσαν ἐπ’ ἀλλήλοισιν ἴοντες, 125  
 πρῶτος Ἰεσσιάδης χέρα δεξιτέρην ἐνὶ πήρη  
 ἔμβαλεν, ἐκ δὲ λίθον μίαν ἐξέλεθ’, ἢκε δ’ ἐπ’ αὐτὸν  
 δινήσας, βάλε δ’ εὐρὺ μετώπιον, ἐς δὲ μέτωπον  
 δῦ λίθος ἰεμένη· ὁ δ’ ἄρα πρηνὴς ἐπὶ γαιή  
 κεῖτο μέγας μεγαλωστὶ ταθεὶς, λίπε δ’ ὀστέα θυμός. 130

“Ως ὁ μὲν αὐθ’ ὑπὸ παιδὶ ταλαύρινος πολεμιστῆς  
 σφενδόνη ἡδὲ λίθῳ δμηθεὶς πέσειν, αὐτὰρ ἐκείνῳ  
 οὐ ξίφος ἦν ἐν χερσὶν, ὁ δ’ ἐκτελέσαι μενεαίνων  
 ἥλθε θέων ὅθ’ ἔκειτο νέκυς, καὶ ὑπερθεν ἐπᾶλτο.  
 ἐνθα στὰς ξίφος ὀξὺ λαβὼν κταμένου παρὰ μηροῦ 135  
 ἐξέρυσεν κολεοῦ, ἐπὶ δ’ ἔκτανε τεθνειῶτα,  
 καί οἱ ἀπ’ ὕμοιν κεφαλὴν τάμεν. οἱ δὲ ἰδόντες  
 ὥκα Φιλιστῖνοι φύγαδε μνώοντο ἔκαστος  
 προτροπάδην· δὴ γάρ ρα μέγα δεὸς ἔμπεσε θυμῷ,  
 ὁ σφιν ἀνὴρ ὥριστος ἀεικέα πότμον ἔπεσπεν. 140

FOLKESTONE, Jan. 6, 1875.

## II

## 2 SAMUEL, CHAPTER I

The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places:  
how are the mighty fallen!  
Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of  
Askelon;  
lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice,  
lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.  
Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew,  
neither let there be rain, upon you, nor fields of  
offerings:  
for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away,  
the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed  
with oil.  
From the blood of the slain,  
from the fat of the mighty,  
the bow of Jonathan turned not back,  
and the sword of Saul returned not empty.  
Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant  
in their lives,  
and in their death they were not divided:  
they were swifter than eagles,  
they were stronger than lions.

Μάλα γάρ με θανὼν ἐσεμάσσατο θυμόν.

*Il. xvii. 564.*

"Ωλετ' ἄρ' ἀκροπόλοισιν ἐν οὔρεσιν ὥλετ' ἄωτος  
 Ἰσακιδῶν, λύτο δ' αὐθὶ μένος μέγα περ κρατεοντων.  
 ὁ πόποι, ως μή τις τάδ' ἐν ἔθνεσι βαρβαροφώνων,  
 μῆτ' οὖν ἐν Γαθέη μῆτ' Ἀσκάλω εὐρυαγυίη,  
 κηρύσσοι· μή πού τι Φιλιστίνων κατὰ κώμας      5  
 κοῦραι ἐφεψιόωντο κυνώπιδες ἐγγελόωσαι.  
 ίμῦν δ', ὁ κορυφαὶ Γιλβωίδεις, οὐκέτ' ἔπεισιν  
 οὐ δρόσος, οὐκ ὅμβρος· φθινύθει δ' ἀναθήματα καρπῶν.  
 ως ὑμοῖς ἐν ὅρεσιν ὑπερμενέος βασιλῆος  
 ἀσπὶς ἀπορρίφθεῖσα κατέρρυη, αἰσχος ἰδέσθαι,      10  
 ως εὶ μὴ ἴερῳ κεχρισμένος ἦεν ἐλαίῳ.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε περ τὸ πάροιθεν ἐν αἰνῇ δηϊοτῆτι  
 γυῖα πρόμων τετάνυστο πέδῳ, ρέε δ' αἴματι γαῖα,  
 οὐ τόξον, φίλε, σόν γε πάλιν τράπετο χροὸς ἀσαι,  
 οὐδέ σοι, ὁ βασιλεῦ, ἄλιον βέλος ἔκφυγε χειρός.      15  
 ἦ μάλα θεσπεσίη καὶ ἐπήρατος ἦν χάρις ἀνδρῶν  
 ζωόντων, πατέρος τε καὶ νίέος, οὐδὲ ἄρ' ἔμελλον  
 ἀλλήλων ἀπάνευθε, θανόντε περ, οἰωθῆναι.  
 ὡκύποδες δέ τ' ἔσαν, ὥστ' αἰετοὶ, ως δὲ λέοντες  
 σεύοντ' ἐς πόλεμον, θοῦριν ἐπιειμένοι ἀλκήν.      20

Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul,  
who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights,  
who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel.

How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle !  
O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places.  
I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan :  
very pleasant hast thou been unto me :  
thy love to me was wonderful,  
passing the love of women.  
How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war  
perished !

Κοῦραι ἐνπλόκαμοι Ἐβραῖδες, ἀλλ' ἄγεθ' ὑμεῖς  
κλαίετε τὸν Σαῦλον, θαλερὸν κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσαι.  
τἏς γὰρ οὖν ὑμᾶς, περὶ δ' ἀγλαὰ εἴματα ἔσσε,  
πορφύρεα, χρυσὸν δ' ἐπὶ εἴμασι πουλὺν ἔχευεν,  
ὅσσα τε παρθενικαῖσιν ἀθύρματα θυμὸν ἰαίνει. 25

Οἰον ἄρ' ὑσμίνης πρόμαχοι πέσον ἐν προτελείοις·  
ώς ἔλαφος, σὺ δ', ἐταῖρε, τεοῖς ἐν ὅρεσσι δαμάσθης.  
Φίλε κασίγνητε, τῷ ἐμῷ κεχαρισμένε θυμῷ,  
ἄλγος ἔχει με σέθεν μεμονωμένον. ἡ γλυκὺς ἡσθα  
πᾶσι, μάλιστα δ' ἐμοί· σὺ δέ μ' εὖ φιλέοντ' ἐφίλησας  
θαυμασίως, ὅσον οὐδὲ γυνὴ πόσιν ὃν φιλεῖ αὐτῆς. 31  
ώς ἔπεσον πρόμαχοι, πολέμοιο δὲ τεύχε' ὅλοντο.

MÜRREN, August 7, 1874.

## III

## SAINT LUKE, CHAPTER XV

A certain man had two sons:  
And the younger of them said to his father,  
    Father, give me the portion of goods  
that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his  
    living.

And not many days after  
the younger son gathered all together,  
and took his journey into a far country,  
and there wasted his substance with riotous living.  
And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty  
    famine in that land;  
and he began to be in want.  
And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that  
    country; and he sent him  
into his fields to feed swine.  
And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks  
    that the swine did eat:  
and no man gave unto him.  
    And when he came to himself, he said,  
How many hired servants of my father's  
have bread enough and to spare,  
and I perish with hunger!

Νεκρὸς ἦν καὶ ἀνέζησε.

S. LUC. XV. 32.

Ἡν τις ἀνὴρ, ὡς παιδε δύω τράφεν ἥδ' ἐγένοντο·  
τῶν δέ μιν ὄπλότερος προσέφη· Πάτερ, αὐτίκ' ὅπασσον  
ἐκ κτεάτων μέρος ἀμόν· ὁ δέ σφιν δάσσατο πάντα.

Καὶ μετὰ ταῦτ' οὐ πολλαὶ ἔθ' ἡμέραι ἐξετελεῦντο,  
καὶ πάις ὄπλότερος συναγειράμενος ὅσα εἶχεν      5  
ἀλλοδαπῶν ἐς δῆμον ἀπώχετο, τηλόθι πάτρης,  
κτήματα δὲ φθινύθεσκεν ἀναιδείης ἐπιβαίνων.  
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τά γε πάντα διεσκέδαστ· ὥρυντο λιμὸς  
ἐν χθονὶ τῇ θεῖός τις, ὁ δ' ἄρ τοιούτος εἶδεν  
βῆ δ' ἀστῶν παρά τεῳ θητευέμεν· ἀλλ' ὃ μιν οἴκου    10  
ἀγρόνδε προΐαλλε συῶν ἐπίουρον ἔσεσθαι.  
ἔνθ' ὅγε τῆς βαλάνου, ὅσα τε σύες αὐτόθ' ἐδεσκον,  
ἥθελ' ἐνιπλησθῆναι, ἔδωκε δ' ἄρ τοιούτος οὐδείς.  
ἀλλ' ὅτε δή ρ' ἀμπνυτο, καὶ ἐς φρένας ἥτορ ἀγέρθη,  
ῳδε πρὸς ὃν θυμὸν μυθίσατο·      15  
δῆμωας ἔχει κατὰ δῶμα πατὴρ ἐμὸς, οἱ δέ τε πάντες,  
ῶνητοι περ ἐόντες, ἐδητύος οὐ χατέουσι,  
σίτου καὶ κρειῶν κεκορημένοι· αὐτὰρ ἐγωγε,  
νίὸς ἐὼν, λιμῷ κατατήκομαι. ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἀνστὰς

I will arise and go to my father,  
 and will say unto him, Father,  
 I have sinned against heaven, and before thee,  
 and am no more worthy to be called thy son:  
 make me as one of thy hired servants.

And he arose, and came to his father.  
 But when he was yet a great way off,  
 his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran,  
 and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

And the son said unto him, Father,  
 I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight,  
 and am no more worthy to be called thy son:  
<sup>1</sup>make me as one of thy hired servants.

But the father said to his servants,  
 Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him;  
 and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet:  
 And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it;  
 and let us eat and be merry:  
 for this my son was dead, and is alive again;  
 he was lost, and is found.  
 And they began to be merry.

Now his elder son was in the field:  
 and as he came and drew nigh to the house,  
 he heard musick and dancing.  
 And he called one of the servants, and asked what  
 these things meant.

<sup>1</sup> I have ventured to insert this clause, which appears to have the authority of the Vatican and Sinaitic MSS.

εῖμι πάλιν πατέρος ποτὶ δώματα πειρητίζων, 20

ῳδε δέ οἱ ἐρέω γουνούμενος· ὡς πάτερ, αἰνῶς  
ἡλιτόμην Θεὸν, οἰδα, σὲ δὲ ἡλιτόμην, πάτερ, αὐτόν,  
οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδὲ σὸς νιὸς ἔτ' ἄξιός εἰμι καλεῖσθαι,  
ἀλλά μ' ἔα δμωσίν γε μετ' ὠνητοῖσιν ὁμιλεῖν.

"Ητοι ὅγ' ἔνθ' ἀνστὰς πάλιν ἥϊεν· ἀλλ' ὅτ' ἄρ' οἴθὺς 25  
οἴκαδ' ἵων ἔτι πολλὸν ἀπόπροθι πατρὸς ἀπῆνε,  
εἶδε πατὴρ, ἐλέησε δὲ ἄφαρ, θέε δὲ ἀντίος νίῳ,  
ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ δειρῆ βάλε πήχεε, καὶ κύσεν ὕμους.

Τὸν δὲ μάλ' αἰδόμενος προσέφη πάις· Ὡς πάτερ,  
αἰνῶς

ἡλιτόμην Θεὸν, οἰδα, σὲ δὲ ἡλιτόμην, πάτερ, αὐτόν, 30  
οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδὲ σὸς νιὸς ἔτ' ἄξιός εἰμι καλεῖσθαι,  
ἀλλά μ' ἔα δμωσίν γε μετ' ὠνητοῖσιν ὁμιλεῖν.

Τὸν δὲ ἐλεῶν δμώεσσι πατὴρ μεθ' ἑοῖσιν ἔειπεν.  
Οἴστε οἱ χλαῖναν παμποίκιλον, ἥτις ἀρίστη,  
καὶ δότε οἱ χερὶ δακτύλιον, καὶ ποσσὶ πέδιλα. 35  
ἐκ δὲ ἀγέτω τις μόσχον ἐϋτρεφέα, γαλαθηνόν,  
ὡς κεν ἐνὶ μεγάροις τερπώμεθα δαιτὶ θαλείη.  
παῖς ὅδε γάρ, ἐμὸς νιὸς, ἀπώλετο, καὶ σόος ἐστί,  
καὶ μιν ἔφην θαρέειν, οὐδὲ ἄρ' οὐ θάνειν, ἀλλὰ σαώθη.  
ὡς οἱ μὲν τέρποντ' ἐνὶ δώμασι δαιτὶ θαλείη. 40

Τόφρα δέ οἱ φίλος νιὸς, ὃ οἱ προγενέστερος ἦεν,  
ἥλυθεν ἐξ ἀγροῦ, προσιὼν δέ τ' ἄρ' ἐγγὺς ἄκουε  
μολπῆν τ' ὀρχηστύν τε· τὰ γάρ τ' ἀναθήματα δαιτός.  
ἐκ δέ τινα δμώων καλέσας ἐρέεινεν ἔκαστα.

And he said unto him, Thy brother is come;  
and thy father hath killed the fatted calf,  
because he hath received him safe and sound  
And he was angry,  
and would not go in:  
therefore came his father out, and intreated him.

And he answering said to his father,

Lo, these many years do I serve thee,  
neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment:  
and yet thou never gavest me a kid,  
that I might make merry with my friends.  
But as soon as this thy son was come,  
which hath devoured thy living with harlots,  
thou hast killed for him the fatted calf.

And he said unto him,  
Son, thou art ever with me,  
and all that I have is thine.

It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad:  
for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again;  
and was lost, and is found.

ωδε δέ οἱ μυθήσατ' ἀνήρ· Πάλιν ἥλυθ' ἀδελφός, 45  
ὅς γέ τοι φέρετο δηθά· πατὴρ δέ οἱ ἥπια εἰδὼς  
μόσχον ἔπειτ' ἐσφάξεν ἐῦτρεφέα, γαλαθηνόν,  
γηθόσυνος ὅτι σῶν ἄρ' ἐδέξατο ω̄ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ.

"Ως φάτο, τῷ δὲ ἄρα θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ὀρίνθη,  
οὐδὲ μὲν εἰσιέναι δόμον ἥθελε, πρίν γέ οἱ αὐτὸς 50  
ἐξῆλθεν προθύροι πατὴρ, καὶ λίσσετο μύθῳ.

Τὸν δὲ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πάῖς, ἀχνύμενος κῆρ·  
"Ω πάτερ, οὐ σ' ἔτι πάμπαν ἐπαινέω, οἴλα μ' ἔοργας·  
ἥτοι ἐγὼ τεός εἴμι πολὺν χρόνον, οὐδέ τί φημι  
οὐδὲ ἔτεσιν τόσσοις παραβήμεναι ὅττι μ' ἀνώγοις. 55  
ἄλλ' οὐ πώ ποτ' ἔμοιγε σύ γ' οὐδὲ ἔριφόν περ ἔδωκας,  
ώς δείπνῳ φρένα τερποίμην μετ' ἐμοῖς ἐτάροισιν.  
ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ σός γ' νιὸς ἀφίκετο, δος μετὰ πόρναις  
σὸν βίοτον κατέδεσκεν ἀναιδείης ἐπιβαίνων,  
τῷ δέ συ μόσχον σφάξας ἐῦτρεφέα, γαλαθηνόν. 60

Τὸν δὲ πατὴρ μύθοισιν ἀμείβετο μειλιχίοισι·  
Τέκνουν ἐμὸν, ποῖόν σε ἔπος φύγεν ἔρκος ὁδόντων;  
αἰεί τοι σὺ μὲν ἄμμι μετεῖς, σὲ δέ γ' οὐ πόθεσ' οὕπω,  
ὅσσα τ' ἐμοὶ κτέατ' ἔστι, σύ που, φίλε, πάντα λέλογχας.  
ἄλλα τίη φθονέεις ταρπήμεναι; οὐδέ τί σε χρή· 65  
ώς ἡμᾶς μάλ' ἔοικεν ἐῦφρανθήμεναι ἥτορ·  
παῖς ὅδε γάρ, σὸς ἀδελφος, ἀπώλετο, καὶ σόος ἔστι,  
καὶ μιν ἔφην θανέειν, ὃ δὲ ἄρ' οὐ θάνεν, ἀλλὰ σαώθη.

ZERMATT, Aug. 29, 1874.

## IV

## SAINT LUKE, CHAPTER XIX

And when He was come near,  
He beheld the city, and wept over it,  
Saying, If thou hadst known, even thou,  
at least in this thy day,  
the things which belong unto thy peace !  
but now they are hid from thine eyes.  
For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies  
shall cast a trench about thee,  
and compass thee round, and keep thee in  
on every side,  
and shall lay thee even with the ground,  
and thy children within thee ;  
and they shall not leave in thee  
one stone upon another ;  
because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation.

Ίδον, ἀφίεται ὑμῖν ὁ οἶκος ὑμῶν.

S. MATT. XXIII. 38.

Αλλ' ὅτε δὴ προϊών σχεδὸν ἥλυθε, φαίνετο δ' ἄστυ,  
ἐνθα στὰς θηῆτο πόλιν, δάκρυσε δ' ἐπ' αὐτῇ.  
καὶ φάτο δακρυχέων· Αἱ γάρ σύ γε σῷ ἐνὶ καιρῷ,  
νῦν γέ ποτ', ἀλλ' ἔτι νῦν γε. παρὸς φρόνιν ὀψὲ γενέσθαι,  
ἥθελες ἐμπάξεσθαι ἢ κὰν φρονέουσα σαώθης. 5  
νῦν δὲ κατ' ὄφθαλμῶν κέχυται μέφος. ἀλλ' ἔσεται περ,  
ἔσεται ἡμαρ ὅταν ποτ' ἐῦκτιμένη περ ἐούσῃ  
· ἄνδρες δυσμενέες τοι ὀρύξωσιν πέρι τάφρον·  
καὶ κύκλῳ σ' ἔρξουσι περισταδὸν, ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα,  
καὶ ποτί σε ρίψουσι πέδῳ, φίλα δ' ἐνδοθι τέκνα, 10  
οὐδέ τοι οὐδε λίθῳ λίθος εἰς ἐνὶ λοιπὸν ἔπεσται,  
οὐνεκ' ἄρ' οὐκ ἥδησθ' ὅτε σοὶ θεόθεν γένεται ὄμφή.

MÜRREN, Aug. 10, 1874.

## V

## SAINT LUKE, CHAPTER VII

And it came to pass the day after, that He went into  
a city called Nain; and many  
of His disciples went with Him, and much people.  
Now when He came nigh to the gate of the city,  
behold, there was a dead man carried out,  
the only son of his mother, and she was a widow:  
and much people of the city was with her.  
And when the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her,  
and said unto her, Weep not.  
And He came and touched the bier:  
and they that bare him stood still. And He said,  
Young man, I say unto thee, Arise.  
And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak.  
And He delivered him to his mother.  
And there came a fear on all:  
and they glorified God, saying,  
That a great prophet is risen up among us;  
and, That God hath visited His people.

"Εγρετο δ' ἐξ ὑπνου· θείη δέ μιν ἀμφέχυτ' ὁμφή.

*Π. π. 41.*

'Αλλ' ὅτε δεύτερον ἥμαρ ἔην, πόλιν ἵκετ' Ἰησοῦς  
ἡ Ναὶν κέκλητο, πολὺς δέ οἱ εἴπετο λαὸς  
ἀνδρῶν οἱ περιναιέταν, πολλοὶ δὲ μαθηταί.  
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ σχεδὸν ἦν πόλιος προπάροιθε πυλάων,  
ἔκ τις ἀνὴρ νεκρὸς ἐκομίζετο, παῖς δ' ὅγε μητρὶ      5  
μοῦνος ἔην γεγαὼς ἐνὶ δώμασιν, ἡ δὲ λέλειπτο  
χηρή· τῇ δ' ἄμα πολλὸς ἀπ' ἄστεος ἦι ὅμιλος.  
Τὴν μὲν δακρυχέουσαν ἵδ' ὄφθαλμοῖσιν Ἰησοῦς·  
ώς δ' ἵδεν, ἀς ἐλέησεν, ἔπος τ' ἔφατ', ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζε·  
Μὴ δάκρυε, γύναι, ὁ γὰρ οὐ θάνεν, ἀλλὰ καθεύδει.    10

Νεκρὸν ἔπειθ' ἵκανε, σορὸν δ' ἐπεμάσσατο χειρί·  
στῆσαν δ' οἵ μιν ἄγον· καλέων δ' ὀνόμηνεν Ἰησοῦς·  
"Εγρεο, μηδ' ἔτι κεῖσο, νέος· κέλομαι γὰρ ἔγωγε.  
"Ως ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησ' ὁ νέκυς, ὁ δ' ἄρ' ὀρθὸς ἀνέστη  
φθεγγόμενος· ὁ δὲ μητρὶ φίλον τέκος ὥπασ' Ἰησοῦς.    15  
Τοῖσιν δ' αὐτίκα πᾶσι μέγα δέος ἔμπεσε θυμῷ,  
κύδαινον δὲ Θεὸν, ἐπί τ' εὐχετόωντ', ἔφασάν τε·  
"Η μὴν ἐν μέσσοισι μέγας γένετ' ἄμμι προφήτης,  
αὗτις δ', ὥσπερ ὑπέσχεθ', ἐὸν Θεὸς ἵκετο λαόν.

CANNES, Jan. 3, 1876.

## VI

## SAINT LUKE, CHAPTER II

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them,

Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you;

Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel

a multitude of the heavenly host

praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven,

the shepherds said one to another,

Καὶ σχήματι εύρεθεὶς ὡς ἄνθρωπος ἐταπείνωσεν ἑαυτόν.

EP. AD PHILIPP. II. 8.

Νυκτὶ δὲ τῇ ὅτε ταῦτα τελείετο, ποιμένες ἄνδρες  
ἀγροῖς ηὐλίζοντο φυλάσσοντες περὶ μῆλα.  
τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' οὐρανόθεν μόλεν ἄγγελος, ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα σφασ  
δόξα Θεοῦ σελαγεῖτο, φόβος δ' ἔλε θυμὸν ἐκάστου.  
καὶ τότ' ἐϋφρονέων ἔφατ' ἄγγελος, ηὔδησέν τε. 5

Χαίρετε, μὴ δείσητ', ἄνδρες· μέγα χάρμα κατῆλθον  
ἄγγελέων, ὅπερ үμμι τ' ἀνέσχεθε παντί τε λαῷ.  
ňmîn γὰρ Δαβίδοι κατὰ πτόλιν ἥματι τῷδε  
παῖς γένετ', ἄνθρωπων Σωτήρ· ὁ δὲ Κύριος ἐστι  
πάντων, καὶ Χριστὸς βασιλεύς· τὸ δὲ σῆμα τόδ' ἔσται·  
παῖδα νέον φάτνῃ ἐν δήετε κείμενον αὕτως, 11  
σπάργανά τ' ἀμφ' ὕμοις εἰλιγμένα κοιμηθέντος.

“Ως ἔφατ’, αἴψα δ’ ἔπειθ’ ἀμα ἀγγέλῳ ἐξεφαάνθη  
οὐρανιδῶν στρατὸς ἴρος, ἀθέσφατος· οἱ δὲ ἀλαλητῷ  
κύδαινόν τε Θεὸν, ἐπὶ τ' εὐχετόωντ', ἔφασάν τε. 15  
Δόξ' ἄρ' ἐν ὑψίστοισι Θεῷ γένετ', ἐν δέ τε γαίῃ  
εἰρήνῃ, θεόθεν δὲ φάνη χάρις ἄνθρωποισιν.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ νόστησαν ἐς οὐρανὸν ἄγγελοι αὗτις,  
ποιμένες ἀλλήλοις μετεφώνεον, ὥδε δ' ἔφη τις·

Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this  
thing which is come to pass,  
which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found  
Mary, and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger.  
And when they had seen it,  
they made known abroad the saying which was told  
them concerning this Child.  
And all they that heard it wondered at those things  
which were told them by the shepherds.  
But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them  
in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying  
and praising God for all the things that they had  
heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

'Αλλ' ἄγετ', εἰς Βηθλὴμ ὥομεν, ἵνα θαῦμα ἰδωμεν  
ὅτα Θεὸς νῦν ἀμμιν ἐπέφραδεν, ἔστι γὰρ οὔτως.

Οἱ μὲν ἐπειγόμενοι ἵξον πόλιν, ἔνθα δ' ἐτετμον  
μητέρα τ', Ἰωσῆν τε· τὸ δὲ βρέφος ἦν ἐνὶ φάτνῃ,  
σπαργάνῳ ἀμφ' ὥμοις εἰλυμένον· οἱ δὲ ἰδόντες  
πᾶσι πίφανσκον ἔπος ὁ σφιν περὶ παιδὸς ἐφάνθη. 25  
τοὶ δ' ἄρ' ἀκούσαντες μέγ' ἐθαύμασαν, ή δέ τε μήτηρ  
ταῦτ' ἐφυλάσσετο πάντα καὶ ἐν φρεσὶ βάλλετο ἡσιν.

"Αψ δ' ἄρα ποιμένες αὗτις ἔβαν, κεχαρηότες ἤτορ,  
κύδαινον δὲ Θεὸν, ἐπὶ τὸ ἥνεον, ὅσσα ἰδοντο,  
ἵσσα τε καὶ σφ' εἴρητο· τὰ γὰρ Θεὸς ἐξετέλεσσεν.

DIJON, Jan. 15, 1876.

## I

Almighty God, the Fountain of all wisdom, Who knowest our necessities before we ask, and our ignorance in asking; We beseech Thee to have compassion upon our infirmities; and those things which for our unworthiness we dare not, and for our blindness we cannot ask, vouchsafe to give us for the worthiness of Thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord.

## II

O Lord, our heavenly Father, Almighty and everlasting God, Who hast safely brought us to the beginning of this day; Defend us in the same with Thy mighty power; and grant that this day we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger; but that all our doings may be ordered by Thy governance, to do always that is righteous in Thy sight; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

## FONS SAPIENTIAE

O sempiternae Fons sapientiae,  
 Nondum inuocato numine praeuidens  
 Quantis laboremus tenebris  
 Rerum inopes, inopes precandi,  
 Succurre egenis; quaeque uetat pudor  
 Rogare, uel quae nox animi tegit,  
 Largire, nec frustra petantur  
 Immeritis benefacta Christi.

HARROW, Oct. 29, 1872

## GUBERNATOR ERRANTIU

Caelestis Auctor, numine prouido  
 Nil non gubernans, quo duce sospites  
 Primum salutamus fugata  
 Nocte iubar, tuearis Idem  
 Lucis per horas. Pelle pericula,  
 Peccata longe reice; sic Tuo  
 Cursum gubernaclo regentes  
 Nos uetitas fugiemus undas.

HARROW, Nov. 9, 1872.

## III

Almighty and everlasting God, Who art always more ready to hear than we to pray, and art wont to give more than either we desire, or deserve; Pour down upon us the abundance of Thy mercy; forgiving us those things whereof our conscience is afraid, and giving us those good things which we are not worthy to ask, but through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord.

## SAUCIORUM MEDICINA

Fons Caritatis, uota hominum Deus  
Audire uelox tarda precantium,  
O plura donature natis  
Quam cupimus, Pater, aut meremur,  
Descende amoris prodigus, et, sua  
Delicta si quem conscientia sauciant,  
Ignosce, nec desit nocentum  
Vulneribus medicina Christi.

HARROW, Nov. 15, 1872.

## REVELATION, CHAPTERS IV, V

## CHAPTER IV

After this I looked, and, behold, a door was opened in heaven : and the first voice which I heard was as it were of a trumpet talking with me; which said, Come up hither, and I will shew thee things which must be hereafter.

And immediately I was in the spirit: and, behold, a throne was set in heaven, and One sat on the throne ;

And He that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone: and there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald.

And round about the throne were four and twenty seats: and upon the seats I saw four and twenty elders sitting, clothed in white raiment: and they had on their heads crowns of gold.

And out of the throne proceeded lightnings and thunderings and voices: and there were seven lamps of fire burning before the throne, which are the seven Spirits of God.

And before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal: and in the midst of the throne, and round about the throne, were four beasts full of eyes before and behind.

Ἐγενόμην ἐν πνεύματι ἐν τῇ κυριακῇ ἡμέρᾳ.

ΑΡΟC. I. 10.

"Επειτα δ' ἥθρουν, καὶ θύραν ἐν οὐρανῷ  
ἀνεῳγμένην ἐσεῖδον, ἐκ δὲ τῆσδ' ἔβη  
φωνή τις, ὡς σάλπιγγος ἔξαυδωμένης,  
ἢ καὶ λόγοις μ' ἐξῆρχε. Δεῦρ' ἀνελθέ μοι,  
ὅπως τὰ μοιρόκραντά σοι σαφηνίσω.

5

κάμοι μὲν εὐθὺς θεόθεν ἦν ὡρμημένον  
τὸ πνεῦμ· ἵδοù δ' ἔκειτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ θρόνος.  
Εἰς δ' ἐν θρόνῳ καθέζεθ· ὁ δὲ καθήμενος  
ἴασπις ὡς ἔστιλβεν, ὡς τε σάρδιον.

καὶ μὴν ὑπερταθεῖσα τοῦ θρόνου πέριξ  
ἱρις, σμαράγδῳ προσφερήσ, ἐλάμπετο.

10

κύκλῳ δ' ἔφανθεν ἀμφὶ τὸν θρόνον θρόνοι  
ἄλλοι τρὶς ὀκτὼ, καὶ θρόνοις καθημένους  
πρέσβεις τρὶς ὀκτὼ ὅρκόμην, ἐσθημάτων  
στολαῖσι παλλεύκοισιν ἔξησκημένους,

15

στεφάνοις τε κεφαλὰς χρυσέοις περιστεφεῖς.  
θρόνου δ' ἔσωθεν ἔξέβησαν ἀστραπαί,

βρονταί τε, καὶ φωνήματ', ἔμπροσθεν δὲ τοῦ  
λαμπάδες ἐκαίονθ' ἐπτὰ παμφλέκτου πυρός,  
ἄ τοῦ Θεοῦ πέφυκεν ἐπτὰ πνεύματα.

20

καὶ μὴν θρόνου πάροιθεν, ὡς κρυσταλλίνη,  
ὑάλου τις ἦν θάλασσα, καὶ μέσῳ θρόνῳ,  
κύκλῳ πέριξ θ' ἐστῶτα, τέσσαρ' ἦν ἵδεῖν  
μορφῆς ἀμόρφου ζῶ', ἀνηρίθμοις κόραις  
πρόσθεν τε καὶ τοῦπισθεν ὡμματωμένα.

25

And the first beast was like a lion, and the second beast like a calf, and the third beast had a face as a man, and the fourth beast was like a flying eagle.

And the four beasts had each of them six wings about him: and they were full of eyes within: and they rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.

And when those beasts give glory and honour and thanks to Him that sat on the throne, who liveth for ever and ever,

The four and twenty elders fall down before Him that sat on the throne, and worship Him that liveth for ever and ever, and cast their crowns before the throne, saying,

Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power: for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created.

λέοντι μὲν τὸ πρῶτον ἦν ἀλίγκιον,  
τὸ δεύτερον δὲ ὡς μόσχος, ὡς δὲ ἄνθρωπος ἦν  
τὸ τρίτον ἰδεῖν πρόσωπα, τὸ δὲ τέταρτον αὖ  
ὡς ἀετός τις πετόμενος δι’ αἰθέρα.

τὰ δὲ ἦν ἔκαστον πτέρυγας ἐξ ἀνημμένα,                    30  
ὅμμασι βρύονται ἔσωθεν· ὅδε δὲ ἀγρύπνω  
πανημερεύονται, οὐδὲ ἐλινύονται γάρ,  
καὶ παννυχίζονται ὥρθιάζουσιν μέλει.

Ἄγιος, Τρισάγιος Ἐστιν Οὔξ Ἀρχῆς Θεός,  
Ο Πᾶν Κρατύνων· Σοῦ Τὰ Πάντα, Ἀναξ, Κλύει.            35  
Σύ Τ’ Εἷ, Σύ Τ’ Ἡσθα, Σύ Τε Δι’ Αἰώνων Ἐσει.

Τὰ δὲ οὖν ἐπειδὴν τῷ ν θρόνῳ καθημένῳ,  
τῷ ζῶντί τ’ αἰὲν, ζῶα προσφέρωστ’ ὅμοῦ  
τιμὴν, ἐπαινον, δόξαν, οἱ περισταδὸν  
πρέσβεις τρὶς ὀκτὼ τοῦ ν θρόνῳ καθημένου                    40  
ἐμπροσθεν ἐξάρχουσι γονυπετὲς σέβας,  
στεφάνους τε καταβάλλουσιν ἐμπροσθεν θρόνου,  
ὑμνῷδίαν τήνδε εὔστομοῦντες. Ἀξιος  
Σὺ Δὴ Πέφυκας, Κύρι, Ὁστε Λαμβάνειν  
Τιμὴν, ἐπαινον, Δύναμιν. Ἐκτισας Σὺ Γὰρ                    45  
Οστ’ Ἐστ’ Ἀπ’ Ἀρχῆς Πάντα, Σῆς Δ’ Τφ’ Ἡδοιῆς  
Νῦν Τ’ Ἐσθ’ Ἀπαντα, Κάξεγεινήθη Τὸ Πρίν.

## CHAPTER V

And I saw in the right hand of Him that sat on the throne a book written within and on the backside, sealed with seven seals.

And I saw a strong angel proclaiming with a loud voice, Who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof?

And no man in heaven, nor in earth, neither under the earth, was able to open the book, neither to look thereon.

And I wept much, because no man was found worthy to open and to read the book, neither to look thereon.

And one of the elders saith unto me, Weep not: behold, the Lion of the tribe of Juda, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof.

And I beheld, and, lo, in the midst of the throne and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb as it had been slain, having seven horns and seven eyes, which are the seven Spirits of God sent forth into all the earth.

Καὶ τὸν μὲν εἶδον ἐν θρόνῳ καθήμενον  
 βιβλίον ἔχοντα δεξιὰ, γεγραμμένον  
 ἔσω τε καὶ τοῦπισθεν, ἐμφανὲς μὲν οὐ,  
 ἀλλ’ ἐπτὰ σημάντροισιν ἐσφραγισμένον.  
 ἐπειθ’ ἔώρων "Ἄγγελον μεγασθενῆ  
 πᾶσιν προκηρύσσοντα διατόρῳ βοῆ·  
 Τίς ἄξιος πέφυκεν ὥστε βιβλίον  
 λαβὼν ἀναπτύξαι τε καὶ τὰ δύσλυτα  
 σήμαντρα λῦσαι; Κατὰ τῶν τ’ ἐν οὐρανῷ,  
 ὅσοι τε γῆν ἔχουσι, τῶν τε νερτέρων  
 οὐδεὶς τοσόνδ’ ἐπήρκεσ’ ὥστε βιβλίον  
 λαβὼν ἀναπτύξαι τε καὶ τὰ κρύπτ’ ἰδεῖν.  
 κάγῳ ’δάκρυον πόλλ’, οὐθούνεκ’ ἄξιος  
 οὐδεὶς ἐφαίνεθ’ ὥστ’ ἀναπτύξαι λαβὼν  
 βιβλίον, ἀναγνῶναι τε τάγγεγραμμένα,  
 καὶ προσβλέπειν τὰ κρυπτά· τῶν δὲ πρεσβέων  
 εἰς τίς μ’ ἰδὼν προσεῖπε· Μὴ δακρυρρόει·  
 ως οὖξ Ἰουδῆς ἐκγεγώς φυλῆς Λέων,  
 Δαβίδον παλαιὰ ρίζα, τοῦτ’ ἐπήρκεσε,  
 βιβλίον ἀναπτύξαι τε καὶ τὰ δύσλυτα  
 σήμαντρα λῦσαι θαπτά. Καὶ θεώμενος  
 τούντεῦθεν εἶδον τοιάδ’· ἐν μέσῳ θρόνῳ,  
 τῶν πρεσβέων μεταξὺ τῶν τε τεσσάρων  
 ζώων, ἀνίστατ’ Ἀμνὸς, ως ἐσφαγμένος,  
 κέρατά θ’ ἐπτὰ κῶμμαθ’ ἐπτ’ ἔχων, ἀ δὴ  
 Θεοῦ πέφυκεν ἐπτὰ πνεύματ’, ἀγγάρων  
 δίκην ἀποστελλόμενα πανταχοῖ χθονός.

50

55

60

65

70

And he came and took the book out of the right hand of Him that sat upon the throne.

And when he had taken the book, the four beasts and four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of saints.

And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation;

And hast made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth.

And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne and the beasts and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands;

Saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

'Ο δ' οὖν ἐπῆλθεν Ἀμνὸς ἐς τὸ βιβλίον,      75  
 ἐκ δεξίας τε τοῦ ν θρόνῳ καθημένου  
 ἐδέξαθ' ὡς δ' ἐδέξαθ', οἱ περισταδὸν  
 πρέσβεις τρὶς ὀκτὼ, τεσσάρων ζώων μέτα,  
 Ἀμνοῦ πίπροσθε προσεκύνουν χαμαιπετεῖς,  
 κιθάραν ἔχων ἔκαστος, ἥδε χρυσέας      80  
 φιάλας γεμούσας θυμιαμάτων, τὰ γὰρ  
 εὐχαὶ κέκληνται πολυτελεῖς τῶν εὐσεβῶν.  
 οἱ δ' ἄσμα καινὸν ὡρθίαζον. "Αξιος  
 Σὺ Δὴ Πέφυκας βιβλίον λαβεῖν, τά τε  
 Σίμαντρα Λῦσαι. Σύ Τε Γὰρ Ἐσφάγης Τπὲρ      85  
 Ἡμῶν, Σύ Τ "Εχεας Αἶμα Σὸν, Λύτρον Διδούς,  
 Ημᾶς "Απαντας "Ωστ' Ἀποινᾶσθαι Θεῷ  
 Ηάντων 'Απ' Ἐθνῶν, Πατρίδων, Γλωσσῶν, Γειῶν,  
 Θεῷ Τ 'Αρεστοὺς "Εκτισας, Κάξαιρέτους  
 Ιερεῖς Τε Βασιλεῖς Θ', "Ωστε γῆς ἀνάξομεν.      90  
 Καὶ μὴν ἔτ' ἥθρουν, κάδόκουν πολλῶν ἄμα  
 φωνῆς ἀκούειν Ἀγγέλων θρόνου πέριξ,  
 ζώων τε, πρεσβέων τε· τῶν δὲ μυρίαι  
 μυριάδες ἥσαν, χιλίων τ' ἀνήριθμοι  
 χιλιάδες· ὅδε δ' ἀλαλαγαῖς ὑπέρτονον      95  
 ἐφροιμιάζονθ' ὕμνον. "Αξιος Πέλει  
 'Ο Πρὶν Φονευθεὶς Ἀμνὸς ὁστε Λαμβάνειν  
 'Αρχὴν. Φρόιησιν, Πλοῦτον, Ἐγκρατὲς Σθένος,  
 Τιμὴν, Ἐπαινον, Δόξαν. Εἰτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ,

And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

And the four beasts said, Amen. And the four and twenty elders fell down and worshipped Him that liveth for ever and ever.

100

καὶ γῆς ὑπερθέε, χῶποσ' ἔστ' ἐνερθε γῆς,  
 τά τ' ἐν θαλάσσῃ πάντα, πάνθ' ἀπανταχοῦ  
 ὁμορόθοῦντ' ἥκουνον· "Αξιος Λαβεῖν  
 Τιμὴν, "Επαινον, Δόξαν, 'Εντελὲς Κράτος,  
 'Ο Πάντ' 'Ανάσσων, Ούν Θρόνῳ Καθήμενος,  
 'Αμνός Θ' 'Ο Βασιλεὺς Τὸν Δι' Αἰώνος Χρόνον. 105  
 Σύμφωνα δ' αὐτοῖς ζῶ' 'Αμὴν τὰ τέσσαρα  
 ἀντηλάλαξαν· οἱ δ' ἀναστάντες θρόνων  
 πρέσβεις τρὶς ὀκτὼ προσεκύνουν χαμαιπετεῖς  
 Κεῖνον, Τὸν 'Αεὶ Ζῶντα, Τὸν Μεγασθενῆ.

FRESHWATER, *Easter*, 1874.

CAROLO IOANNI VAUGHAN  
MAGISTRO MEO ET MULTORUM  
IN CHRISTO

AN ATTEMPT TO RENDER  
**PSALM CVII**  
IN LATIN ELEGIAC VERSE

"It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, Holy Father, Almighty, Everlasting God."

*'Eν παντὶ εὐχαριστεῖτε.*

“It becometh well the just to be thankful.”

Ps. xxxiii. 1.

“Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me  
praise His Holy Name. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget  
not all His benefits.”

Ps. ciii. 1, 2.

Εἰς δὲ ἐξ αὐτῶν, λιθων ὅτι λάθη, ὑπέστρεψεν μετὰ φωνῆς μεγάλης δόξαζων τὸν Θεόν, καὶ ἐπεσεν ἐπὶ πρόσωπον παρὰ τοὺς πόδας αὐτοῦ εὐχαριστῶν αὐτῷ· καὶ αὐτὸς ἦν Σαμαρείτης. ἀποκριθεὶς δὲ ὁ Ἰησοῦς εἶπεν· Οὐχ οἱ δέκα ἔκαθαρίσθησαν; οἱ δὲ ἐννέα ποῦ; οὐχ εὑρέθησαν ὑποστρέψαντες δοῦναι δόξαν τῷ Θεῷ εἰ μὴ ὁ ἀλλογενῆς οὗτος;

S. LUC. xvii. 15—18.

Qui medicam sensere manum bis quinque fuerunt,  
 Qui Medico grates redderet unus erat:  
 Unus erat qui laude Deum pro munere tanto  
 Tolleret; ingrati praeteriere novem.

Labitur annorum series mortalia mutans,  
 Hoc tamen et nostro tempore restat idem:  
 Accipimus benefacta Dei, laetamur, abimus:—  
 Ocius ex animo quam fluit unda fluunt.  
 Qui mihi sanasti tot vulnera, Christe, tot annos,  
 Qui toties lapsum pulvere, “surge,” iubes,  
 Da mihi per Tua dona Deum spectare medentem;  
 Gratam Tu mentem da memoremque Tui!

## PSALM CVII

## PREFACE

To give an adequate version of this noble Psalm in Augustan Elegiacs is of course impossible. The original is in a high degree majestic and solemn; the version can only hope to be lucid and graceful, or, at the best, pathetic. In making the attempt, I have had before my mind the small number of scholars who feel a certain pleasure in such experiments, and who may be interested in judging how far a “refrain,” which is so marked a feature in the structure of this Poem, can be reproduced in Latin. As a matter of fact, the “refrain” plays an active, and surely an exquisitely beautiful, part in Hebrew Poetry, while (so far as I know) it plays a very slight part in Latin. Every scholar will think of just a few passages in Catullus, and of some lines in the Eighth Eclogue of Virgil. Ovid, if I mistake not, only twice uses the “refrain” in Elegiacs, once in the Heroides, and once in a very trifling poem.

In the Bible it may be enough to refer to Exodus xv. 1, 21; Numbers xxiv. 3, 15; 2 Samuel i. 19, 25, 27; Isaiah ii. 10, 19; v. 25, compared with ix. 12, 17, 21, and x. 4; Jeremiah v. 9, 29, ix. 9; Ezekiel ii. 5, 7; xiv. 14, 20; xviii. 25, 29; Amos i. 3, 6, 9, 11, 13; ii. 1, 4, 6; Psalms viii. 1, 9; xxiv. 7, 9; xlvi. 5, 11, compared with xlvi. 5; xlvi. 7, 11; lxix. 12, 20; lvi. 4, 10; lvii. 5, 11; lix. 6, 14, 9, 17; lxii. 2, 6; lxvii. 3, 5; lxxx. 3, 7, 14, 19; xcix. 3, 5, 9; cxviii. 1, 29; cxxxvi. *passim*.

To these may be added Ecclesiastes and the Song of Songs *passim*.

In some of these passages the effect of the "refrain" is not less than sublime.

In Isaiah v. ix. x. we have, *five* times repeated, "For all this His anger is not turned away, but His hand is stretched out still"; and a similar note, *twice* repeated is found in Jeremiah v., "Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord, and shall not My soul be avenged on such a nation as this?"

In each of these passages it is the note of *Divine Judgment*.

In 2 Samuel i. it is the note of *patriotism* and of *friendship*, *thrice* repeated: "How are the mighty fallen!"

In Psalms xlii. and xliii., virtually one Psalm, we have, *thrice* repeated, the note of *hope*, mournful yet unfaltering in its *trust*: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him, Who is the health of my countenance and my God."

And once more, not to dwell on other instances, we have in Psalm lxxx., *four* times repeated with slight variation, the noble note of *penitence* and *faith*: "Turn us again, O God: show the light of Thy countenance, and we shall be whole."

In all these passages each verse, even if taken singly, is marked by no ordinary grandeur and beauty, but how much is gained by the repetition of the "refrain"!

In Psalm evii. the magnificent “refrain” is twofold. There is first the narrative, “So when they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, He delivered them out of their distress,” followed in each case by a verse or verses describing the deliverance; and then follows the prayer, “O that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness, and declare the wonders that He doeth for the children of men!”, followed in the first two stanzas by a verse giving the reason, in the second two by an expansion of the call to thanksgiving.

Thus each of the “refrains” appears four times, to commemorate each of four distinct deliverances, namely, from exhaustion in the wilderness, from captivity in prison, from penal sickness, and from the dangers of the storm.

In the printing, both of the English and of the Latin, I have taken pains to bring out this fourfold distinction, which, if I mistake not, is sometimes missed by those who hear the familiar words either said or sung in Church on the Twenty-second Morning of the Month. Perhaps I may say in passing that there is no Psalm in the whole Psalter which, alike in its general drift and in its several divisions, can be more helpfully elucidated and emphasized by sympathetic playing and pausing on the part of an Organist.

As to my own treatment of the Psalm, the fewest words will suffice. To reproduce the majesty and the pathos of the original was, I knew, hopeless. My object has been to write a Latin Elegiac poem which, while

keeping close to the English words, should clearly and reverently tell its own story. All ingenuities have been avoided. Some effort has been made to throw light on the connexion of the several parts. Further, I have desired that each single couplet, without being brought into undue prominence by any epigrammatic subtleties, and thus marring the proportion of the whole, should nevertheless be clothed in some simple beauty of its own. This has been my aim, but I am well aware that it is most imperfectly attained.

There is one verse, the 40th, which seems to require a special comment. In the Prayer-book Version, which I have taken as my original, it runs thus: "Though He suffer them to be evil entreated through tyrants, and let them wander out of the way in the wilderness," where the "them" in each clause must of course refer to those described in the previous verse, "And again when they are diminished and brought low, through oppression, through any plague or trouble."

But it seems certain that this is a mistranslation. All the commentators that I know of agree that verse 40 is a quotation from Job xii. 21, and should be rendered, as in the Revised Version, which I have in this one instance adopted, "He poureth contempt upon princes, and causeth them to wander in the waste where there is no way." The "princes" would seem to be foreign tyrants, who are the authors of the "oppression" of verse 39; and the "poor," or, as in the Revised Version, "needy," of the following verse are those who

were the victims of this “oppression.” I have sought to make this clear by employing “*regum vincula*” in verse 39, “*Proculeat reges*” in verse 40, and “*Sed vinctis*” in verse 41.

The powerful, but incorrect, reading of the Prayer-book Version might perhaps be rendered as follows:

Ut sinat extores inter deserta vagari,  
Collaque barbarico supposuisse iugo,  
Afflictis tamen Ultor adest, queis prole renata  
Gaudet, uti plenum gaudet ovile, domus.

SHANKLIN, *January*, 1896.

## PSALM CVII

O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is gracious,  
and His mercy endureth for ever.

Let them give thanks whom the Lord hath re-deemed, and delivered from the hand of the enemy;

And gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south.

## CONFITEMINI DOMINO

Collaudate Deum, socii, persolvite grates,

Cuius in aeternum gratia viva manet!

Praecipue laudent quos Ultor ab hoste redemit

Omnibus e terris, exsolutique iugo;

Solis ab occasu coeunt seu solis ab ortu,

5

Quosve diu profugos reddit uteisque polus.

## I

*Exiles wandering in the desert*

They went astray in the wilderness out of the way, and found no city to dwell in.

Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.

So they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them from their distress.

He led them forth by the right way, that they might go to <sup>1</sup>the city where they dwelt.

O that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness, and declare the wonders that He doeth for the children of men !

For He satisfieth the empty soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

<sup>1</sup> R. V. *a city of habitation.*

## I

*Exsules in deserto palantes*

Quot mala pertulerunt inter deserta vagantes,  
 Urbs ubi non usquam quae coleretur erat !  
 Saepius aegra fames, sitis arida saepius ussit ;  
 Deficit ipse animus, spesque salutis abit.        10  
 Verum ubi voce Deum, iam fato instante, vocarunt,  
 Traxit ab exitio, dedocuitque metus ;  
 Perque viam expediit quae proxima ferret ad urbem,  
 Victum ubi defessis hospitiumque parat.  
 O utinam laudent homines miranda Parentis        15  
 Munera, nec sileant tot benefacta Dei,  
 Qui vel in exsilio fontem sitientibus offert,  
 Oppressisque fame porrigit Ipse dapes !

## II

*Captives in Prison*

Such as sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death,  
being fast bound in misery and iron;

Because they rebelled against the words of the  
Lord, and lightly regarded the counsel of the most  
Highest;

He also brought down their heart through heavi-  
ness; they fell down, and there was none to help them.

So when they cried unto the Lord in their trouble,  
He delivered them out of their distress.

For He brought them out of darkness, and out of  
the shadow of death, and brake their bonds in sunder.

O that men would therefore praise the Lord for  
His goodness, and declare the wonders that He doeth  
for the children of men!

For He hath broken the gates of brass, and smitten  
the bars of iron in sunder.

## II

*Captivi catenis vincti*

Quid referam mersos tenebris mortisque sub umbra  
 Pallentes? Miseros ferrea vincla ligant.      20

Dementes, magni qui sustinuere Tonantis  
 Fulmina consiliis postposuisse suis!

Ille superborum stravit capita, Ille gravavit  
 Corda, nec afflictos qui relevaret erat.

Verum ubi voce Deum media inter vincla vocarunt,      25

Traxit ab exitio, dedocuitque metus:  
 Carceris en tenebras mortisque salutifer umbram  
 Dissipat, et nexus qui tenuere levat.

O utinam laudent homines miranda Parentis  
 Munera, nec sileant tot benefacta Dei!      30

Dixit, et aerati rupere repagula postes,  
 Ferrataeque manu dissiluere serae.

## III

*Sufferers from penal sickness*

Foolish men are plagued for their offence, and because of their wickedness.

Their soul abhorred all manner of meat, and they were even hard at death's door.

So when they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, He delivered them out of their distress.

He sent His word, and healed them, and they were saved from their destruction.

O that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness, and declare the wonders that He doeth for the children of men !

That they would offer unto Him the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and tell out His works with <sup>1</sup> gladness !

<sup>1</sup> R. V. *singing.*

## III

*Morbo ob peccata tabescentes*

Quid stultos memorem queis languida corpora morbi  
 Debilitant? Poenas quas meruere luunt.  
 Vita fugit; movet ipse cibus fastidia lassis;       35  
 Nil iam quin pateat ianua mortis abest.  
 Verum ubi voce Deum, vita fugiente, vocarunt,  
 Traxit ab exitio, dedocuitque metus:  
 Misit enim auxilium, misit medicamina morbi,  
 Iussaque mors clausit, quae patuere, fores.       40  
 O utinam laudent homines miranda Parentis  
 Munera, nec sileant tot benefacta Dei;  
 Sacra Deo gratesque ferant altaria circum,  
 Cantibus et clarum testificantur opus!

## IV

*Mariners in the storm*

They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters;

These men see the works of the Lord,

And His wonders in the deep.

For at His word the stormy wind ariseth,

Which lifteth up the waves thereof.

They are carried up to the heaven, and down again to the deep; their soul melteth away because of the trouble.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end.

So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, He delivereth them out of their distress.

For He maketh the storm to cease, so that the waves thereof are still.

Then are they glad, because they are at rest, and so He bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.

O that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness, and declare the wonders that He doeth for the children of men!

That they would exalt Him also in the congregation of the people, and praise Him in the seat of the elders!

## IV

*Navitae tempestate iactati*

Sunt quibus in magnum descendere navibus aequor 45  
 Sors datur, et victum per maris alta sequi.  
 His Pater ante oculos aperit miracula rerum,  
 His Deus interpres Numinis Ipse sui est.  
 Quippe Dei iussu vastum se tollere marmor  
 Incipit, et vento saeva procella furit. 50  
 Iam iam tacturos<sup>1</sup> summi laquearia caeli,  
 Iam iam tacturos gurgitis ima putant.  
 Mentis inops, titubans velut ebrius, huc labat illuc  
 Navita; corda fluunt ceu liquefacta metu.  
 Verum ubi voce Deum, flatu stridente, vocarunt, 55  
 Traxit ab exitio, dedocuitque metus.  
 Facta quies hiemi, subiere silentia ponto,  
 Et tumidi fluctus deposuere minas.  
 Illi pace nova gaudent; mox Ipse vagantum  
 Dirigit in portum, quo libet ire, ratem. 60  
 O utinam laudent homines miranda Parentis  
 Munera, nec sileant tot benefacta Dei,  
 Sive locis populi quos maxima turba frequentat,  
 Sive locis sellas queis statuere Patres!

<sup>1</sup> Conf. Ov. *Trist.* l. 2, 19.

## V

*Vicissitudes of Drought and Fertility*

Who turneth the floods into a wilderness,  
 And drieth up the water-springs.  
 A fruitful land maketh He barren,  
 For the wickedness of them that dwell therein.  
 Again, He maketh the wilderness a standing water,  
 and water-springs of a dry ground.

And there He setteth the hungry, that they may  
 build them a city to dwell in;

That they may sow their land, and plant vine-  
 yards, to yield them fruits of increase.

He blesseth them, so that they multiply exceedingly,  
 and suffereth not their cattle to decrease.

And again, when they are diminished, and brought  
 low, through oppression,<sup>1</sup> through any plague, or trouble,

He poureth contempt upon princes, and causeth  
 them to wander in the waste, where there is no way;

Yet helpeth He the poor out of misery, and maketh  
 him households like a flock of sheep.

The righteous will consider this, and rejoice, and  
 the mouth of all wickedness shall be stopped.

Whoso is wise will ponder these things, and they  
 shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.

<sup>1</sup> R. V. *trouble and sorrow.*

## V

*Culta fiunt deserta, deserta culta*

Dat quoque terra vices; fluvii mutantur harenis; 65

Fit sterilis regio quae modo cultura fuit:

Iam deserta refert, siccatis fontibus, arvum:

Causa Deus; populi poena nocentis erat.

Idem iterum deserta rigat fluvialibus undis,

Rursus et e sicca fons scatet almus humo. 70

Hic locat Ipse fame fractos et panis egentes,

Urbis ut aedificant tecta, domosque parent;

Ut segetes per prata serant, vinetaque longis

Ordinibus, messes pollicitura novas.

Multiplici foetu tanto sub Numine crescunt; 75

Nulla lues minuit pascua, nulla gregem.

Sin redeunt adversa viris, si tristia rursus

Fata premunt, regum vincula, damna, dolor,

Proculeat reges, longeque per avia fusos

Gentibus opprobrium ludibriumque facit; 80

Sed vinctis grave demit onus, queis prole renata

Gaudet, uti plenum gaudet ovile, domus.

Haec recolens qui iustus erit nova cornua sumet,

Impius obstrictis faucibus ora premet.

Tu sapiens volves animo; sic gratia nosces 85

Quanta sit aeterni, quam diuturna, Patris.

## PSALM XLII

## I

As the hart panteth after the water brooks,  
So panteth my soul after Thee, O God.  
My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God :  
When shall I come and appear before God ?  
My tears have been my meat day and night,  
While they continually say unto me,  
Where is thy God ?  
These things I remember, and pour out  
My soul within me,  
How I went with the throng,  
And led them to the house of God,  
With the voice of joy and praise, a multitude  
Keeping holy day.  
Why art thou cast down, O my soul ?  
And why art thou disquieted within me ?  
Hope thou in God : for I shall yet praise Him  
For the health of His countenance.

## PSALM XLII

## I

Cervus uti sitiens fontes desiderat almos,  
 Sic desiderio torreor ipse Dei.  
 Cor sitit Aeterni vitalia flumina: quando  
 Fas erit ex illo fonte levare sitim?  
 Nocte dieque cibus lacrimae: fremit improbus hostis  
 Irridens, "Servat sic Deus iste fidem?"  
 Haec recolens crebros effundo pectore questus,  
 Res ubi praeteritas versaque fata gemo.  
 Scilicet hic profugus praedulce remetior aevum  
 Coetus ubi petiit, me duce, fana Dei;  
 Cum iuvenum, festis celebrantum sacra diebus,  
 Laetitia et cantu personuere viae.  
 Cur, anima, aerumnis toties oppressa gravaris?  
 Cur intus toties irrequieta tremis?  
 Fide Deo—grates veniet iam tempus agendi—  
 Qui meus est, vultus Luxque Salusque mei.

## II

O my God, my soul is cast down within me:  
Therefore do I remember Thee  
From the land of Jordan,  
And the Hermons, from the hill Mizar.  
Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of  
Thy waterspouts:  
All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me.  
Yet the LORD will command His lovingkindness  
In the day-time,  
And in the night His song shall be with me,  
Even a prayer unto the God of my life.  
I will say unto God my Rock,  
Why hast Thou forgotten me ?  
Why go I mourning because of the  
Oppression of the enemy ?  
As with a sword in my bones, mine adversaries  
Reproach me ;  
While they continually say unto me,  
Where is thy God ?  
Why art thou cast down, O my soul ?  
And why art thou disquieted within me ?  
Hope thou in God : for I shall yet praise Him,  
Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

## II

Te, Deus, afflictus curis, Te solus et exsul  
 Hos inter montes in mea damna voco.  
 Hinc Hermon caelo geminum caput erigit, illinc  
 Iordanes tortis intonat albus aquis.  
 Credo equidem, nostri vox illa doloris imago est:  
     Excipitur, ceu vox voce, dolore dolor.  
 Damna superveniunt, velut unda supervenit undam:  
     Fluctibus obruimur proluimurque Tuis.  
 Tu tamen afflito solem affulgere iubebis,  
     Ne careant horae lucis amore Dei:  
 Dulce Tuum carmen noctis solabitur umbras,  
     Dum Tibi, Fons vitae, vota precesque fero.  
 “O Deus, o Columen, quae tanta oblivia?” dicam,  
     “Cur grave sustineo, pressus ab hoste, iugum?  
 “Ut gladius ferit ossa, ferit penetrabilis aures  
     “Ferrea vox, ‘Servat sic Deus iste fidem?’”  
 Cur, anima, aerumnis toties oppressa gravaris?  
     Cur intus toties irrequieta tremis?  
 Fide Deo—grates veniet iam tempus agendi—  
     Qui meus est, vultus Luxque Salusque mei.

## PSALM XLIII

## III

Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation:  
O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man.  
For Thou art the God of my strength;  
Why hast Thou cast me off?  
Why go I mourning because of  
The oppression of the enemy?  
O send out Thy light and Thy truth;  
Let them lead me:  
Let them bring me unto Thy holy hill,  
And to Thy tabernacles.  
Then will I go unto the altar of God,  
Unto God my exceeding joy;  
And upon the harp will I praise Thee,  
O God, my God.  
Why art thou cast down, O my soul?  
And why art thou disquieted within me?  
Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him,  
Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

## PSALM XLIII

## III

Sis mihi Tu vindex! Violens et perfidus hostis,  
 Barbaricae proles gentis, ad arma ruit.  
 Impia lis agitur; nostram Tu suscipe causam!  
 Digna patrocinio causa, Iehova, Tuo est.  
 O Deus, O Columen, quae tanta oblivia nostri?  
 Cur grave sustineo, pressus ab hoste, iugum?  
 Lucem mitte Tuam caelo, Verique magistrum  
 Virtutem, nostrae signa ducesque viae.  
 His ducibus, Sacrum subeam, Tua limina, Collem,  
 Aspectuque fruar iam propiore Dei!  
 Ingrediar Tua templa, Tuis altaribus adstem,  
 O mihi laetitiae summa vocanda meae!  
 Tum Tibi tum dignas possim persolvere grates,  
 Et cithara magnum commemorare Patrem.  
 Cur, anima, aerumnis toties oppressa gravaris?  
 Cur intus toties irrequieta tremis?  
 Fide Deo—grates veniet iam tempus agendi—  
 Qui meus est, vultus Luxque Salusque mei.

## PSALM XLVI

## I

God is our refuge and strength,  
A very present help in trouble.  
Therefore will we not fear, though  
The earth do change,  
And though the mountains be moved  
In the heart of the seas;  
Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,  
Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.  
There is a river, the streams whereof  
Make glad the city of God,  
The holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.  
God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved:  
God shall help her, and that right early.  
The nations raged, the kingdoms were moved:  
He uttered His voice, the earth melted.  
The **LORD** of hosts is with us;  
The God of Jacob is our refuge.

## PSALM XLVI

## I

Spes Deus et Columna nostrum est : cum nubila surgunt,  
 Portus adest nautis confugiumque suis.  
 Ergo si trepidet solido fundamine tellus,  
 Et medii colles in maris alta ruant ;  
 Si tunidis tonet aestus aquis, montesque tremiscant,  
 Imperturbati nos teneamus iter.  
 Est fluvius qui rore Sacram placidissimus Urbem  
 Laetificat, Summi limina sancta Patris :  
 In media Deus est ; non illa movebitur unquam ;  
 Sole prior vindex Ille vocantis erit.  
 Insurgunt reges, hostis furit ;—edidit Ille  
 Vocem ;—terra metu ceu liquefacta fluit.  
 Hic Deus est noster : patribus Qui praestitit olim,  
 Nobis non alio Numine praestat opem.

## II

Come, behold the works of the **LORD**,  
What desolations He hath made in the earth.  
He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth ;  
He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder ;  
He burneth the chariots in the fire.  
Be still, and know that I am God :  
I will be exalted among the nations,  
I will be exalted in the earth.  
The **LORD** of hosts is with us ;  
The God of Jacob is our refuge.

## II

Huc, homines, properate manum spectare Iehovae!  
 Quae strages terram, quanta ruina, premit!  
 Ille facit totum requiescere bella per orbem;  
 Fracta Dei iussu militis hasta cadit.  
 Ille arcum ferro medium secat, Ille cruentas  
 Falciferi currus urit in igne rotas.  
 Ille iubet, "Cohibete minas, cohibete tumultus;  
 "Discite Me rerum sceptr'a tenere Deum.  
 "Sceptr'a gero solus, populis metuenda superbis;  
 "Terra sub imperio est, ut fremat ipsa, meo."  
 Hic Deus est noster: patribus Qui praestitit olim,  
 Nobis non alio Numine praestat opem.

## PSALM LXXX

## I

Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel,  
 Thou that leadest Joseph like a flock ;  
 Thou that sittest upon the Cherubim, shine forth.  
 Before Ephraim and Benjamin and Manasseh,  
 Stir up Thy might,  
 And come to save us.  
 Turn us again, O God ;  
 And cause Thy face to shine, and we shall be saved.

## II

O LORD God of hosts,  
 How long wilt Thou be angry against the prayer of  
 Thy people ?  
 Thou hast fed them with the bread of tears,  
 And given them tears to drink in large measure.  
 Thou makest us a strife unto our neighbours,  
 And our enemies laugh among themselves.  
 Turn us again, O God of hosts ;  
 And cause Thy face to shine, and we shall be saved.

## PSALM LXXX

## I

Pastor, oves audi ! Solio, Rex magne, sacerato  
 Surge, age, et afflictis lumine cinctus ades !  
 Ante tribus ternas prodi bellator, ut olim,  
 Collectisque potens viribus affer opem.  
 Lucem redde Tuis ; placido, Pater optime, vultu  
 Affulge miseris ; sic fugit omne malum.

## II

Quo surdus, Deus, usque manes in vota Tuorum ?  
 Cur Tua plorantum reicit ira preces ?  
 Pascimur heu ! lacrimis : lacrimas pro pane dedisti ;  
 Pro potu lacrimae, copia larga, fluunt.  
 Vicinis urbem nostram facis urbibus hostem ;  
 Hostibus opprobrium ludibriumque sumus.  
 Lucem redde Tuis ; placido, Pater optime, vultu  
 Affulge miseris ; sic fugit omne malum.

## III

Thou broughtest a vine out of Egypt:  
Thou didst drive out the nations, and plantedst it.  
Thou preparedst room before it,  
And it took deep root, and filled the land.  
The mountains were covered with the shadow of it,  
And the boughs thereof were like cedars of God.  
She sent out her branches unto the sea,  
And her shoots unto the River.  
Why hast Thou broken down her fences,  
So that all they which pass by the way do pluck her<sup>1</sup>?  
The boar out of the wood doth ravage it,  
And the wild beasts of the field feed on it.  
Turn again, we beseech Thee, O God of hosts:  
Look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine,

<sup>1</sup> "Pluck off her grapes," Prayer-Book Version.

## III

Vitis in Aegypto quondam fuit; hanc, ubi victas  
 Expuleras gentes, nostra per arva seris.  
 Nacta satis spatii radices egit, et omnem  
 Implevit terram fertilitate sua.  
 Umbra tegit montes; ramis sua gloria crescit,  
 Qualem non Libani filia cedrus habet.  
 Hinc Tyrium patulis velat mare frondibus, illinc  
 Euphratis, magni fluminis, umbrat aquas.  
 Cur sepem evertis talem quae protegit hortum?  
 Cur Tua vulgari carpitur uva manu?  
 Silvestris de monte ruens evellere plantam  
 Tentat aper, tentant exspoliare ferae.  
 Lucem redde Tuis, Pater optime! despice caelo,  
 Nec leve sit vitem destituisse Tuam.

## IV

And the stock which Thy right hand hath planted,  
And the branch that Thou madest strong for Thyself.  
It is burned with fire, it is cut down:  
They perish at the rebuke of Thy countenance.  
Let Thy hand be upon the man of Thy right hand.  
Upon the son of man whom  
Thou madest strong for Thyself.  
So shall we not go back from Thee:  
Quicken Thou us, and we will call upon Thy name.  
Turn us again, O **LORD** God of hosts;  
Cause Thy face to shine, and we shall be saved.

## IV

Stirpem quem posuit Tua dextera prodere noli,  
Et ramum, propriae robur opusque manus.  
Urit eos ignis, scindit violenta bipennis;  
Ipsa Tui vultus nube gravata perit.  
Surge, Deus, nubemque fuga, dextraque prehensum  
Mitte virum, propriae robur opusque manus!  
Hoc duce, Te sequimur, nec signa relinquimus unquam;  
Sic nova, quam refecis, vita dicata Tibi est.  
Lucem redde Tuis; placido, Pater optime, vultu  
Affulge miseris; sic fugit omne malum.

## PSALM XIX

The Heavens declare the glory of God ;  
And the firmament sheweth His handywork.  
Day unto day uttereth speech,  
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.  
There is no speech nor language ;  
Their voice cannot be heard.  
Their line is gone out through all the earth,  
And their words to the end of the world.  
In them hath He set a tabernacle for the sun,  
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber  
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course.  
His going forth is from the end of the heaven,  
And his circuit unto the ends of it :  
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

## PSALM XIX

Caeli superna gloriam canunt Dei,  
 Manum fatentur sidera.  
 "Deus creavit," admonet diem dies,  
 Noctemque nox certam facit.  
 Siletur: aures nulla vox labentium,  
 Loquela nulla personat:  
 Terras in omnes signa prodeunt tamen,  
 Finesque in orbis ultimos,  
 Auctoris unam gloriam testantia.  
 Illo benignus Artifex  
 Soli refulgens in polo tentorium  
 Exstruxit, unde erumperet  
 Thalamo relicto nuptiis sponsus novis  
 Gaudens, viamque debitam  
 Intaminata vi flagrans percurreret.  
 En caelum, ab extremo sinu  
 Profectus, ambit, alteram metam petens,  
 Scrutansque radiis omnia:  
 Nil tam reductum, tam reconditum latet  
 Quin irrigetur ignibus.

HUELGOAT, BRITTANY, Sept. 1896.

## PSALM XXIII

The L<sup>O</sup>R<sup>D</sup> is my shepherd; I shall not want.  
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,  
He leadeth me beside the still waters.  
He restoreth my soul,  
He guideth me in the paths of righteousness  
for His Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley  
of the shadow of death,  
I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me,  
Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.  
Thou preparest a table before me in  
the presence of mine enemies;  
Thou hast anointed my head with oil;  
my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me  
all the days of my life,  
And I will dwell in the house of the L<sup>O</sup>R<sup>D</sup> for ever.

## PSALM XXIII

Ut pecudes pastor, sic me Deus usque tuetur,  
 Nullis egentem copiis.

Propter aquas dicit lenes, fessoque quietem  
 Per prata dat virentia.

Idem animae vires reparat, perque ardua verae  
 Virtutis avium regit,

Nominis Ipse sui vindex. Si mortis in umbra  
 Vallem nigram perambulo,

Nil metuam: Tu, Pastor, ades, baculoque labantis  
 Virgaque genua sustines.

Tu mensam mihi, Magne, paras, spectantibus ipsis,  
 Coenae Minister, hostibus:

Tu caput unguentis nitidum facis, et mihi vino  
 Plenus calix exuberat.

Gratia me bonitasque, manet dum vita, sequentur  
 Ad usque supremam diem,  
 Tandem et in aede Dei loca per caelestia vivam  
 In sempiterna saecula.

HUELGOAT, Sept. 6, 1896.

## PSALM XLIV

We have heard with our ears, O God,  
Our fathers have told us,  
What work Thou didst in their days,  
In the days of old.

Thou didst drive out the nations with Thy hand,  
And plantedst them in;  
Thou didst afflict the peoples, and didst  
Spread them abroad.  
For they gat not the land in possession  
By their own sword,  
Neither did their own arm save them :  
But Thy right hand, and Thine arm,  
And the light of Thy countenance,  
Because Thou hadst a favour unto them.

## PSALM XLIV

Fama manet: primis audivimus auribus omnes,  
 Saepius et cani nos monuere patres,  
 Quae, Deus, antiquo, Dux maxime, gesseris aevo,  
 Debita cum nostris terra domanda foret.  
 Tu, Pater, hoc, pulsis divinitus hostibus, horto  
 Sevisti vitem per loca tuta Tuam.  
 Tu veteres populos habitantes finibus iisdem  
 Fecisti vacuas deseruisse domos.  
 Non propria gens parva manu tot ademerat agros,  
 Nec proprio infenos straverat ense duces:  
 Tu, quia cara fuit, magnam facis: omnia fecit  
 Dextra Tua et vultus lux manifesta Tui.

HUELGOAT, Aug. 12, 1896.

“Stat Deus a nobis : patribus Qui praestitit olim,  
 “Nobis non alio Numine praestat opem.”

## I

Olim classe nova fretus, tumidisque superbus  
 Hispanus petuit litora nostra minis.  
 Innumerae incumbunt pelago, ceu moenia, puppes :  
 Quamque gubernator callidus arte regit.  
 Securi gaudent nautae ; Dux ipse recusat  
 Credere sub tanta pace latere dolos.  
 Falsa sacerdotum vox inter festa susurrat,  
 “ Ite, Deae ultores, ite, favente Deo ! ”  
 Iam propius se raptor agit, iam somnia gliscunt :  
 Nil non e nostris iam putat esse suum.  
 “ Nos potiemur opum, quos Anglia iactat, acervis,  
 “ Praemia nos, aurum, iugera, tecta manent.  
 “ Neu redeamus,” ait, “ dum ture calentia iusto  
 “ Fana Dei rursus numina prisca colant.”

Tu, Deus, affasti, Tua Vox super intonat ; omnes,  
 Ut plumbum, vastis contumulantur aquis.

“Stat Deus a nobis : patribus Qui praestitit olim,  
 “Nobis non alio Numine praestat opem.”

## II

Saecla ruunt ; nova cura premit, iam Gallicus hostis  
 Regna cupit regnis addere nostra suis.

Arma parat navesque ferox ; quin cogitat ipsam  
 Europam in nostras consociare rates.

“Cepimus Europam gladio, nec terra triumphis  
 “Sufficit ; en ! pontum transgrediamur,” ait.

“Carthago, pellere mari ; Tyros alta, iacebis ;  
 “Oceanus dominum noscet uterque novum.

“India me noscet, me noscet America tellus,  
 “Nec regio leges respuet ulla meas.”

Tu, Deus, afflasti ; Tu—laus Tua sola—pararas  
 Insignem mira simplicitate Virum,  
 Qui rabiem et fraudes sciret cohibere tyranni,  
 Nec sineret fluctus tale subire iugum.

“Vince,” iubes, “moriture ! Tuis Mea fulmina iungam” :  
 —In Gaditanis interit hostis aquis.

HUELGOAT, Aug. 14, 1896.

## PSALM XLV

My heart overfloweth with a goodly matter:  
I speak the things which I have made touching a King;  
My tongue is the pen of a ready writer.  
Thou art fairer than the children of men;  
Grace is poured into thy lips:  
Therefore God hath blessed thee for ever.  
Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O Mighty One,  
Thy glory and thy majesty.  
And in thy majesty ride on prosperously,  
On behalf of truth and meekness and righteousness,  
And thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.  
Thine arrows are sharp,  
The peoples fall under thee;  
They are in the heart of the king's enemies.

*“Sursum corda!”*

PSALM XLV

Iam cor aetheriis calens  
 Intus ignibus aestuat;  
 Digna Rege profabimur:  
 Prompta, ceu stilus impiger,  
 Lingua avet properare.

Pulcher es, Venerande Rex,  
 Pulcher ultra hominum decorem:  
 Uncta sunt tua gratia  
 Labra: propterea Deus  
 Te beavit in aevum.

Ense cinge femur tuo,  
 Cinge, maxime Principum!  
 Laude cinctus et incluta  
 Maiestate per ordines  
 Hosticos equitato!

Perge Victor avi bona!  
 Casta Te Pietas vocat,  
 Te vocat Pudor et Fides  
 Vindicem! Tua dextra Te  
 Vindici apta docebit.

Tela prome, Sagittifer!—  
 Prona sic Tibi gens cadet—  
 Fige corda rebellium!  
 Cote quas acuis tua  
 Prome, funde, sagittas!

'Thy throne is the throne of God for ever and ever.  
 A sceptre of equity is the sceptre of thy kingdom.  
 Thou hast loved righteousness, and hated wickedness:  
 Therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee  
 With the oil of gladness above thy fellows.  
 All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia;  
 Out of ivory palaces stringed instruments  
 Have made thee glad.

Kings' daughters are among thy honourable women,  
 At thy right hand doth stand the Queen in gold of Ophir.  
 Hearken, O Daughter, and consider,  
 And incline thine ear;  
 Forget also thine own people, and thy father's house:  
 So shall the King desire thy beauty,  
 For he is thy Lord; and worship thou him.

<sup>1</sup> In this famous verse I have allowed myself to adopt the reading suggested in the margin of the Revised Version.

In the note I give a Latin rendering of the old reading.

Stat perenne tuum, <sup>1</sup>ut Dei,  
 Sancte Rex, solium ; geris  
 Sceptra iustitiae tenax :  
 Iusta et aequa Tibi placent  
 Cuncta iniqua peroso.  
 Ergo Te tuus haec probans  
 Unxit ante alios Deus :  
 Vestis en ! tua myrrheum  
 Spirat, ut casiae aut thymi  
 Suaveolentis, odorem.  
 Iam sacrum melos excitant  
 Atriis ab eburneis  
 Barbiti et citharae fides !  
 Talibus tua gaudiis  
 Corda, Rex, hilarantur.  
 Principum Tibi filiae  
 Serviunt, thalami decus :  
 Dextra, veste superbiens,  
 Quam tulere Arabum rates,  
 Aurea sedet Uxor.  
 Surge, Filia nobilis,  
 Surge, ne nimis obstruas  
 Aurium atque animi fores !  
 Obliviscere patriae  
 Iam domusque paternae !  
 Pulchritudine sic tua,  
 Nupta, laetificabitur  
 Regius Dominus tuus.  
 Nupta, tu Dominum tuum  
 Ceu Deum venerare !

<sup>1</sup> Stat perenne tuum, Deus,  
 Stat vigens solium ;

And the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift ;  
Even the rich among the people shall intreat thy favour.

The King's daughter in the inner part  
Of the palace is all glorious :  
Her clothing is inwrought with gold.  
She shall be led unto the King in broidered work :  
The virgins her companions that follow her  
Shall be brought unto thee.  
With gladness and rejoicing shall they be led :  
They shall enter into the King's palace.  
Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children,  
Whom thou shalt make princes in all the earth.  
I will make thy name to be remembered  
In all generations :  
Therefore shall the peoples give thee thanks  
For ever and ever.

Munus alta Tibi Tyros  
 Nuptiale feret; ferent  
 Divites etiam e sua  
 Quisque gente tuum studens  
 Impetrare favorem.

Quanta gloria, quanta lux,  
 Nata regis in aedium  
 Partibus micat intimis!  
 Splendidis, viden ?, illitum  
 Vestibus nitet aurum.

Pictam acu chlamydem gerens  
 Ecce! ducitur in domum  
 Regiam; simul introit,  
 Laeta, festa canens, chorus  
 Virginum comitantum.

O beate parentium  
 Stirpe, prole beatior  
 Iam vocabere, filios  
 Iura qui geniturus es  
 Toto in orbe datus.

Nostra Te memorabilem  
 Saecla in omnia fixerit  
 Lingua; Te populi nova  
 Laude, dum fuga temporum  
 Labitur, celebrabunt.

*August, 1898.*

*"O rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him."*

Ps. xxxvii. 7.

"O tarry thou the Lord's leisure: be strong, and He shall comfort thine heart, and put thou thy trust in the Lord." Ps. xxvii. 16.

"Why art thou so heavy, O my soul, and why art thou so disquieted within me? O put thy trust in God." Ps. xliii. 5, 6.

"Up, Lord, why sleepest Thou? Awake, and be not absent from us for ever. Wherefore hidest Thou Thy face?" Ps. xliv. 23, 24.

"Will the Lord absent Himself for ever?"

Ps. lxxvii. 7.

"Be not silent unto me; lest, if Thou make as though Thou hearest not, I become like them that go down into the pit." Ps. xxviii. 1.

"O Lord, make no long tarrying." Ps. lxx. 6.

"But the Lord is mindful of His own." Ps. cxv. 12.

"It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord." LAM. III. 26.

"Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." 2 COR. IV. 17.

*“Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.”*

AENEID I. 207.

Festinant homines: spatium Sibi temporis ingens  
 Seposuit, peragat quo sua coepta, Deus.  
 Ipsum Qui tempus grandaeva e nocte vocavit  
 Instrumento Opifex utitur Ipse suo.  
 Hoc animos hominum temptat, fingitque morando;  
 Pars est consilii corda probare mora.  
 Tu vero, qui saepe Patrem procul esse remotum  
 Arguis, et nebulis involuisse caput,  
 Fide magis, votique tenax exquire latentem,  
 Nec dubita precibus sollicitare Deum.  
 Surdus erit! Surdum precibus tamen usque fatigis;  
 An silet? Expecta dum velit Ipse loqui.  
 Si faciem avertit, ne tu praesume repulsam;  
 Si dormit, libeat dum vigilare mane.  
 Sic tibi quod longum, quod nunc crudele, videtur  
 Divini partes tempus amoris aget.  
 Tempore cognosces quam sit memor Ipse suorum.  
 Quam prope te, quamvis visus abesse, Pater.  
 Tempore, erede, tui cordis penetrare recessus,  
 Quique latent disces exagitare dolos.  
 Tempore consiliis spatium caelestibus aptum  
 Invenies visu latius esse tuo.  
 Tempore percipies quam caecus inopsque futuri  
 Nec dignus fueris signa tulisse Crucis.  
 Tempore triste iugum fieri leve, tempore cernes  
 Qualibet e spina posse rubere rosam.  
 Tempore praesentis vultus, onus omne laborum  
 Compensaturos, experiere Dei.

SHANKLIN, April, 1895.

## PSALM XC

O God! our Help in ages past,  
 Our Hope for years to come,  
 Our Shelter from the stormy blast,  
 And our Eternal Home!

Beneath the shadow of Thy throne  
 Thy saints have dwelt secure:  
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
 And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
 Or earth received her frame,  
 From everlasting Thou art God,  
 To endless years the same.

A thousand ages, in Thy sight,  
 Are like an evening gone;  
 Short as the watch that ends the night  
 Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
 Bears all its sons away;  
 They fly forgotten, as a dream  
 Dies at the opening day.

O God! our Help in ages past,  
 Our Hope for years to come,  
 Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,  
 And our Eternal Home!

ISAAC WATTS, 1674—1748.

## PSALM XC

*'Εχθὲς καὶ σήμερον ὁ αὐτός, καὶ εἰς τὸν αἰώνας.*

O DEUS, innumeros patrum tutela per annos,

Spes nostra, et natis certa futura salus,

TU placidus saevo iactatis turbine portus,

TU requies fessis, nec peritura domus.

Te sceptrum retinente, Tui tot saecula cives

Securi proprios incoluere lares :

Dextra DEI satis est ; tanto vigilante Patrono,

“ Parce metu,” nostrum est dicere, “ tutus eris.”

Ante suo magni quam stabant ordine montes,

Ceperat aut formam pendula terra suam.

Tum quoque TU DEUS es, TU primus origine nulla,

Idem, immutatus, saecula quotquot eunt.

Saecula quotquot eunt non sunt TIBI saecula ; feruntur

Quam subito hesternum vespere lumen obit ;

Quam cito quae properam rapit hora novissima noctem,

Sole novo primas iam glomerante faces.

Fluminis in morem sine fine volubilis aetas

Labitur, et natos avehit ipsa suos :

Dispercunt, et longa leves oblivia carpunt,

Somnia ceu fugiunt exorientे die.

O DEUS, O patrum tutela prioribus annis,

Spes nostra et nostrae prolis, et una salus,

Adsis O nobis, curarum instante tumultu !

Sis patria exsilibus nec violanda domus !

## PSALM XCI

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High  
Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the LORD, He is my refuge and my  
Fortress; my God, in whom I trust.

For He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler,  
And from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with His pinions,  
And under His wings shalt thou take refuge;  
His truth is a shield and a buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night,  
Nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

For the pestilence that walketh in darkness,  
Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side,  
And ten thousand at thy right hand,  
But it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold,  
And see the reward of the wicked.

For He shall give His angels charge over thee,  
To keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands,  
Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

## PSALM XCI

*“Tu mihi, Tu spes una,” Deum sic adloquar Ipsum,  
“Tu columen vitae, Tu mea certa fides.”*

Si Deus est custos, nil iam tua tecta timebunt,  
Omnipotens umbra proteget Ipse sua.  
Ille sub extensis te, crede, tuebitur alis,  
Et clypeum socius scutaque fida geret.  
Ille tibi, quaecunque times, nocuisse vetabit,  
Seu morbi, seu sit fraudis ab hoste metus.  
Venator frustra tendet tibi retia, frustra  
Instruet insidias perniciosa lues.  
Securus capies somnos, securus obibis  
Pleno sole vias; nil tibi terror erit;  
Non quae grassatur pestis nocturna per umbram,  
Non febris media missa sagitta die.  
Mille cadent prope te comites; hinc hostis et illinc  
Innumeram segetem falce metente, furet:  
Te fugiet; tu stans oculis peccata luentum  
Spectabis miseras, integer ipse, vices.  
  
Nam dabit imperium caelestibus Ipse Ministris:  
“Hie,” inquit, “meus est; hunc vigilate super;  
“Sublatumque manu per scrupula ferte locorum,  
“Tutus inoffensos ut regat usque pedes.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder:  
The young lion and the serpent shalt thou  
Trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon Me,  
Therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high,  
Because he hath known my Name.

He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him;  
I will be with him in trouble,  
I will deliver him, and honour him.  
With long life will I satisfy him,  
And shew him My salvation.

“Illum angues calcare volo, calcare leones;  
“ Ille draconigenum proteret omne genus.  
“ Nam Mihi se fervens totum dedit, inque vocatum  
“ Tot precibus didicit nomen amare meum.  
“ Ergo illum incolumem per cuncta pericula mittam:  
“ Crescet, et ex humili, Me duce, magnus erit.  
“ Illum auscultabo belli per acuta precantem,  
“ Spemque triumphantis subsidiumque feram.  
“ Victor erit, longosque valens dominabitur annos,  
“ Doctus inexhaustas Omnipotentis opes.”

*May, 1891.*

## PSALM CIII. 8—18

The **LORD** is full of compassion and gracious,  
Slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.  
He will not always chide;  
Neither will He keep His anger for ever.  
He hath not dealt with us after our sins,  
Nor rewarded us after our iniquities.  
For as the heaven is high above the earth,  
So great is His mercy toward them that fear Him.  
As far as the east is from the west,  
So far hath He removed our transgressions from us.  
Like as a father pitith his children,  
So the **LORD** pitith them that fear Him.  
For He knoweth our frame;  
He remembereth that we are dust.  
As for man, his days are as grass;  
As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.  
For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone,  
And the place thereof shall know it no more.  
But the mercy of the **LORD** is from everlasting to  
Everlasting upon them that fear Him,  
And His righteousness unto children's children;  
To such as keep His covenant,  
And to those that remember His precepts to do them.

## PSALM CIII. 8—18

Magna Dei magna est clementia ; parcere gaudet  
 Supplicibus, surda nec capit aure preces.  
 Non semper commissa nocentibus obicit ; ira,  
 Si quando exoritur, non diurna calet.  
 Tardus in offensas, hominum scelus eluit ultiro,  
 Nec voluit sontes quae meruere pati.  
 Scilicet ut terram caelum supereminet ingens,  
 Axis ut opposito distat ab axe procul,  
 Tam procul a nobis Genitor peccata removit,  
 Tam vasto amplexu continet Ille suos.  
 Qualis amor patris natum miserantis egenum,  
 Talis amor, talis cura paterna Dei est.  
 Quippe animo volvit qua simus origine creti ;  
 Mortales, meminit, pulvis et umbra sumus :  
<sup>1</sup> Graminis in morem, gens deperitura, viremus ;  
 Ut flos in tenui caespite, floret homo.  
 Frigida si campos percurrunt flamina, marect,  
 Nec redit in notum, quo stetit ante, locum.  
 Sed bonitas aeterna Dei per saecula durat ;  
 Natorum natos protegit illa manus.  
 Qui mandata Patris, qui leges pactaque servat  
 Illum indefesso servat amore Pater.

<sup>1</sup> Nascimur in mortem ; paullisper, ut herba, viremus ;  
 Ut flos in fragili gramine, floret homo.

## PSALM CXXI

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,  
From whence cometh my help.  
My help cometh from the **LORD**,  
Which made heaven and earth.  
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved;  
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.  
Behold, He that keepeth Israel  
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.  
The **LORD** is thy keeper;  
The **LORD** is thy shade upon thy right hand.  
The sun shall not smite thee by day,  
Nor the moon by night.  
The **LORD** shall keep thee from all evil,  
He shall keep thy soul.  
The **LORD** shall keep thy going out and thy coming in,  
From this time forth and for evermore.

## PSALM CXXI

Fessus ad aetherios tollam mea lumina montes,  
 Unde venit mea vis auxiliumque meum.  
 Vis mea magna Deus, caeli terraeque Creator;  
 Ille salutiferam suppeditabit opem.  
 Ille tuos, per saxa ferens, vigil omnibus horis  
 Ductor inoffensos diriget usque pedes:  
 Ille, sui Pastor populi, non dormiet unquam,  
 Incustoditum nec sinet esse gregem.  
 Ipse tibi custos haeret Deus, Ipse per enses  
 Conserturorum proelia dexter adest:  
 Sol, Illi parens, medios tibi temperat ignes,  
 Et tibi noctivagum luna serenat iter.  
 Felix cui mala nulla Pater non sedulus arcet,  
 Cui vindex animae praesidiumque Deus!  
 Sive foras exis, seu limina redditus intras,  
 Aeternum tanto Praeside tutus eris.

*June, 1891.*

## PSALM CXXIV

If it had not been the LORD who was on our side,  
Let Israel now say;  
If it had not been the LORD who was on our side,  
When men rose up against us:  
Then they had swallowed us up alive,  
When their wrath was kindled against us:  
Then the waters had overwhelmed us,  
The stream had gone over our soul:  
Then the proud waters had gone over our soul.  
Blessed be the LORD,  
Who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth.  
Our soul is escaped as a bird  
Out of the snare of the fowlers:  
The snare is broken, and we are escaped.  
Our help is in the name of the LORD,  
Who made heaven and earth.

## PSALM CXXIV

Cum nobis, velut unda furens, insurget hostis,  
 Iamque tumescens gliseeret ira freti,  
 Ni se per fluctus socium Deus Ipse tulisset,  
 Ni desolatis Ipse parasset opeis,  
 Nimirum vivos absumperat illa vorago,  
 Obruerant praedam gurgitis ima suam ;  
 Gurgitis insultantis hians immane barathrum  
 Submersos avidis contumularat aquis.  
 Sed Deus afflavit : natos Pater optimus ultro  
 Noluit infensa denti perire ferae.  
 Aucupis Ille dolos fregit ; tum nostra per auras  
 Avolat en rupta vita soluta plaga.  
 Ille salus nostra est : caeli terraeque Creator  
 Non unquam est notus destituisse suos.

*July, 1891.*

## PSALM CXXIV

If it had not been the **LORD** who was on our side,  
Let Israel now say;  
If it had not been the **LORD** who was on our side,  
When men rose up against us:  
Then they had swallowed us up alive.  
When their wrath was kindled against us:  
Then the waters had overwhelmed us,  
The stream had gone over our soul:  
Then the proud waters had gone over our soul.  
Blessed be the **LORD**,  
Who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth.  
Our soul is escaped as a bird  
Out of the snare of the fowlers:  
The snare is broken, and we are escaped.  
Our help is in the name of the **LORD**,  
Who made heaven and earth.

## PSALM CXXIV

Tumultuosum cum fremeret mare  
 Stridens procellis, iamque superbiens  
     Iraque contemptuque nobis  
         Irrueret furibundus hostis,  
 Certus triumphi, tum populo suo  
 Ipsum invocanti ni Deus adforet,  
     Desideratum ni parasset  
         Sollicitis Deus Ipse portum,  
 Quippe aestuoso gurgite merserant  
 Undae voraces; obruerant vada  
     Vivos, et immanis barathri  
         Proluerat miseros vorago.  
 Atqui suorum non patiens Deus  
 Vitas ferarum dente rapacium  
     Perire praedam, nec dolosis  
         Aucupis insidiis maligni,  
 Ipse aucupantium retia discidit;  
 Tum nostra rupta vita plaga, dolis  
     Raptoris extricata, tractus,  
         Ceu volucris, petit altiores.  
 Ergo salutis perpetuae Deus  
 Dicetur auctor: qui valida manu  
     Caelumque telluremque finxit,  
         Nos Genitor poterit tueri.

*July, 1891.*

## PSALM CXXVII

Except the LORD build the house,  
They labour in vain that build it:  
Except the LORD keep the city,  
The watchman waketh but in vain.  
It is vain for you that ye rise up early, and so late  
take rest,  
And eat the bread of toil:  
For so He giveth unto His beloved sleep.  
Lo, children are an heritage of the LORD:  
And the fruit of the womb is His reward.  
As arrows in the hand of a mighty man,  
So are the children of youth.  
Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them:  
They shall not be ashamed  
When they speak with their enemies in the gate.

*Cernis ut immotum solidō fundamine Sion  
 Attollat, moles non quatienda, caput?  
 Talis erit quicunque, Deo confidere suetus,  
 Fidenti didicit semper adesse Patrem:  
 Quippe velut Solymae circumstant moenia montes,  
 Circumstat natos tempus in omne Deus.*

## PSALM CXXVII

Discite, qui struitis manibus mortalibus aedes,  
 Nil valet, aedificet ni Deus, ille labor:  
 Ni vigil Ipse Deus tacitam custodiat urbem,  
 Nequicquam custos excubat ante fores.  
 Surgere mane novo, serae indulgere quieti,  
 Anxia quem cumulat cura parare cibum,  
 Quid prodest? Pater Ille, sui securus amoris,  
 In somnis etiam ditat alitque suos.  
 Ille facit matrem partu gaudere frequenti;  
 Crede mihi, infantes sunt nova dona Patris:  
 Sunt velut arma domus, sunt tela aptissima bello,  
 Tela gigantea conicienda manu.  
 Felix cui tantis pharetra est sua plena sagittis!  
 Non ille, ad portas hoste minante, tremet.

*June, 1891.*

## PSALM CXXVIII

Blessed is everyone that feareth the LORD,  
That walketh in His ways.

For thou shalt eat the labour of thine hands:  
O well is thee, and happy shalt thou be.

Thy Wife shall be as a fruitful vine,  
In the innermost parts of thine house;  
Thy children like olive plants,  
Round about thy table.

Behold, that thus shall the man be blessed  
That feareth the LORD.

The LORD from out of Sion shall so bless thee,  
That thou shalt see Jerusalem  
In prosperity all thy life long.

Yea, that thou shalt see thy children's children,  
And peace upon Israel.

*“Sacra deum sanctique patres.”*

### PSALM CXXVIII

O beate, Deum colis  
 Quisquis et sequeris ducem !  
 Messe tu propriae manus  
 Perfruere ; bene est tibi  
 Ter quaterque beato.

Uxor uberis intima  
 Vitis instar erit domo ;  
 Circa mensam hilares tuam  
 Liberi similes erunt  
 Surculis<sup>1</sup> olearum.

Tam beatus erit, viden ?  
 Qui Deum venerabitur :  
 Vestra ab arce sacra favens  
 Tecta despiciens Deus  
 Te tuosque beabit.

Sic vigere puer senex  
 Prosperam Solymam scies ;  
 Liberorum ita liberos,  
 O beate, tueberis  
 Patriaeque salutem.

*July 2, 1898.*

<sup>1</sup> *Ramulis*, if “olive-branches,” the less accurate reading of the Prayer-Book, be adopted.

*“Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter.”*

“And furthermore, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh.

This is the end of the matter: all hath been heard: Fear God, and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgement, with every hidden thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.”

ECCLESIASTES, XII. 11—14.

*"Causa perorata est."<sup>1</sup>*

Tu fuge, praemonitus, libris super addere libros;  
 Taedia fert studiis invigilasse nimis.  
 Disce Deum coluisse, Deo parere memento;  
 Hoc unum studeas, hoc didicisse sat est.  
 Nam trahet in lucem Iudex opus omne; recludet  
 Seu bona seu mala sint, abdita quaeque Deus.

Causa perorata est, dixerunt ultima testes,  
 Arbitr̄ arbitrium dat Pater Ipse suum.  
 Et dubitamus adhuc? Si quid fuit ante vel anceps  
 Vel dubium, certe nunc dubitare nequis.  
 Passe tot errores, nunc o cariture procellis,  
 Hic Pharos, hic requies, hic tibi portus erit.

FORT WILLIAM, *August 19, 1906.*

<sup>1</sup> Propert. v. xi. 99.

*“And this shall be a Sign unto you.”*

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
 All seated on the ground,  
 The Angel of the Lord came down,  
 And glory shone around.

“Fear not,” said he; for mighty dread  
 Had seized their troubled mind;  
 “Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
 “To you and all mankind.

“To you in David’s town this day  
 “Is born of David’s line  
 “A Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;  
 “And this shall be the sign:

“The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
 “To human view displayed,  
 “All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
 “And in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith  
 Appeared a shining throng  
 Of Angels praising God, who thus  
 Addressed their joyful song:

“All glory be to God on High,  
 “And on the earth be Peace;  
 “Goodwill henceforth from Heaven to men  
 “Begin and never cease!”

NAHUM TATE, 1652—1715.

*O sancta praesepis, Tua, Aeterne Rex, cunabula!*

PRUDENTIUS.

- Nox erat, et pecudes inter per prata sedeabant  
 Custodes ovium, quisque reclinis humi.  
 Nuntius en! Superum caelo descendit ab alto,  
 Funditur et circum lux manifesta Dei.  
 “Quis metus,” inquit, “habet mentes?”—nam ceperat  
 ingens  
 Formido trepidos—“Causa tremoris abest.  
 “Laeta fero vobis totumque habitantibus orbem;  
 “Nuntius haud unquam gaudia tanta tulit.  
 “Nam vobis hodie, prisca de sanguine Regis,  
 “Davidis in prisca nascitur urbe Puer.  
 “Christus erit nomen; Rex est hominumque Redemptor;  
 “Ite; dabunt dictis talia signa fidem:  
 “Caelestem Infantem vestra invenietis in urbe;  
 “Ante oculos hominum nudus inopsque iacet.  
 “Pauperis in stabulo praebent praesepia cunas,  
 “Pauperis in pannis regia membra cubant.”
- Dixit, et extemplo, cincti radiantibus alis,  
 Caelicolum apparent, splendida turba, chori.  
 “Collaudate Deum!” vox intonat, inde per auras  
 More triumphantum carmina laeta sonant.  
 “Gloria sit Domino regnum super astra tenenti,  
 “Defluat in terras pax, hominesque beat.  
 “Exultate, homines! hac vos sibi vindicat hora  
 “Patris in aeternum non revocandus amor.”

*"Οτι ἐώρακάς με, πεπίστευκας.*

*Μακάριοι οἱ μὴ ἴδόντες, καὶ πιστεύσαντες.* S. Ιων. xx. 29.

We saw Thee not when Thou didst come  
 To this poor world of sin and death,  
 Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage-home  
 In that despisèd Nazareth ;  
 But we believe Thy footsteps trod  
 Its streets and plains, Thou SON of GOD.

We saw Thee not upon the wave,  
 When Thou the stormy sea didst bind,  
 Nor saw the health Thy blessing gave  
 To lame and sick, to deaf and blind :  
 But we believe the Fount of light  
 Could give the darkened eyeball sight.

We did not see Thee lifted high  
 Amid that wild and savage crew,  
 Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,  
 “Forgive, they know not what they do” ;  
 Yet we believe the deed was done,  
 Which shook the earth and veil'd the sun.

We stood not by the empty tomb  
 Where late Thy sacred Body lay,  
 Nor sat within that upper room,  
 Nor met Thee in the open way ;  
 But we believe that Angels said,  
 “Why seek the living with the dead ?”

*Non oculis tantum caelestia signa videmus:  
Credimus; est proprio lumine plena Fides.*

Non oculis Te, Natae Dei, nos vidimus olim,  
Sanctus ubi in terrae sordibus hospes eras;  
Non humilem, spretam vulgo quoque, vidimus urbem  
Et casulam Pueri quae fuit una domus:  
Credere sed nostrum est; campos, Galilaee, viasque  
Has pedibus pressas credimus esse Tuis.

Non fuimus Tecum tumidi super aequoris undis.  
Flamina cum, verbo vincta, silere iubes;  
Nec Te tot miseros sanantem vidimus aegros,  
Si quis erat pedibus debilis, aure, manu:  
Credere sed nostrum est; caecos quoque, credimus,  
orbes  
Fons Lucis potuit luce rigare sua.

Non Crucis infami Te vidimus arbore fixum,  
Dentibus infrendens dum fera turba fremit;  
Nec placidam orantis vocem exaudivimus istam,  
“Ignorant; poenam sumere parce, Pater!”  
Credere sed nostrum est; res, credimus, illa peracta est  
Lumina qua condit sol sua, terra tremit.

Non licuit vacuo nobis adstare sepulchro  
Corpus ubi sacrum deposuere Tui;  
Non Tecum in camera cenare, ubi vulnera monstras,  
Non peditem Emmae Te comitare via:  
Credere sed nostrum est; Vox, credimus, una locuta est,  
“Quem petitis? vivum nulla sepulchra tenent.”

We did not mark the chosen few,  
When Thou didst thro' the clouds ascend,  
First lift to Heav'n their wondering view,  
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;  
Yet we believe that mortal eyes  
Beheld that journey to the skies.

And now that Thou dost reign on high,  
And thence Thy waiting people bless,  
No ray of glory from the sky  
Doth shine upon our wilderness;  
But we believe Thy faithful Word,  
And trust in our Redeeming LORD.

JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY, 1851.

Non stetimus lectos Collem super inter amicos  
 Cum Tibi per nubes scandere tempus adest ;  
 Non illos caelo mirantia vidimus ora  
 Tollerem, tum posito procubuisse genu :  
 Credere sed nostrum est : regnum caeleste petentis  
 Suspexere homines, credimus, illud iter.

Nunc quoque Rex oculos fallis, faciesque Tuorum  
 Expectat potius quam videt ora Dei ;  
 Saepius et querimur, ceu per deserta vagantes,  
 “ Dissipat a ! nullum nubila densa iubar ? ”  
 Credere sed nostrum est : stat verbum immobile Christi :  
 Scimus, et in Christo credimus esse fidem.

1903.

Καὶ γίνεται λαῖλαψ μεγάλη ἀνέμου, καὶ τὰ κύματα ἐπέβαλλεν εἰς τὸ πλοῖον, ὥστε ἥδη γεμίζεσθαι τὸ πλοῖον. καὶ ἦν αὐτὸς ἐπὶ τῇ πρύμνῃ ἐπὶ τὸ προσκεφάλαιον καθεύδων....Σιώπα, πεφίμωσο.

S. MARC. IV. 37, 38, 39.

Jesu, Lover of my soul,  
 Let me to Thy Bosom fly,  
 While the nearer waters roll,  
 While the tempest still is high.  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 Till the storm of life be past:  
 Safe into the haven guide,  
 O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:  
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me.  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
 All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

Wilt Thou not regard my call?  
 Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?  
 Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall!  
 Lo! on Thee I cast my care!  
 Reach me out Thy gracious hand!  
 While I of Thy strength receive,  
 Hoping against hope I stand,  
 Dying, and behold I live!

*O Qui res hominum tempestatumque tumultus  
Dirigis arbitrio, Dux Galilaei, tuo,  
Respice nos navemque tuam sine luce vagantem,  
Dum surgunt fluctus flabraque rauca tonant.  
Tu cape, Tu, clavum; vel, si dormire videris,  
Nos iuvet ex ista fusa quiete quies.*

Dux animae, Qui me dignaris amare vagantem,  
Ad gremium fugio, fretus amore, tuum,  
Dum proprius magnae moles volvuntur aquarum,  
Dum fera collecto turbine saevit hiems.  
Conde meam, Tu conde ratem, dum detonet aestus,  
Rauca tumescentes dum premat unda minas:  
Tum tutum ad terram, per longa pericula ductum,  
Defer, et in portu (pax erit) abde tuo.  
Portus es Ipse mihi; non est quo devehar alter:  
Tu si claustra neges, fractus inopsque ferar.  
Quo raperer solus? Ne desere; sis mihi lumen  
Per noctem, et dextram per vada nigra tene.  
In Te summa fides, in Te spes tota recumbit;  
Unde petam, ni Tu suppeditaris, opem?  
Arbor ut extendit solem fugientibus umbram,  
Sic tua mi nudum protegat ala caput.  
Et dubitas talem mihi Te praebere vocanti  
Ut facili accipias supplicis aure preces?  
A! quid agam? Quo vertar? Hiat magis atra vorago,  
Praesentemque monent anxia corda necem.  
Tu mihi tende manum, ne gurgite mergar, et ultro  
Incute vim, nostra deficiente, tuam!  
Desperaturo iam spes redit una salutis,  
Devotoque neci pro nece vita datur:

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
More than all in Thee I find:  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind!  
Just and holy is Thy Name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cleanse from every sin:  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of Life the Fountain art;  
Freely let me take of Thee:  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

Vita, nec haec tantum ; quibus est opus, omnia supplex;  
 Multa requirenti plura, Benigne, paras :  
 Languenti requies, aegro medicina, iacentem  
 Tollis humo, et caecum per loca tuta regis.  
 O Qui Sancte tuis, Qui Iuste, colentibus audis,  
 Meque mali nulla labe carere vides,  
 Si falsa admitto vitiosus et apta tenebris,  
 Lumine Tu plenus, plenus amore, fuga !  
 Copia larga Tibi est veniae, Tibi gratia praesens.  
 Quae maculas omnes auferat, omne nefas :  
 Huc rores effunde tuos, mea pectora purga,  
 Purus ut, abluto crimine, pura sequar.  
 Tu mihi Fons vitae : vitalem e fonte liquorem  
 Da mihi, da, nullo praepediente, bibam !  
 Tu scatebris mea corda riga : Tu cordibus imis  
 Iugis in aeternum surge, perennis Amor !

PENMAENMAWR, *September*, 1894.

## THE VOICE OF JESUS

I heard the Voice of Jesus say,  
 "Come unto Me and rest;  
 "Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
 "Thy head upon My Breast":  
 I came to Jesus as I was,  
 Weary, and worn, and sad;  
 I found in Him a resting-place,  
 And He has made me glad.

I heard the Voice of Jesus say,  
 "Behold, I freely give  
 "The living water, thirsty one,  
 "Stoop down, and drink, and live":  
 I came to Jesus, and I drank  
 Of that life-giving stream;  
 My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived,  
 And now I live in Him.

I heard the Voice of Jesus say,  
 "I am this dark world's Light;  
 "Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
 "And all thy day be bright": .  
 I look'd to Jesus, and I found  
 In Him my Star, my Sun;  
 And in that Light of life I'll walk  
 Till travelling days are done.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808—1889.

*Tῆς φωνῆς μου ἀκούσοντιν.* S. JOH. x. 16.

Christus erat; Christi Vox est audita vocantis,  
 “Huc, anima”—hic requies—“irrequieta, veni!  
 “Fesse labore viae, tumidis iactate procellis,  
 “Leniter in nostro pectore pone caput.”  
 Dixerat; accepi vocem, Christumque petivi  
 Sicut eram, fessus, tristis, egenus, inops:  
 Ille inopi vires, fesso dedit Ille quietem;  
 Tristia fugerunt, gaudia sola manent.

Christus erat; Christi Vox est audita vocantis,  
 “Hoc potes, hoc sitiens fonte levare sitim.  
 “Fons ego sum vitae; vitalem sumere lympham  
 “Quid dubitas? Pota! Sic mea vita tua est.”  
 Dixerat; accepi vocem, Christumque petivi;  
 Vitales hausi languidus, aeger, aquas.  
 Iam semel est restincta sitis, iam languor abactus.  
 Iam nova per Christum, nec mea, vita data est.

Christus erat; Christi Vox est audita vocantis,  
 “Suspice Me! tenebras discute, nate, tuas.  
 “Lux Ego sum mundi; Mecum si mane resurges,  
 “Plena erit aeterno lumine tota dies”;  
 Dixerat; accepi vocem, Christumque petivi;  
 Stella fuit nostrae, sol fuit Ille, viae.  
 Nocte dieque pedes ea Lux reget, ultima donec,  
 Grata viatori, meta coronet iter.

KINLOCH-RANNOCH, September, 1913.

*Εἴ τις θέλει ὁπίσω μου ἐλθεῖν, ἀπαρνησάσθω ἑαυτὸν  
καὶ ἀράτω τὸν σταυρὸν αὐτοῦ καὶ ἀκολουθείτω μοι.*

S. MARC. VIII. 34.

*'Εμοὶ δὲ μὴ γένοιτο καυχᾶσθαι εἰ μὴ ἐν τῷ Σταυρῷ  
τοῦ Κυρίου ἡμῶν Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ.*

EP. ad GAL. vi. 14.

"Take up thy Cross," the Saviour said,  
"If thou wouldest My disciple be;  
Deny thyself, the world forsake,  
"And humbly follow after Me."

Take up thy Cross; let not its weight  
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm:  
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,  
And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.

Take up thy Cross, nor heed the shame,  
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;  
Thy Lord for thee the Cross endured,  
To save thy soul from death and hell.

Take up thy Cross, then, in His strength,  
And calmly every danger brave:  
Twill guide thee to a better home,  
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

Take up thy Cross, and follow Christ,  
Nor think till death to lay it down,  
For none but he who bears the Cross  
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

C. W. EVEREST, 1814—1877.

*Olim Romano, post proelia laude potito,  
 Quod decus ornaret tempora laurus erat.  
 Pro Christo qui bella gerit nova praemia sumit;  
 Hoc decus, haec summa est fama—tulisse Crucem.*

“Tolle Crucem,” CHRISTUS, “si vis meus esse” profatur.  
 “Si vis discipulis te sociare meis.  
 “Quid volgo placeat, quid sit tibi dulce, resigna;  
 “Una meos passus sit tibi cura sequi.”

Tolle Crucem! porta; vires absiste vereri  
 Pondere ne nimio degravet illa tuas.  
 Ipse tibi auxilium CHRISTUS feret, Ipse lacertis  
 Languentis nervos pectoribusque dabit.  
 Tolle Crucem, neu turpe putas iuga sumere servi!  
 Spernere tale iugum desipientis erat.  
 Ipse Crucem voluit pro te tolerare Redemptor;  
 Iam nihil in leto quod timeatur habes.  
 Tolle Crucem! Tanto fretus Duce quidlibet aude!  
 Imperturbato corde pericla subi.  
 Hoc Duce, tu potiere domo meliore relicta,  
 Hoc Duce, tu mortis, mortue, victor eris.  
 Tolle Crucem! dura! Finem ne quaere laborum!  
 Militiae finem mors tibi sola feret.  
 Militis, hoc certum est, qui, dum gerit arma, recusat  
 Ferre Crucem, cinget nulla corona caput.

KINLOCH-RANNOCH, September 15, 1913.

*“Lord, let me know mine end, and the number of my days,  
that I may be certified how long I have to live.”*

PS. XXXIX. 5.

Μεγαλυνθήσεται Χριστὸς ἐν τῷ σώματί μου, εἴτε διὰ ζωῆς εἴτε διὰ θανάτου. Ἐμοὶ γὰρ τὸ ζῆν Χριστὸς καὶ τὸ ἀποθανεῖν κέρδος.

S. PAUL. ad PHILIPP. I. 20, 21.

Lord, it belongs not to my care  
Whether I die or live;  
To love and serve Thee is my share,  
And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, O make me glad  
The longer to obey;  
If short, no labourer is sad  
To end his toilsome day.

Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
Than He went through before;  
He that unto God's Kingdom comes  
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet  
Thy blessed Face to see;  
For, if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
What must Thy glory be!

Then I shall end my sad complaints  
And weary sinful days,  
And join with the triumphant Saints  
That sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small,  
The eye of faith is dim;  
But it's enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with Him.

RICHARD BAXTER, 1681.

*Tu ne quaesieris—non omnia noscere fas est—  
Quae via sit vitae, longa brevisne, tuae.  
Tantum quaeere Ducem: Christi qui signa sequetur,  
Prospera non dubia proelia sorte geret.  
Sit prope sitve procul finis, victoria certa est:  
Mane sit obscurum, vespere lumen erit.*

Vivere sitne mori melius, securus omittam;  
Res est arbitrio non dirimenda meo.  
Te coluisse Ducem, tua signa tulisse per hostes,  
Haec mihi militia est; Tu, Deus, arma dabis.  
Si diuturna manet, diuturnior ipsa voluptas  
Principe pro tanto bella gerentis erit;  
Seu brevis est, fert et brevitas sua gaudia fessis,  
Nec clipei pondus deposuisse piget.  
Non nisi per Christum sacram penetratur ad urbem:  
Ipse suis porta est, fecit et Ipse viam;  
Quam si conquereris tenebris horrere, memento:  
Horruerat, Christo praetereunte, magis.  
O utinam tempus veniat cum, crimine purus,  
Te, Deus, aspiciam, Te propiore fruar!  
Nam si dulce fuit pro Te contendere belio,  
Quanta tuae, Victor, gloria pacis erit!  
Tum miles non damna gemit non tristia lassus  
Vulnera, nec queritur tardius ire dies:  
Laetus ovat, laetis choreis adscriptus ovantum  
Qui certant laudes concelebrare Ducis.  
Ulteriora latent, oculis impervia nostris,  
Quaeque vident mentes non sine nube vident.  
Hoc certum est: Christus, Quicum sumus, omnia novit:  
Qui sciet hoc, non cur plura requirat habet.

*March, 1895.*

"Commit thy way unto the LORD."—Ps. xxxvii. 5.

"He made darkness His secret place."

"The LORD my God shall make my darkness to be light."

"The way of God is an undefiled way."

"It is God that girdeth me with strength, and maketh my way perfect."

"Thy right hand also shall hold me up...that my footsteps shall not slide."—Ps. xviii. 11, 28, 30, 32, 35, 36.

"Who is among you that feareth the LORD, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the LORD, and stay upon his God."—Is. l. 10.

"Then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday, and the LORD shall guide thee continually."—Is. lviii. 10, 11.

"Through the tender mercy of our God, whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us; to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and to guide our feet into the way of peace."—S. LUKE, i. 78, 79.

Thy way, not mine, O LORD,  
However dark it be;  
Lead me by Thine own Hand,  
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be, or rough,  
It will be still the best;  
Winding, or straight, it leads  
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;  
I would not if I might;  
Choose Thou for me, my GOD,  
So shall I walk aright.

*“Ferimur per opacū locorum.”*

VERG.

*Per brevia et syrtes, per tristibus horrida flabris  
 Aequora, per montis lubrica, perque nives,  
 Per caliganem nigra formidine vallem  
 Frigida torpentes mors ubi volvit aquas,  
 Per tenebras quas vita facit, quas fecimus ipsi,  
 (Incertum placeant displiceantne Deo),  
 Nitimur ad lucem: lux O quæsita tot annos,  
 Lux toties puero visa, revise senem!*

Tu mihi Dux vitae—nam me mihi credere nolo—  
 Tu mihi praemonstra, sit licet atra, viam.  
 Tende manum ancipiti, firmet Tua dextera gressus;  
 Semita non, nisi quam Tu legis, ulla placet.  
 Quam Tu cunque leges, seu plana sit obice nullo,  
 Aspera seu saxis, optima semper erit.  
 Seu recta, obliquum seu se sinuarit in orbem,  
 Me tamen ad requiem perferet usque Tuam.  
 Sponte mea sors lecta metum movet; ipsa legendi  
 Copia si detur, deprecet illud onus:  
 Tu lege, Tu Deus es! tanto sub Numinе figam  
 Tutus inoffensos per loca senta pedes.

The kingdom that I seek  
Is Thine, so let the way  
That leads to it be Thine,  
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to Thee may seem;  
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health;  
Choose Thou my cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice  
In things or great or small;  
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,  
My Wisdom, and my All.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1857.

Sunt Tua, quae petimus, non sunt terrestria regna;  
 Caelum, non tellus, meta vagantis erit.  
 Sit via caelestis metam quae tendit ad illam,  
 Sit Tua; nos dubium Te sine fallat iter.  
 Tu cape mi calicem, iustisque liquoribus imple,  
 Dulcia, seu mea sit sors ut amara bibam.  
 Sintne bona an mala sint, nequeo discernere: Tu sis  
 Arbiter; arbitrio res eat ista Tuo.  
 Elige cuncta mihi; solusne, an cinctus amicis,  
 Sanus, an infirmo corpore membra traham.  
 Elige pauperiem; cura vexantur egentes:  
 Elige divitias; his quoque cura subest.  
 Magna pares an parva, nihil moror; una voluntas  
 Stat mihi velle nihil, tradere cuncta Tibi.  
 Tu modo quicquid abest—regimen, sapientia, robur—  
 Omnia des, Tu sis omnia, Christe, Tuo.

SWANSTON, *September, 1895.*

## ST JOHN THE EVANGELIST

“Lord, and what shall this man do ?”  
 Askest thou, Christian, for thy friend ?  
 If his love for Christ be true,  
     Christ hath told thee of his end :  
 This is he whom God approves,  
 This is he whom Jesus loves.

Ask not of Him more than this,  
     Leave it in his Saviour’s breast,  
 Whether, early called to bliss,  
     He in youth shall find his rest,  
 Or armed in his station wait  
     Till his Lord be at the gate.

Sick or healthful, slave or free,  
     Wealthy, or despised and poor—  
 What is that to him or thee,  
     So his love to Christ endure ?  
 When the shore is won at last,  
     Who will count the billows past ?

JOHN KEBLE, 1792—1866.

*Christe, mihi quocunque viam Tua numina signent  
 Sit mihi (Tu ducas) Te praeeunte sequi;  
 Sive fori strepitus inter coetusque virorum,  
 Sive per ignotos incomitatus eam.  
 Sit mihi, sit Tecum vigilare, orare, volenti  
 Morte mori, vita vivere, Magne, Tua;  
 Tecum ferre Crucem, quicquid ferat hora doloris,  
 Tecum siderea transvolitare domos.*

.. Hic quoque quid faciet?" Sic tu scrutaris amico  
 Debita, qui Christi nomen, amice, geris?  
 Quid dubitas? Vero Christum si fovit amore,  
 Iam monuit Christus quale paretur iter.  
 Scilicet hunc probat Ipse Pater, propriumque dicavit:  
 Quid petis? Hunc fratrem Frater Jesus amat.  
 Tu nihil ulterius quaesiveris; omnia Christi  
 Ut melius fido linquere tuta sinu!  
 Seu properata quies primo iam flore iuventae  
 Caelicolis puerum misceat alma suis,  
 Seu vigil, arma tenens, mancat statione potitus,  
 Dum sera ad portam Vox sonet ipsq; Ducis. �  
 Liber an addictus, vegetusne an corpore fracto,  
 Dives an obscura spretus inopsque casa,  
 Quid tamen intererit? Nil tu, nihil ille requiret.  
 Si modo quem Christus fovit aletur amor.  
 Cum semel optatam tetigit pede naufragus oram,  
 Praeteritos fluctus quis numerare velit?

HARROW, August, 1867.

*"My Presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."*

EX. XXXIII. 14.

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign Will denies,  
Accepted at Thy throne of grace  
Let this petition rise !

Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
From every murmur free ;  
The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
And make me live to Thee !

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine  
My life and death attend ;  
Thy Presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end !

ANNE STEELE, 1716—1778.

*'Ολίγων δέ ἐστιν χρεία η ἐνός.* S. LUC. x. 41.

Supreme Caeli Rex, hominum Pater,  
 Si dona nobis cetera denegas,  
     Unum, nec importunus orem,  
     Sit mihi non petiisse frustra!  
 Mentem quietam da, Pater, et Tui  
 Plenam, vacantem questibus anxiis;  
     Descende, caelestique servum  
     Rore bea Tibi dedicatum!  
 Sis usque mecum—fas mihi talia  
 Sperare!—vivam, seu moriar, Comes!  
     Praesens laboranti, laborum  
     Dulcis adest ubi meta, Praesens!

EASTBOURNE, *September 20, 1887.*

*"Thy right hand shall hold me."* Ps. CXXXIX. 10.

I little see, I little know,  
 Yet can I fear no ill;  
 He who hath guided me till now  
 Will be my Leader still.

No burden yet was on me laid  
 Of trouble or of care  
 But He my trembling steps hath stayed,  
 And given me strength to bear.

I came not hither of my will  
 Or wisdom of my own:  
 That higher Power upholds me still,  
 And still must bear me on.

I knew not of this wondrous earth,  
 Nor dreamed what blessings lay  
 Beyond the gates of human birth  
 To glad my future way.

And what beyond this life may be  
 As little I divine,  
 What love may wait to welcome me,  
 What fellowships be mine.

I know not what beyond may lie,  
 But look, in humble faith,  
 Into a larger life to die,  
 And find new birth in death.

He will not leave my soul forlorn;  
 I still must find Him true,  
 Whose mercies have been new each morn,  
 And every evening new.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER.

*Βλέπομεν ἄρτι δι' ἐσόπτρου ἐν αἰνίγματι.* 1 COR. XIII. 12.

Iam neque prospicio multum, nec scire labore;  
 Nec vereor ne quid possit obesse mali.  
 Hoc scio, Pastor, oves Qui tot custodiit annos,  
     Incustoditum non sinet ire gregem.  
 Saepius impositae gemui sub pondere curae,  
     Saepius impediunt lubrica saxa viam.  
 Ille tamen passus baculo levat usque labantes,  
     Robur et inspirat quo toleretur onus.  
 Ut nasci ordiner mea non prudentia fecit,  
     Nec mea vis artus finxit alitque meos.  
 Vis erat Omnipotens: ea vis aeterna manebit;  
     Quae creat infantem, sustinet illa virum.  
 Quid quod, inexpertus quot alat miracula tellus,  
     Donorum ignarus quae dare posset eram?  
 Gaudia nec sensi quae, cum semel editus essem,  
     Stipatura forent progredientis iter?  
 Idem ego quid sublime ferat nova vita, quid altum.  
     Nescio, nec partes vaticinantis agam.  
 Est ut amor mihi plura paret maioraque demptis,  
     Est ut amicitia nobiliore fruar.  
 Ulteriora sequi nequeo, sed credere fas est  
     Sidera, quae non hic cernimus, esse tamen.  
 Largior hac lux est morientibus, amplior aether:  
     Nascimur in vitam, morte vocante, novam.  
 Qui mihi tale fuit columen non deseret unquam;  
     Spectatus toties non malefidus erit.  
 Sole oriente, mihi semper nova munera, semper,  
     Sole cadente, eadem, sed nova facta, dabat.

COMRIE, September 12, 1906.

*"I have been young, and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread."*

Ps. xxxvii. 25.

His light shines on me from above,  
 His low Voice speaks within,  
 The patience of immortal love  
 Outwearying mortal sin.

Not mindless of the growing years  
 Of care and loss and pain,  
 My eyes are wet with thankful tears  
 For blessings which remain.

The years no charm from Nature take ;  
 As sweet her voices call,  
 As beautiful her mornings break,  
 As fair her evenings fall.

Love watches o'er my quiet ways,  
 Kind voices speak my name ;  
 And lips that find it hard to praise  
 Are slow at least to blame.

Rest for the weary hands is good,  
 And love for hearts that pine ;  
 But let the manly habitude  
 Of upright souls be mine.

*Αὐτὸς γὰρ εἰρηκεν Οὐ μή σε ἀνῶ οὐδὲ οὐ μή σε ἐγκαταλίπω.*

HEB. XIII. 5.

Desuper, intus, ades: Tua lux mihi desuper ardet,  
 Pectoris in claustris vox Tua lene sonat.  
 Immortalis amor—tanta est patientia Christi—  
 Abluit humanum, largior usque, nefas.  
 Damna ferunt anni, curas, nova funera, luctum,  
 Nec levis a! dolor est vulnera tanta pati.  
 Ast ubi dona Patris numero quae mille supersunt,  
 Mollier, et lacrimis emaduere genae.  
 Omnia nec rapiunt anni; Natura colores  
 Servat, et aetherium carmen, ut ante, canit.  
 Idem mane rubor, nec, cum iuga Vesper obumbrat,  
 Quae placuit puero non placet umbra seni.  
 Sic amor invigilat placida mihi pace fruenti,  
 Et celebrant nomen labra benigna meum.  
 Si nihil inveniunt de quo cum laude loquantur,  
 Multa tamen culpa iure notanda tacent.  
 Dulce quies fassis, grata est sua meta labori,  
 Spem desperanti saepe reponit amor.  
 Non ego tanta peto; mihi me virtute virili  
 Fortunae plagis opposuisse sat est.

Let winds that blow from heaven refresh,

Dear Lord, the languid air;

And let the weakness of the flesh

My strength of spirit share.

And if the eye must fail of light,

The ear forget to hear,

Make clearer still the spirit's sight,

More fine the inward ear.

Be near me in mine hours of need,

To soothe, or cheer, or warn,

And down these slopes of sunset lead

As up the hills of morn !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1807—1892.

Tu modo terrenis flatus languentibus auris  
Mitte Tuo plenos numine, mitte, Pater.  
Pectora cum frigent, si nos Tuus excitat ardor,  
Participes ignis possumus esse Tui.  
Et si luce carent oculi, si segnius aures  
Dediscunt suaves quos didicere sonos,  
Caelestes oculos tanto magis inice menti,  
Caelestes aures mens magis intus alat.  
Sis mihi Dux! Mihi Tu monitus, solatia, robur  
Suppedites omni tempore, quicquid opus.  
Te puer ascendi montes Duce sole nitentes,  
Te Duce descendam, sole cadente, senex.

COMRIE, *September 3, 1906.*

"Commit thy way unto the Lord, and put thy trust in Him, and He shall bring it to pass."

"Hope thou in the Lord, and keep His way."

Ps. xxxvii. 5, 35.

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."—Ps. xxiii. 5.

"Have not I commanded thee? Be strong, and of a good courage: be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."—Josh. i. 9.

"Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

Is. xlii. 1, 2.

"Be not weary in well doing."—2 Thess. iii. 13.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life."—Rev. ii. 10.

### PSALM XXXVII

Put thou thy trust in God,  
 In duty's path go on:  
 Walk in His strength with faith and hope,  
 So shall thy work be done.  
  
 Commit thy ways to Him,  
 Thy works into His hands,  
 And rest on His unchanging Word  
 Who Heaven and earth commands.  
  
 Though years on years roll on,  
 His covenant shall endure;  
 Though clouds and darkness hide His path,  
 The promised grace is sure.  
  
 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
 His power will clear thy way:  
 Wait thou His time; the darkest night  
 Shall end in brightest day.

JOHN WESLEY, from the German.

*“Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito.”*

VERG.

*Damma per et clades, per quicquid amantia turbat  
 Corda, per orbatae funera crebra domus;  
 Per morbi accessus, per decrescentia mentis  
 Robora, per miseros, spe pereunte, metus;  
 Mille per insidias, et quas struit hostis, et illas,  
 Fraude magis plena, quas struis ipse tibi;  
 Perge tamen, nec cede malis, sed fortior aude,  
 Nec dubita audentes quin amet Ipse Pater.  
 Ipse suos sub signa vocat, stimulatque morantes,  
 Praeteritaeque iubet non meminisse fugae:  
 Ipse tropaea parat victoribus, Ipse triumphos,  
 Poenam, non laudem, se meruisse ratis;  
 Nec tota e legione Duci est acceptior ullus  
 Quam si quis, decies pulsus, ad arma redit.*

Fide Deo, votique tenax per dura, per hostes,  
 Imperturbatum perfice, miles, iter.  
 Spem dabit illa fides: tanto sub Numine nulum,  
 Fortiter inceptum, non peragetur opus.  
 Huic regimen committe viae, committe laborum,  
 Qui terram et caelum sustinet omne manu:  
 Ille suis belli dedit irrevocabile signum,  
 Tuque sub hoc, palmae certus, ad arma ruis.  
 Tempora temporibus sint addita, saecula saeclis,  
 Stant tamen irrupto foedere pacta Dei:  
 Nubibus et tenebris quamquam vestigia velat,  
 Pollicitam (nec scit fallere) mittet opeim.  
 Per vada, per fluctus, per nubila, perque procellas  
 Expedies, clavum dum regit Ille, ratem.  
 Disce moras tolerare Dei; quo densior umbris  
 Nox ruit, it tanto clarior orta dies.

October 21, 1895.

*"Certainly I will be with thee."* Ex. iii. 12.

*"I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known."* Is. XLII. 16.

*"Wait, I say, on the Lord."* Ps. XXVII. 14.

*"Ἐγώ εἰμι ἡ ὁδὸς καὶ ἡ ἀλήθεια καὶ ἡ ζωή."* S. JOH. XIV. 6.

O let him whose sorrow  
 No relief can find  
 Trust in God, and borrow  
 Ease for heart and mind.  
 Where the mourner weeping  
 Sheds the secret tear,  
 God His watch is keeping,  
 Though none else be near.  
 God will never leave thee,  
 All thy wants He knows,  
 Feels the pain that grieves thee,  
 Sees thy cares and woes.  
 When in grief we languish,  
 He will dry the tear,  
 Who His children's anguish  
 Soothes with succour near.  
 Raise thine eyes to heaven  
 When thy spirits quail,  
 When, by tempests driven,  
 Heart and courage fail.  
 All our woe and sadness  
 In this world below  
 Balance not the gladness  
 We in heaven shall know.

FRANCES ELIZABETH COX, from the German.

*“Fata viam invenient aderitque vocatus Apollo”:*  
*Sic trepidos, Phoebo digna locute, mones;*  
*Saepe et nobis tua dulcia verba recursant*  
*Omina cum turbant, et remorantur iter;*  
*Cum Latium (querimur) procul est, foedisque Celaeno*  
*Territat heroum fortia corda minis.*

*Sed nos Priamide† divinior excitat augur,*  
*Certior et nostram provocat aura ratem:*  
*Fata viam inveniunt profugis incognita Teucris,*  
*Maior Apollinea Vox iubet astra sequi.*

† sc. Heleno.

Si te cura premit, neandum solacia cernis,  
 Fide Deo; mentem leniet illa fides.  
 Si flendo solus noctem, quam longa, fatigas,  
 Ut distent homines, pervigil Ille prope est.  
 Assidet Ille tibi, nec deseret; omnia novit  
 Queis opus, et luctu tangitur Ipse tuo.  
 Ille suis lacrimas siccat Pater, Ille dolenti,  
 Tunc eum praecipue deesse videtur, adest.  
 Tu vero, aerumnis vel tempestatibus actus,  
 Semper ad aetheriam lumina tolle domum.  
 Hic moeror levus est, sed compensabitur illic:  
 Illuc laetitiae dulce paratur onus.

*November, 1894.*

*“Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee  
the crown of life.” REV. ii. 10.*

Well I know thy trouble,  
O My servant true;  
Thou art very weary,  
I was weary too.  
But that toil shall make thee  
One day all My own,  
And the end of sorrow  
Shall be near My throne.

JOHN MASON NEALE, from the Greek.

Συγκακοπάθησον ὡς καλὸς στρατιώτης Χριστοῦ Ἰησοῦ.  
2 TIM. II. 3.

Perge tamen, miles fortissime; sarcina nota est  
 Quam geris; es fessus; fessus et Ipse fui.  
 Sed Mihi tu propior, quo tristior, ibis ovanti,  
 Et faciet nostrum te magis iste labor.

ULLSWATER, April 22, 1905.

*'Εγώ εἰμι· μή φοβεῖσθε.* S. JOH. VI. 20.

How are Thy servants blest, O Lord,  
How sure is their defence!  
Eternal Wisdom is their Guide,  
Their Help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
Supported by Thy care,  
Through burning climes they pass unhurt  
And breathe in tainted air.

From all their griefs and dangers, Lord,  
Thy mercy sets them free,  
While in the confidence of prayer  
Their souls take hold of Thee.

When by the dreadful tempest borne  
High on the broken wave,  
They know Thou art not deaf to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.

The storm is laid, the winds retire,  
Obedient to Thy will;  
The sea, that roared at Thy command,  
At Thy command is still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,  
Thy goodness I'll adore,  
And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.

My life, while Thou preserv'st my life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be;  
And death, when death shall be my lot,  
Shall join my soul to Thee.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1672—1719.

*“Dominus illuminatio mea, et salus mea; quem timebo?  
 Dominus protector vitae meae; a quo trepidabo?” Ps. xxvii. 1.  
 “Exquisivi Dominum, et exaudivit me, et ex omnibus  
 tribulationibus meis eripuit me.” Ps. xxxiv. 4.*

Quanta tuis largire, Deus! Quam fidus adhaeres,  
 Certa quies omni tempore, tuta salus!  
 Ipsa viris aeterna viam Sapientia monstrat,  
 Ipse regit passus Omnipotentis Amor.  
 Extera regna petunt quoties, tractusque remotos,  
 Nil nocet exsilibus quos tua cura tegit.  
 Sol, alios torrens, miti face temperat ignes;  
 Aura luem spirat, nec ferit aura tuos.  
 Saepe per aerumnas et caeca pericula vadunt;  
 Tu facis, et media nocte, vacare metu.  
 Causa preces; precibus tanta est fiducia; supplex  
 Numen, ut amplexu, corde prehendit homo.  
 Nec fera tempestas terret: iactata per aequor  
 Pendet in ancipiti gurgite quassa ratis.  
 Hi tamen, “Haud surdus Pater est in vota precantium,  
 “Nec sinet Omnipotens posse perire suos.”  
 Vota valent: dant flabra locum, iacet ira procellae,  
 Iamdudum imperio docta silere Dei.  
 Voce tua moniti fluctus fremuere minaces,  
 Voce tua monitis detumuere minae.  
 Si graviora manent, si plurima mortis imago,  
 Nomen adorabo gratus, ut ante, tuum.  
 Nec sperare vedor; praesens trahit hora futuras;  
 “Larga dedit,” repetam, “munera, larga dabit.”  
 Ergo dum mihi vita datur, tua cura tot annos,  
 Non mea, sed res est sacra, dicata Deo.  
 Nec minus, hos anima cum mors seduxerit artus,  
 Mors animam reddet, Te revocante, Tibi.

CHAMONIX—RIFFELALP—MÜRREN,  
 August, September, 1905.

The history of this very humble translation may be briefly given, and can only have an interest for personal friends.

On Sunday, August 6th, 1905, I noticed in the little Church at Chamonix a Hymn marked 531 in the Hymnbook of the Colonial and Continental Society. I fancied, but was not sure, that I recognized in it the work of Addison, and its words began to be my companions in some solitary walks and quiet hours.

On the following Sunday, August 13th, we had gone to the Church a few minutes before the Morning Service began, and I chanced to take up the Hymnbook again. Almost immediately we heard a loud clap, followed by the shock of an earthquake, the only one which I have ever experienced. The building rocked violently from north to south for a few seconds, and it seemed as if the roof must fall in. However, beyond some cracks in the walls, no harm was done. The Service, pretty largely attended, was held outside the western door, and is likely to be remembered by all who were present.

It may be that this incident increased my interest in the Hymn. Anyhow it continued to haunt me during a singularly happy holiday of seven weeks among the grandest of Swiss mountains, and on my return home I traced it to its source.

It appears as No. 489 in the Spectator of Saturday, September 20, 1713. The author has been speaking in simple pious language of storms at sea.

"I have made," he says, "several voyages upon the sea, I have often been tossed in storms, and on that occasion I have frequently reflected on the descriptions of them in antient poets." After referring to Longinus and Homer, he goes on to express his admiration of the noble description of a storm in Psalm 107: "They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters," &c., &c., and he ends his paper with characteristic grace: "Great painters do not only give us landscapes of gardens, groves, and meadows, but very often employ their pencils upon sea pieces: I could wish you would follow their example. If this small sketch may deserve a place among your works, I shall accompany it with a divine ode, made by a gentleman," this is of course himself, "upon the conclusion of his travels."

Then follows the "Ode," as he wrote it, which it may be well to transcribe. The Hymn, from which the Latin version is made, is shorter and naturally somewhat modified. The autobiographical character of the original is adapted, by what hand or at what time I know not, to congregational use.

Lovers of Addison, who may read the Latin lines, will not be sorry to be reminded how Macaulay refers to the "Ode," to the passage in the life of its author which called it forth, and to the cheerful piety which breathes through it. The subjoined extracts are taken from his fine Essay on the "Life and Writings of Addison," July, 1843.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord,  
 How sure is their defence!  
 Eternal Wisdom is their guide,  
 Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
 Supported by thy care,  
 Thro' burning climes I pass'd unhurt,  
 And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetened ev'ry toil,  
 Made ev'ry region please;  
 The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,  
 And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,  
 How with affrighted eyes  
 Thou saw'st the wide extended deep  
 In all its horrors rise!

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,  
 And fear in ev'ry heart,  
 When waves on waves, and gulphs in gulphs,  
 O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,  
Thy mercy set me free,  
Whilst in the confidence of prayer  
My soul took hold on thee.

For tho' in dreadful whirls we hung  
High on the broken wave,  
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,  
Obedient to thy will;  
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,  
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,  
Thy goodness I'll adore,  
And praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be;  
And death, if death must be my doom,  
Shall join my soul to thee.

"In December 1700 he embarked at Marseilles. As he glided along the Ligurian coast, he was delighted by the sight of myrtles and olive trees, which retained their verdure under the winter solstice. Soon, however, he encountered one of the black storms of the Mediterranean. The captain of the ship gave up all for lost, and confessed himself to a Capuchin who happened to be on board. The English heretic, in the meantime, fortified himself against the terrors of death with devotions of a very different kind. How strong an impression this perilous voyage made on him, appears from the ode, 'How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!' which was long after published in the Spectator."

"The last moments of Addison were perfectly serene. His interview with his son-in-law is universally known. 'See,' he said, 'how a Christian can die.' The piety of Addison was, in truth, of a singularly cheerful character. The feeling which predominates in all his devotional writings is gratitude. God was to him the allwise and allpowerful friend who had watched over his cradle with more than maternal tenderness; who had listened to his cries before they could form themselves in prayer; who had preserved his youth from the snares of vice; who had made his cup run over with worldly blessings; who had doubled the value of those blessings by bestowing a thankful heart to enjoy them,

and dear friends to partake them; who had rebuked the waves of the Ligurian gulf, had purified the autumnal air of the Campagna, and had restrained the avalanches of Mont Cenis. Of the Psalms, his favourite was that which represents the Ruler of all things under the endearing image of a shepherd, whose crook guides the flock safe, through gloomy and desolate glens, to meadows well watered and rich with herbage. On that goodness, to which he ascribed all the happiness of his life, he relied in the hour of death with the love which casteth out fear. He died on the seventeenth of June 1719. He had just entered on his forty-eighth year."

TRINITY LODGE, *October 25, 1905.*

*“Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself.”*

ISAIAH XLV. 15.

*“Thy way is in the sea, and Thy paths in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not known.”*

PSALM LXXVII. 19.

ἘΝ δὲ φάει καὶ ὄλεσσον, ἔφη Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,  
αἴθρης ἴμείρων, ἡέρι τειρόμενος.  
ὦ Θεός, ἀλλά σύ γ' οἰσθ' ὅτι σὸν φάος οὐ φάος ἡμῖν,  
καὶ σκότος ἡμέτερος σοὶ φάος ἐστί, Πάτερ.

*“The darkness is no darkness with Thee,  
but the night is as clear as the day; the darkness and  
light to Thee are both alike.”* PSALM CXXXIX. 11.

God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never failing skill  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace:  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain:  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

W. COWPER, 1731—1800.

## I

It Deus in tenebris, sua dum miracula secum  
     Volvit, et umbrato Numine celat iter:  
 Magna procellosis vestigia ponit in undis,  
     Pronus agit nimbos, invehiturque noto.  
 Sunt loca, nota Ipsi, subter fundamina rerum,  
     Quo penetrare hominum linea nulla valet:  
 Illuc Omnipotens numquam fallentia condit  
     Decreta, et nutu res iubet ire suo.  
 Quare agite, o timidi, nova cornua sumite, fratres,  
     Nec nimium nubes suggerat atra metum:  
 Quippe Dei pluviis gradata est, et parturit imbre  
     Qui cadat in vestrum, plenus amore, caput.  
 Parcite terreno metiri limite caelum,  
     Inque hominum trutina pendere dona Dei:  
 Fidite! non animi frons est certissimus index;  
     Contrahat ut frontem, risus in ore latet.  
 Fidere qui nolunt, caeci sine luce vagantur,  
     Nequicquam indagant Omnipotentis iter:  
 Ipse Deus calleth tenebris immittere solem,  
     Interpres Deus est Numinis Ipse sui.

ALYTH, *August*, 1891.

## II

Obscura volvens fata homini Deus  
 Non usitata carpit iter via;  
 Vestigia imponit profundis  
 Oceani, invehiturque nimbo.

Idem sub umbra non penetrabili  
 Decreta in imis, maximus Artifex,  
 Condit metallis, et supremus  
 Cuncta suo iubet ire nutu.

At, o paventes, cornua sumite!  
 Sperate! nubes, quam tremitis, Deo  
 Plena est, et effuso beabit  
 Rore caput, genialis imber.

Nolite parva sic trutina Patrem  
 Pensare magnum: fidite gratiae!  
 Frons illa, quae contracta terret,  
 Detegit en! resoluta risum.

Increduli, gens caeca, Dei petunt  
 Secreta frustra: Numinis est sui  
 Interpres, arcanaeque mentis  
 Ipse Deus reserat latebras.

A LYTH, *September, 1891.*

## III

Cum miranda suis fata parat Deus,  
 Obtexta tenebris progreditur via;  
 Ponti insistit aquas, inque frementibus  
     Currus urget equos notis.

Idem subter humo, providus Artifex,  
 Argentum veluti, consilia abditis,  
 Lucis plena, locis condit, et Arbiter  
     Nutu cuncta regit suo.

Vos autem, timidi, cornua sumite!  
 Nubes, quam tremitis, desuper imminens  
 Est fecunda Deo, ruptaque defluet  
     Vestrum fertilis in caput.

Magnum nonne pudet sic trutina levi  
 Expendisse Patrem? Fidite gratiae!  
 Iracunda minas frons licet indicet,  
     Ridentis faciem tegit.

Fidendo, comites, non aliter, licet  
 Indagare Deum: cetera gens via  
 Errat caeca; Deus monstrat iter suis,  
     Interpres Deus est sui.

ALYTH, September, 1891.

## IV

Magnum fingit opus cum Deus Artifex,  
 Velatum tenebris carpit iter; mari  
 Plantas figit in alto, et  
 Nimborum invehitur rotis.

Idem intra latebras non penetrabiles  
 Decreta Omnipotens condit in abditis,  
 Lucis plena, metallis,  
 Et cuncta arbitrio movet.

Vos autem, trepidi, cornua sumite!  
 Nubes, quam tremitis, fertilis est boni,  
 Mox et rore benigno  
 Vestrum defluet in caput.

A! nolite bonum iudicio levi  
 Sic pensare Patrem; fidite gratiae!  
 Frons contracta minantis  
 Ridentis faciem tegit.

Frustra incredula gens audet iter Dei  
 Vestigare; Deus rite potentibus  
 Ipse arcana recludit,  
 Interpres Deus est sui.

ALYTH, September, 1891.

Through all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.

Of His deliverance I will boast,  
Till all that are distrest  
From my example comfort take,  
And charm their griefs to rest.

The Hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just;  
Deliverance He affords to all  
Who on His succour trust.

O make but trial of His love!  
Experience will decide  
How blest are they, and only they,  
Who in His truth confide.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear:  
Make you His service your delight,  
Your wants shall be His care.

TATE AND BRADY, 1696.

## I

Per varias quas vita feret mutabilis horas,  
 Seu iubar illustret seu tegat umbra diem,  
 Nos nostrum laudare Deum sine fine iuvabit;  
 Hic linguae, hic mentis, gratus uterque, labor.  
 Submersus toties, toties eruptus ab undis,  
 Quippe ego divini testis amoris ero:  
 Me quoties spectant, miseri nova cornua sument,  
 Curarumque aestus detumuisse sinent.  
 Agmina caelicolum, summo apparentia Regi,  
 Circa sanctorum limina castra locant:  
 Praesens auxilium poscentibus Ipse ministrat,  
 Aucupis e laqueis eripit Ipse suos.  
 Et dubitatis adhuc tantam gustare salutem?  
 O nimium timidi, discite nosse Deum!  
 Qui didicit non posse Patrem non esse fidelem,  
 Ille animi fidens, ille beatus erit.  
 Iudicet expertus; quod saecula mille probarunt,  
 Ultima posteritas experietur idem.  
 Ergo, nate, verere Deum: quicumque veretur  
 Illum, nil aliud quod vereatur habet.  
 Sit tibi cura placere Patri, sit summa voluptas,  
 Sic Patri curae quid tibi desit erit.

A LYTH, *August*, 1891.

## II

Quascunque cursu vita trahet vices,  
 Seu laeta seu fors tristior ingruet,  
 Iam mente, iam lingua iuvabit  
 Usque Dei celebrare laudes.

Dicam triumphos, dicam ego debitam  
 Ipsi salutem: sic miseri meo  
 Sument ab exemplo refecti  
 Cornua, sopierintque luctus.

Custodientum milia caelitum  
 Circa piorum pervigilant domos:  
 Praesens per armorum tumultus  
 Praebet opem Pater invocatam.

Visne experiri quid sit amor Patris,  
 Quam certus? Aude fidere; tum scies  
 Quam sit beatus qui fidelem  
 Ipse Deum propriumque norit.

Illum timentes nil aliud timent:  
 Servire gratum est: tu famulus sacrae  
 Ascriptus aedi non egebis,  
 Omnipotens sua largietur.

ALYTH, August, 1891.

## III

Vitae per varias vices,  
 Seu felicia seu tristia me manent,  
 Hoc lingua, hoc mea mens volet,  
 Gratis usque Deum tollere laudibus.  
 Ereptus toties neci  
 Laeta voce canam, dum monitu meo  
 Afflicti caput erigant,  
 Sopitasque levent sollicitudines.  
 Sanctorum prope limina  
 Semper castra locant milia caelitum ;  
 Sanctis arma rogantibus  
 Praesens auxilium suppeditat Deus.  
 Nescis quid sit amor Dei ?  
 Fidendo invenies : experientia  
 Felix, crede, doceberis  
 Quanti sit solidam nosse Patris fidem.  
 Ergo, nate, Deum time ;  
 Cunctos Ille metus sustulerit timor :  
 Te si sponte dabis Patri,  
 Nato, quicquid opus, sponte dabit Pater.

*September, 1891.*

O Life, O Death, O World, O Time,  
 O Grave, where all things flow,  
 'Tis yours to make our lives sublime  
 With your great weight of woe.

Though sharpest anguish hearts may wring,  
 Though bosoms torn may be,  
 Yet Suffering is a holy thing—  
 Without it what were we ?

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

*'Η νὺξ προέκοψεν, ἡ δὲ ἡμέρα ἤγγικεν.*

ROM. XIII. 12.

Courage ! long the time may seem,  
 But His day is coming fast ;  
 We shall be like them that dream  
 When our Freedom dawns at last !

CATHERINE WINKWORTH, from the German.

Vita. quid es? Quid, Mors? Quid, sors humana, quid  
Aetas?

Tuque, sepultorum, quot sumus, una domus?  
Mortales vestrum est ingenti pondere luctus  
Sic premere ut Superi sint similesque Deo.  
Torqueat ut laceras miserorum aerumna medullas,  
Ut cruciet mentes dilanietque dolor,  
Est tamen, est res sancta pati; sine vulnere virtus  
Quid foret? armatos talia signa decent.

PERSEY HOTEL, PERTHSHIRE, *August 30, 1903.*

*"Libertas, quae sera tamen respexit."* VERG. *Ecl. I. 27.*

Lurida nox tardo metae tamen axe propinquat;  
Sol oritur; tenebras dissipat orta dies.  
Exspectata diu Libertas aurea surgit,  
Quaeque videbantur somnia, vera probat.

---

Spem revocate, viri! Quid si nox longa videtur?  
Advenit en propior iam citiorque dies.  
Libertas, sperata diu, iuga lumine tingit;  
Somnia fugerunt; spes vigilantis erat.

*March 1, 1912.*

## NIGHT AND DEATH

Mysterious Night ! when our first Parent knew  
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
This glorious canopy of light and blue ?  
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,  
Hesperus with the host of Heaven came,  
And lo ! Creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed  
Within thy beams, O Sun ! or who could find,  
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,  
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind ?  
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife ?  
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life ?

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE, 1775—1841.

*Μείζω τούτων ὄψη.*

*Plurima Nox, cedente die, miracula promit,  
Fors et in obscura lux sua Morte latet.*

### A PARAPHRASE

Sacra Dei, celata die, Nox ipsa revelat;  
Nox Adamo veri magna magistra fuit.  
Quippe novum numen venturum, nomine Noctem.  
Senserat; id nato nuntiat Ipse Deus.  
Verum ubi suspexit splendentia caerulea caeli,  
Divinam Artificis testificata manum,  
Crediderim tremuisse metu ne nocte perirent,  
Diceret et mundo gloria tanta “Vale!”

Vana times, venerande Pater! Lucentis amictu  
Roris, et occidui lotus in igne poli,  
Hesperus en! graditur, circumque, exercitus ingens.  
Stellati apparent agmina mille chori.  
Tum vero imperium Regis qui cuncta creavit  
Mortales visus fallere discit homo.  
Mira loquor: quis enim tantas, Sol magne, putasset  
Sub radiis tenebras posse latere tuis?  
Aut folia et muscas culicesque exstare iubentem  
Luminis innumeros oculuisse globos?  
Cur igitur fugimus trepido certamine Mortem?  
Lux certe fallit; fallere Vita potest.

DAVOS-PLATZ, January, 1887.

*"Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening  
to rejoice."*

PSALM LXV. 8.

*"It shall come to pass that at evening time there shall be light."*

ZECHARIAH XIV. 7.

And has with us the dewy dawn  
Long since been with the past withdrawn;  
And after all the toil of noon  
Will evening fade in twilight soon?  
O Thou, Who makest morn and even  
Rich with the choicest hues of Heaven,  
Cast upon us Thy beams of light,  
And clothe us with Thy Spirit's might.  
And it may be ere set of sun,  
    Before we enter into rest,  
Our latest service, humbly done,  
    May be our faithallest and best.

BISHOP E. H. BICKERSTETH, 1883.

*"And there was evening and there was morning, the sixth day."*

GEN. I. 31.

*Mane diem rosea Spes aurea luce colorat,  
 Nec putat in caelo posse latere dolos.  
 Famae etiam sua lux: iuveni qui captat honores  
 Splendescit, medio sole flagrante, labor.  
 Sera senescenti si quas struit hora tenebras,  
 Vesper habet lucem, nec sine sole, suam.*

Vesper adit; flammae procul est iubar illud Eoae,  
 Nec matutino rore madescit humus.  
 Iam fessum expectant festina crepuscula solem,  
 Iam labor, exactus sole flagrante, retro est.  
 O Qui mane polum, Qui prona ita luce coloras  
 Ut roseus metam tingat utramque rubor,  
 Inice Tu nobis radios, vestem indue nobis  
 Armaque, divini pignora certa Ducis.  
 Forsitan et, vitae citius crescentibus umbris,  
 Sed prius extremo quam iuga sole nitent,  
 Inveniar tamen, hoc sero bene munere functus,  
 Quam merui iuvenis plus meruisse senex.

GRASMERE, April, 1906.

*“What is your life? For ye are a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.” S. JAMES IV. 14.*

Brief life is here our portion,  
 Brief sorrow, short lived care;  
 The life that knows no ending,  
 The tearless life, is there.

O happy retribution!  
 Short toil, eternal rest;  
 For mortals and for sinners  
 A mansion with the blest!

And now we fight the battle,  
 But then shall wear the crown  
 Of full and everlasting  
 And passionless renown.

And now we watch and struggle,  
 And now we live in hope,  
 And Sion in her anguish  
 With Babylon must cope.

But He Whom now we trust in  
 Shall then be seen and known;  
 And they that know and see Him  
 Shall have Him for their own.

The morning shall awaken,  
 The shadows shall decay,  
 And each true-hearted servant  
 Shall shine as doth the day.

*“Vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat<sup>1</sup> inchoare longam.”*

HOR.

Debemur morti: vitam sua cuique dederunt  
 Fata brevem; brevis est cura brevisque dolor:  
 Limite vita carens, lacrimis obnoxia nullis,  
 Non datur in terra, sed super astra datur.  
 O requies parvum compensatura laborem!  
 Ille breves annos, haec sine fine manet,  
 Mortis ubi heredes, infectos crimine avito,  
 Caelicolum adscribet coetibus Ipse Deus.  
 Arma tamen prius arma vocant: nunc imus in hostes,  
 Impressaeque gerunt tempora signa Crucis:  
 Tum novus accedet fronti decor; aurea cinget,  
 Digna triumphantum laude, corona caput.  
 Nunc noctes vigilare, die pugnare, necesse est,  
 Speque sequi quem fas spe modo nosse Duce.  
 Multa dolens, mater sanctissima, multa minanti  
 Bellum anceps Sion cum Babylone trahit.  
 Tum vero, Quem spe praesumimus, Ille suorum  
 Corde, oculis, non iam spe modo, notus erit.  
 A! felix animi qui corde oculisque secutus  
 Aeternum Patrem prensat, habetque suum!  
 Mane erit; en! somnos fax matutina resolvit;  
 Diffugiunt tenebrae, fit gravis umbra iubar;  
 Et puro qui corde Deum petiere renato  
 Sole relucebunt, luceat ut orta dies.

<sup>1</sup> Quid si legendum Christianis “iubet”?

There God, our King and Portion,  
In fulness of His grace,  
Shall we behold for ever,  
And worship face to face.

O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessed country  
That eager hearts expect!

Jesu, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest:  
Who art, with God the Father  
And Spirit, ever blest!

BERNARD OF CLUNY, from the Latin.

Tum quoque tum Regem, manifesto Numinis nostrum,  
Unde velut pleno gratia fonte fluit,  
Fas erit auscultare suis arcana loquentem,  
Et Patris aspectu iam propiore frui.  
O Patria expectata diu, dulcissima sedes,  
O pelagi fessis certa futura domus,  
Te petimus portumque tuum ! Tu, Christe, per undas  
Dirige, ut incolumes stemus in urbe Dei.

*May, 1891.*

Κατὰ πίστιν ἀπέθανον οἵτοι πάντες, μὴ κομισάμενοι τὰς ἐπαγγελίας,  
 ἀλλὰ πόρρωθεν αὐτὰς ἰδόντες καὶ ἀσπασάμενοι, καὶ ὁμολογή-  
 σαντες ὅτι ξένοι καὶ παρεπιδημοί εἰσιν ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς· οἱ γὰρ  
 τοιαῦτα λέγοντες ἐμφανίζουσιν ὅτι πατρίδα ἐπιζητοῦσιν. καὶ  
 εἰ μὲν ἐκείνης ἐμνημόνευον ἀφ' ἣς ἐξεβῆσαν, εἶχον ἀν καιρὸν  
 ἀνακάμψαι· νῦν δὲ κρείττονος ὄρέγονται, τοῦτ' ἔστιν ἐπουρανίου.  
 διὸ οὐκ ἐπαισχύνεται αὐτοὺς ὁ θεὸς θεὸς ἐπικαλεῖσθαι αὐτῶν,  
 ἡτοίμασεν γὰρ αὐτοῖς πόλιν. Ep. ad HEBR. XI. 13—16.

There is a blessed home  
 Beyond this land of woe,  
 Where trials never come,  
 Nor tears of sorrow flow ;  
 Where faith is lost in sight,  
 And patient hope is crowned,  
 And everlasting light  
 Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace,  
 Good Angels know it well ;  
 Glad songs that never cease  
 Within its portals swell.  
 Around its glorious Throne  
 Ten thousand Saints adore  
 CHRIST, with the FATHER ONE  
 And SPIRIT, evermore.

*Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum  
Tendimus in Latium, sedes ubi fata quietas  
Ostendunt.*

AEN. I. 197.

“*Tendimus in Latium, sedes ubi fata quietas  
Ostendunt; illuc fas*” *nova regna sequi.*  
*Vox ea Troiugenum patriam super alta petentum,*  
*Aptaque fit nostrae nostra per alta viae.*  
*Nos patriam petimus, sunt et discrimina nobis,*  
*Post varios casus nos quoque meta manet.*  
“*Tendimus in Latium,*” *fatis potioribus acti;*  
*Hic domus, haec patria est; huc vocat Ipse Pater.*

Est sua cuique quies: quid si terrestria turbant?  
In caelo est iustis tuta reposta domus.  
Illic dediscunt quos hic didicere dolores,  
Nec lacrimis oculi qui maduere madent.  
Illic accipiunt quam Spes dedit ante coronam,  
Quaeque Fides vix est ausa videre, vident;  
Illic perpetuo late loca lumine fulgent,  
Luce nova lucem suppeditante novam.  
Est bona, caelesti choreae notissima, tellus;  
Pacis habet nomen, pax ibi regna tenet.  
Illi ad portas, nullos tacitura per annos,  
Carmina laetitia plena sonare ferunt:  
Millia caelicolum, solium stipantia Regis,  
Aeternum certant concelebrare Deum.

O joy all joys beyond,  
To see the LAMB Who died,  
And count each sacred Wound  
In Hands, and Feet, and Side;  
To give to Him the praise  
Of every triumph won,  
And sing through endless days  
The great things He hath done!

Look up, ye Saints of GOD,  
Nor fear to tread below  
The path your Saviour trod  
Of daily toil and woe.  
Wait but a little while  
In uncomplaining love;  
His own most gracious smile  
Shall welcome you above.

SIR HENRY W. BAKER.

Hoc tamen, hoc, nobis inter tot gaudia praestet,  
 Ipsum, Qui cecidit, posse videre Ducem,  
 Vulnera dum numero, queis non timuere profani  
 Hic latus, hic palmas, hic violare pedes.  
 "Maxime," sic cantem, nunc et dum saecla supersint,  
 "Sume ministeriis digna tropaea Tuis !  
 "Est Tibi, non nobis, laus debita; sume triumphos !  
 "Auspice Te si quid gessimus, omne Tuum est."

Tu vero, qui signa geris sub Praeside tanto,  
 Tolle animos, nec sit, quo vocat, ire metus.  
 Ille dies totos curis dabat, Ille labori;  
 Pressa Ducis plantis ardua miles amat.  
 Mitte, nec impatiens, non est mora longa, querellas;  
 Qui queritur, non est iure vocandus amor.  
 Perfer, et expecta: risu mox Ipse benigno  
 Te propria excipiet, non abiture, domo.

*November, 1894.*

*"The flower withereth; but the word of our God shall stand for ever."*

ISAIAH XL. 8.

Quickly droop earth's brightest flowers,  
 Perfect as they seem to be,  
 All their fragrance, life, and beauty  
 Yielding to mortality.  
 Seems but yestermorn we watched them  
 Opening to the summer day;  
 Ere the morrow's sun had risen,  
 They had fallen to decay.  
 Other plants, as fair, will blossom,  
 Others may e'en excel;  
 But their fresh luxuriance cannot banish  
 Friends we loved so well.

Brighter than those earthly flowers  
 Shine the souls that love the Word,  
 Planted, trained, and blooming daily  
 In the garden of the Lord.  
 'Twas but now their growth expanding  
 Gave us unalloyed delight;  
 Then the summons came to call them,  
 Plunged our noonday into night.  
 Other souls, as pure and gentle,  
 Heaven-sent light may shed;  
 But they cannot tenant the vacant places,  
 Cannot raise the dead.

*Oīη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοίη δὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν.*

Vita brevis florum est, marcat sua cuique venustas;

Quae placet imprimis gratia, prima perit.

Sit decus eximium, sit odor gratissimus herbae,

Omne decus morti traditur, omnis odor.

Vidimus hesterno se pandere sole colorem,

Vidimus aestiva luce rubere rosam:

Vidimus;—ante tamen quam crastina fulserat eos,

En rosa tabuerat, fugerat ille color.

Quid si terra ferax aliam, nova germina, prolem,

Quae lapsae par sit praeniteatve, parit?

At nova luxuries veterem non pellet amorem,

Et vetera, idcirco quod placuere, placent.

Ut flores, florent animae quoque; sed color illis

Purior, et caeli lumine quaeque nitet.

Illas Ipse Deus, verae virtutis amantes,

Horto dispositas curat alitque suo.

Hei mihi! quam laeti iam crescere vidimus! “Horae

“Quotquot eunt, species,” diximus, “aucta viret.”

Tum dulces animas Vox imperiosa vocavit;

Nobis in media nox ruit atra die.

Succendent aliae, caelesti rore recentes,

Queis eadem virtus, par pietatis amor:

Sed nequeunt mutos revocare; siletur in aulis,

Et locus, amissi quem tenuere, vacat.

Though the flower of youth be faded,  
Sorrow not, as one forlorn ;  
It will rise, we trust, in glory  
On the Resurrection morn :  
Through the merits of the Saviour  
Faith and love shall win the prize  
Even now to ransomed spirits  
Shadowed out in Paradise.  
Other loved ones, long since gathered !  
Others in turn to die !  
Grant us, Lord, we pray Thee, a blest reunion  
In Thy courts on high.

L. N.

Sed quamquam succisus abit flos ille iuventae,  
 Ipsum inter luctum spes, neque vana, subest.  
 Nam venit illa dies reddet qua terra sepultos;  
 Floris humo pressi tum revirescat honos.  
 Nunc etiam sanctis, seclusis valle quieta,  
 Praegustare licet gaudia, certa diu.  
 Haec tamen umbra modo est veri; tum praemia  
 Christus,  
 Debita non illis sed Sibi, plena dabit.  
 Tum messem leget Ille suam, quot amavimus olim,  
 Quotque hodie vivunt quos sua fata manent.  
 Illis o'utinam sacra sociemur in urbe!  
 Nos quoque caelicolis, nos, Pater, adde Tuis!

*November, 1890.*

"Ἄφετε τὰ παιδία ἔρχεσθαι πρός με. καὶ ἐναγκαλισάμενος αὐτὰ  
κατευλόγει τιθεὶς τὰς χεῖρας ἐπ' αὐτά,

S. MARC. x. 14, 16.

"*Ye do show the Lord's death till He come.*"

1 COR. xi. 26.

"Till He come"—O let the words  
Linger on the trembling chords;  
Let the *little while* between  
In their golden light be seen:  
Let us think how Heaven and home  
Lie beyond that "Till I come."

\* \* \* \* \*

See the feast of love is spread;  
Drink the wine, and break the bread:  
Sweet memorials, till the Lord  
Call us round His heavenly board;  
Some from earth, from glory some,  
Severed only, "Till He come."

BISHOP E. H. BICKERSTETH.

"*A little while.*"

"A little while" he bless'd our sight  
With smile of more than earthly light:  
When most our own, we felt he came  
From One Who might His gift reclaim.

And now again "a little while"  
And we shall see our Darling's smile—  
A son of God, with ampler powers,  
But still the same sweet Child of ours.

ST LUKE'S DAY,  
Oct. 18, 1899.

## IN MEMORIAM

A. E. A.

DATI A.D. VI. KAL. APR. A.S. MDCCCXCV  
 REVOCATI PRID. ID. OCT. A.S. MDCCCXCIX.

*"Ἐτι μικρὸν ὥστον ὥστον.*

EP. ad HEBR. x. 37.

Quam breve tempus erat! Risu tamen, uxor, in illo,  
 Plusquam terrestri, sensimus esse Deum.  
 "Ipse dedit puerum," fassi sumus, "Ipse reposet  
 "Si Dator, est aliud quam revocare suum?"  
 Iam breve tempus erit, risuque licebit eodem,  
 Nate, tuo, quamquam splendidiore, frui.  
 Magnus eris magni Regis super astra satelles,  
 Nec minus, o noster parvule, noster eris.

*"I saw a new Heaven and a new earth."* REV. XXI. 1.

*"The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters....And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."*

REV. VII. 17 ; XXI. 4.

There shall be no more Death,  
 In that bright world of day  
 Driven by the Spirit's mighty breath  
 Eternally away :  
 Within those city walls  
 The ransom'd walk in white,  
 And death's cold shadow never falls  
 On their glad home of light.

There shall be no more Grief  
 Nor cry of sore distress ;  
 The last sad fading of the leaf  
 Was in the wilderness :  
 The springs of grief are dried ;  
 All fountains run with joy,  
 And swell the calm transparent tide  
 Of Heaven's serene employ.

*Finis erit luctus, morbi, anxietatis acerbae ;  
 Quicquid habet miseri sors tua, finis erit.  
 Finis erit vestri, mater viduata, doloris,  
 Flebitis haud semper tuque tuique patrem.  
 Ille suos noscet, vos agnoscetis, ut olim ;  
 Vos eadem iunget, sed magis arta, fides.  
 Ipse gregem vivos Pastor deducet ad amnes,  
 Absterget lacrimas omnibus Ipse genis.  
 A vidua, a mater, tibi si deserta videris,  
 Sit tibi solamen credere, Finis erit.*

*April 20, 1906.*

Finis erit Leti: cum iam nova terra creata est,  
 Lux erit orbatis et sine nocte dies.  
 Omnipotens struit Ipse suis miracula; mortem  
 Pellet in aeternum Spiritus Ipse Dei.  
 Ecce sacros intra muros stant, vestibus albis  
 Induti, Christo qui Duce signa ferunt.  
 Lunine perpetuo radiant ea regna, nec unquam  
 Mortis iners nitidam degravat umbra domum.

Finis erit Luctus: iam non sua quisque queretur  
 Damna, trahens lassos per loca sicca pedes.  
 Iam loca sicca madent, frons decidit ultima tristi  
 Autumno, fragrans iam rosa veris adest.  
 Qui lacrimis fontes flevere perennibus, arent;  
 Laetitia scatebrae, quae siluere, sonant.  
 Limpidus inde fluens, caelestibus usibus aptus,  
 Imperturbatum dirigit amnis iter.

There shall be no more Pain,  
No weary feet or hands,  
No careworn brow, no wilder'd brain,  
No counting the last sands :  
A body like the Lord's,  
A crystal mind like His,  
A spirit tuned to sweep the chords  
Of undeclining bliss.

O blessèd home of Love,  
Secure from storm and strife ;  
Peace, perfect peace, below, above,  
The Fatherland of life !  
My spirit thither flies ;  
And surely it is well  
With Jesus thus in Paradise  
A little while to dwell.

BISHOP E. H. BICKERSTETH, 1877.

Finis erit miseri cruciantis membra Doloris,  
 Dediscent fessos pesque manusque dies.  
 Parce, senex, vitae numerare cadentis harenas,  
 Frons tua iam ruga, mens tua nube caret.  
 Quale fuit Christi corpus tu corpus habebis,  
 Qualis erat Christi mens tua talis erit:  
 Pura erit, et lucens, citharaque et voce piorum  
 Indeclinatam docta sonare fidem.

O domus, O statio dulcissima, portus amoris,  
 Quo neque ventorum nec maris ira subit!  
 Tu Pacem intus habes, tu Pacem infraque supraque;  
 Exsul uti patriam, te mea vita sitit.  
 Te petit, a quoties! mea mens, ut in aede quieta  
 Colloquio Christi iam propiore fruar.  
 Si breve colloquium est, tamen hanc vigilasse per horam  
 Ante oculos Christi, sit licet una, bene est.

GRASMERE, *April*, 1906.

*"A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."*

*"Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows."*

Is. lxxi. 3, 4.

*"In all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."* HEB. iv. 15.

*"My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"*

S. MATT. xxvii. 46.

*"Jesus wept."* S. JOHN xi. 35.

When gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few,  
On Him I lean Who, not in vain,  
Experienced every human pain ;  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly Wisdom's narrow way,  
To flee the good I would pursue,  
Or do the sin I would not do,  
Still He, Who felt temptation's power,  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,  
Still He, Who once vouchsafed to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

*“Sunt lacrimae rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt,”  
*Nec piget humanis indoluisse malis.*  
*Est tamen, est nostri Qui pars velit esse doloris,*  
*Quodque levat Christus ferre valemus onus.**

Nubila cum sese glomerant, circumque tuenti,  
 Caligante die, rarus amicus adest,  
 Unum habeo, vitae columen, Qui, quicquid acerbi  
 Mortales ferimus, providus Ipse tulit :  
 Dissipat Ille metus, inopi vigil omnia supplet,  
 Colligit et lacrimas enumeratque meas.  
 Si quid ab angusto, mihi quem sapientia monstrat  
 Caelestis, tentet flectere calle pedem ;  
 Si iubeat vitare bonum quo tendere conor,  
 Ingratumve sequi, quo pudet ire, malum ;  
 Sentiet Ille, mei cum venerit hora pericli,  
 Horam nam similem sensit, opemque feret.  
 Tristia si surgunt animo vexantque procellis,  
 Mensque sui metuens, spe pereunte, perit ;  
 Tu tamen, oppressa Qui spe languere volebas,  
 Ipsum Te questus destituisse Deum,  
 Tu potes implacidi cordis sedare tumultus,  
 Quaeque fluunt laerimis lumina sicca facis.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend  
Which covers all that was a Friend,  
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while,  
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And O ! when I have safely past  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside  
My dying bed, for Thou hast died ;  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

SIR ROBERT GRANT, 1839.

Cum, socio amisso, "Tumulus," queror, "omnia condit?  
"Nil super ex illo est qui mihi frater erat?  
"Siccine me dextra risuque et voce sepulti  
"Separat hic, quamvis sit brevis hora, lapis?"  
Tu flentem, Tu, Christe, notas; nam Tu quoque flesi,  
Lazarus ut iacuit mortuus ante pedes.  
Unum certamen post tot certamina restat:  
Praeteritis aderas; huic quoque fautor ades.  
Cum moriar, lecto vigilans morientis inhaere;  
Expertus Tu scis quid sit et Ipse mori:  
Tum caelum sine nube patens ostende, meisque  
Deterge lacrimam, quae manet una, genis.

*January, 1895.*

*"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."*

PSALM CXLVII. 3.

O Thou Who dry'st the mourner's tear,  
How dark this world would be  
If, when deceived and wounded here,  
We could not fly to Thee.

The friends who in our sunshine live,  
When winter comes, are flown;  
And he who has but tears to give  
Must weep those tears alone.

But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,  
Which, like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded past,  
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,  
And even the hope, that threw  
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,  
Is dimmed and vanished too,  
Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom  
Did not Thy Wing of Love  
Come brightly wafting through the gloom  
Our Peace-branch from above?  
Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright  
With more than rapture's ray;  
As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day!

THOMAS MOORE.

*Est ubi nox promit lumina caeca die.*

Qui lacrimas siccare soles mortalibus aegris,

Quam grave vita hominum, quam sine luce, foret,  
Ni certum et praesens in Te solamen haberent

Plorantum ruptam saucia corda fidem.

Donec sole cales, multos numerabis amicos;

Bruma simul tulerit frigora, solus eris;

Solus eris, lacrimaeque tuae: cui turba favebat

Ridenti, nullo iam lacrimante dolet.

Est tamen, est cordi medicina doloribus icto,

Nec nihil hic grati mellis amaror habet:

Nam, velut in plantis media de parte resectis,

Suavior ex ipso vulnere fragrat odor.

Laetitiae ver dulce suum est, sua mitior aestas,

Desperaturum spes recreare potest:

Ast ubi nec recreat, nec consolatur, et atras

Evanescenti vix face tingit aquas,

Quis caligantem pelago tolerare procellam

Audeat, et quassae debita fata rati,

Ni Tua, magne Pater, Pacis gestamen olivam,

Missa super fluctus, ore columba ferat?

Pollice tacta Tuo face tunc aerumna nitescit

Laetitiae cunctas exsuperante faces;

Haud secus ac, noctis tenebris nigrantibus, orbes

Mille patent, medio qui latuere die.

COMRIE, September, 1906.

*"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness."*

PSALM XVII. 15.

Κύριε, εἰ κεκοίμηται σωθήσεται.

S. JOHN XI. 12.

### AT LAST

When on my day of life the night is falling,  
 And, in the winds, from unsummed spaces blown,  
 I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
     My feet to paths unknown,

Thou, Who hast made my home of life so pleasant,  
     Leave not its tenant when its walls decay :  
 O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,  
     Be Thou my strength and stay !

Be near me when all else is from me drifting—  
     Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,  
 And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
     The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father ! let Thy Spirit  
     Be with me then to comfort and uphold ;  
 No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,  
     Nor street of shining gold.

*“Non iam prima peto.”*

*Venit summa dies, quam nox quoque summa sequetur,  
Sic tamen aeternos ut ferat ipsa dies.*

Cum suprema diem nox premit, et noto  
Vectas e spatiis sole carentibus  
Voces accipio per tenebras pedes  
Ad non nota vocantium,

Tu, nam vita placens munus erat Tuum,  
Tu ne linque, domus cum ruit, incolam,  
Sed tanto propior, fidus, amans ades,  
Custos et columen meum !

Tunc adsis ubi me caetera deserunt—  
Caelum, terra, vices sol varians suas,  
Et tam dulce meis corda domestica  
Respondentia cordibus.

Orbus sum sine Te : Tu miserabilem  
Consolare, gradus Tu mihi sustine !  
Non palmam aut diadema aut plateam peto,  
Quam Vates canit, auream.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—  
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place;

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,  
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,  
And flows for ever through heaven's green expansions  
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,  
I fain would learn the new and holy song,  
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,  
The life for which I long.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1807—1892.

Nec peccata mihi nec merita imputes;  
 His illis pariter des veniam: sat est  
 Si, notis manibus ductus, idoneum  
 Tandem deferar in locum.

Sedem inter famulos des, Pater, infimam;  
 Umbram des avido pacis, ubi fluit  
 Plenus pace Tua per viridantia  
 Rivus prata volubilis.

Illic, caelicolum dum melos haurio,  
 Carmen, Sancte, novum discere gestiam,  
 Vitalique Tua posse sub Arbore  
 Vita, quam sitio, frui.

*November 20, 1896.*

*"When brightening ere it die away  
Mounts up their altar flame."*

*Christian Year.* 25th Sunday after Trinity.

Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,  
An eve untouched by shadows of decay,  
The brightness of a holy death-bed blending  
With dawning glories of the eternal day.

JOHN ELLERTON and FENTON J. A. HORT.

*"My Presence shall go with thee."* Ex. xxxiii. 14.

Lord, it is not life to live  
If Thy presence Thou deny;  
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,  
'Tis no longer death to die.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGU TOPLADY, 1740—1778.

'Εν εὐφημίᾳ χρὴ τελευτᾶν. PLAT. *Phaed.* 117.

Da mihi, vita fugax, finem sine nube quietum !  
 Indeclinato lumine, Vesper, ades !  
 Lux tua, plena Deo, placide morientis ocellos  
 Irriget, aeterni sole remixta die !

TRINITY LODGE, July 17, 1907.

Tὸ ζῆν Χριστός. Ad PHILIPP. I. 22.

Σοῦ μὲν παρόντος, οὐκέτ' ἔστι κατθανεῖν,  
 ἐπεὶ θανόντες ζῶμεν· εἰ δὲ μὴ πάρει,  
 καὶ ζῶντες οὐχὶ ζῶμεν, ἀλλ' ἐσμὲν νεκροί.

1899.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI, *died December 29, 1894.*

I marvel not that God hath called away  
Thy peerless soul to where His saints abide:  
Rather I praise Him that He bade thee stay  
On earth so long, to be a heavenward guide.

MACKENZIE BELL.

*On a Girl of Thirteen.*

Go home, dear friends, and shed no tears;  
I must rest here till Christ appears:  
Short was my life, long be my rest!  
He called me home when He thought best.

*“Serus ad caelum redeas.” HOR.*

Non equidem miror, rerum sanctissima, sanctas  
     Ad superum sedes te revocasse Patrem.  
 Hunc potius laudo per Quem tam sera revisis  
     Caelestem, nostram quam facis esse, domum.

DRUMORE, SCOTLAND, *September 17-19, 1898.*

*“The Lord had called the child.” 1 SAM. III. 8.*

Ite, boni, ne nos nimium lacrimetis, amici !  
     Dum veniat Christus, me levis herba teget.  
 Transtulit Ipse dominum Quo iudice venerat hora :  
     Vita brevis visa est; sit mihi longa quies !

PENPONT CHURCH YARD, SCOTLAND, *September 4, 1899.*

*"Lord, we know not whither Thou goest: How can we know the way?"*                    JOHN XIV. 5.

We know not where we go:  
We move each day  
On to some far-off unknown goal,  
How can we know the way?

And frustrate seemeth life  
Its joy and woe;  
When dimness overwhelms the mark  
Where can life's arrows go?

But coward is this thought,  
When men there are  
Who dare the dread wide-sundering sea  
Led by a lonely star.

In the low plains of life  
Men choose their goal:  
Men follow right in scorn of fate  
In the high realms of soul.

And he, who learns Christ's lore,  
And doth obey,  
Knows well—love only is the goal  
And love itself the way.

Duties that useless seem,  
If done each day  
In God's dear love, will shed the light  
Which will reveal the way.

BISHOP BOYD CARPENTER, *January 1, 1905.*

*'Eγώ εἰμι ἡ ὁδός.* S. IOANN. XIV. 6.

“Quonam vadimus?” insecii  
 Scrutamus; procul hinc meta quotidie,  
 Quam vidisse nefas, vocat,  
 Nec quisquam est dubiis qui retegat viam.  
 “Frustra vivitur,” inquimus,  
 “Frustra alterna ferunt laetitia et dolor;  
 “Caligo quoties tegit  
 “Signum, caeca iacit tela sagittifer.”  
 Sic nos; sunt alii tamen  
 Qui tentant pelagus dissociabile  
 Fortes; una supra caput  
 Ad Praesepe Sacrum Stella regit pedes.  
 Per campos umiles vagans  
 Metam quisque suam seligit, at poli  
 Quae mens scandit in ardua,  
 Virtutem sequitur, fataque despicit.  
 Et qui iussa Dei sciet,  
 Parebitque libens, hoc bene noverit;  
 “Metam solus amor dabit  
 “Vitae, solus amor comperiet viam.”  
 Quem tu credis inutilem,  
 Fusus quoque die pro Domino labor  
 Lucem emiserit auream,  
 Celataeque viae vela removerit.

*January 1, 1905.*

*"The Vision is yet for the appointed time, and it hasteth toward the end, and shall not lie: though it tarry, wait for it."*

HABAKKUK II. 3.

Once bright my early Visions shone  
 Aglow with morning gleams:  
 Now other thoughts possess my soul,  
 And I have lost my dreams.

Now task and toil in life's affairs  
 All claim my careful mind;  
 Faded the rosy tints of dawn,  
 My dreams are far behind.

Those dreams! I ask them not again;  
 Only for strength I pray  
 Fitly to do my duty, Lord,  
 My burden bear each day.

And should perchance some Vision rise  
 Marked with Thy Cross divine,  
 Be mine the heart, O Christ, which can  
 Exchange its dreams for Thine.

For nobler far Thy Visions are  
 Than those which thronged my head:  
 Give me to think Thy thoughts, O Lord,  
 And by Thy will be led.

I am content! Fulfil Thy dreams!  
 In Thy light let me see:  
 The best that I have dreamed, O Lord,  
 In Thine restored will be.

BISHOP BOYD CARPENTER, January 1, 1906.

*Ἄμὴν ἀμὴν λέγω σοι, ὅτε Ἰησος τεώτερος, ἔζωννυνες σεαυτὸν καὶ περιεπάτεις ὅπου ἤθελες· ὅταν δὲ γηράσῃς, ἐκτενεῖς τὰς χειράς σου, καὶ ἄλλος ζώσει σε καὶ οὔσει ὅπου οὐ θέλεις.*

S. IOANN. XXI. 18.

*Dulce sitis famae: iuvenem vaga somnia ludunt,  
Palma triumphalis, praemia, plausus, honor.  
Sanctior ambitio iuvenique senique parata est,  
Omnia pro Christo vincere, ferre, pati.*

Tempus erat cum vita mihi splendescere visa est,  
Et matutina tingere luce polum.  
Nunc alia rerum retinetur imagine pectus;  
Somnia fugerunt, fugit et ille nitor.  
Nunc fora, nunc libri, nunc crebra negotia curis  
Exercent mentem sollicitantque meam.  
Aurorae roseos vidi pallere rubores;  
Somnia distanti murmure paene silent.  
Nec siluisse queror, nec iam vocalia vellem;  
Hoc unum in votis: Tu, Deus, affer opem;  
Ut proprium cuiusque die possimus obire  
Munus, et impositum sustineamus onus.  
Et si qua ante oculos tristissima surget imago,  
Signa gerens Christi, signa cruenta Crucis,  
Fortem des animum tantisque doloribus aequum,  
Ut mea mutentur somnia, Christe, Tuis.  
Splendidula me iuvenem circumvolitare solebant  
Somnia; Tu (Tua sunt) splendidiora doces.  
Da meditari eadem quae Tu meditaris, et illuc,  
Quo me cunque velis ducere, velle sequi.  
Perfice Tu victor Tua somnia, nostra resigno;  
Lux Tua, nil nostrum, fons mihi lucis erit.  
<sup>1</sup>Somnia nostra cadant; si quid caeleste petebant,  
Instaurabuntur, non peritura, Tuis.

<sup>1</sup>Somnia nostra iacent; tamen est ut viva resurgat  
Optima nostrorum pars reparata Tuis.

## THE UNION JACK

*Tria Iuncta In Uno**(Lines on giving my Grandson the Flag)*

BY THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM BOYD-CARPENTER,  
LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.

## I

Dear grandson, take this Flag from me,  
 And let it tell to you  
 Its glorious tale of ancient days,  
 Of noble deeds and true ;  
 And follow it, where'er it floats,  
 Right onward, never back ;  
 For you're a little British boy,  
 And here's your Union Jack.

## II

Now first its triple colours mark,  
 High meaning in each hue :  
*Red*—flame of love ; *White*—blameless life ;  
 Beneath, Hope's heavenly *Blue* :  
 Then bear these colours joyously,  
 Though threatening clouds be black ;  
 For you're a little British boy,  
 And here's your Union Jack.

*“Nomina trina fero : sic voluere”—Pateres.* OVID, *Fast.* vi. 216.

*Olim bella parans se cinxit Episcopus armis,  
Nunc docet auspiciis queis ferat arma nepos.  
Signa senex iuveni Crucibus fulgentia ternis  
Tradit, et “Has,” inquit, “fac venerere, puer :  
“Pro Cruce, pro patria (sint haec tua proelia) pugnes;  
“Tu cole VEXILLUM quod coluere Patres!”  
*Felix cui talem iactare nepotem !  
Felix qui tali se quoque iactat Avo !**

## I

Accipe, parve nepos, quod Avi tibi dextera tradit  
VEXILLUM, vitae numen, amate, tuae !  
Hoc tibi servabit veterum monumenta dierum,  
Quid valeat virtus hoc tibi testis erit.  
Hoc sequere ! Hoc, quocunque mari, queiscunque sub  
astris,  
Perfer ovans ; nunquam, navita, cede retro !  
Tu puer es parvus magna de stirpe Britannum ;  
En tibi VEXILLUM quod coluere Patres !

## II

Iamque nota : triplices exstant (adverte) colores,  
Nec temere immixti ; vis sua cuique subest :  
Rubro notus Amor, mens inscia criminis Albo,  
Caerulus aetheriam Spem sine nube refert.  
Hoc alacer ternis Insigne coloribus aptum,  
Nigrescant quamvis nubila, disce sequi.  
Tu puer es parvus magna de stirpe Britannum ;  
Hoc duce VEXILLO degener esse potes ?

## III

Unfold its story from the past,  
 For written here you see  
 How time has woven triple strands  
 Of Saints and races three.  
 Then pray their mingled spirits glow  
 In love which grows not slack ;  
 For you're a little British boy,  
 And here's your Union Jack.

## IV

Be bold as good ST GEORGE, who braved  
 The Dragon's fiery breath  
 To save the weak from shame and wrong,  
 Heedless of pain and death.  
 Wage holy war for all oppressed,  
 All evil things attack :  
 ST GEORGE'S Cross is on your Flag—  
*Red* in the Union Jack.

## V

Dare face the salt adventurous sea  
 For country and the Cross,  
 Which once of yore ST ANDREW bore  
 To find a gain in loss.  
 So single-hearted steer your way  
 Along the ancient track :  
 ST ANDREW'S Cross is on your Flag—  
*White* in the Union Jack.

## III

Praeteritos scrutare dies, evolve vetustos  
 Historiae fastos: quid docet iste liber?  
 Heroum generumque trium tria longior aetas  
 Intertexta pia nomina iunxit aeu.  
 Nulla utinam tales, tam fausto foedere vinctas,  
 Segnities animas dissoluisse queat!  
 Tu puer es parvus magna de stirpe Britannum;  
 Heroum socias tu venerare Cruces!

## IV

GEORGIUS ignivomi fauces temptare Draconis  
 Ausus erat, nullo praepediente metu.  
 Vulnera non timuit, non mortis acerba, puellae  
 Si desolatae mors sua ferret opem.  
 Tu quoque pro miseris (pulchrum est) bellare memento;  
 Si furit impietas, si scelus, arma para.  
 Ecce Crucem puro VEXILLI in pectore Rubram!  
 GEORGIUS hanc fecit nomen habere suum.

## V

<sup>1</sup> ANDREUS insolita salsum rate transiit aequor  
 Intrepidus, Christi signifer ipse Crucis:  
 Quae fuerant pretiosa domi bona cuncta reliquit,  
 Damna repensurus divitiore lucro.  
 Tu quoque pro patria, tu pro Cruce dirige navem,  
 Tu, puer, antiquum perge fidelis iter.  
 Ecce Crucem mediis VEXILLI in flexibus Albam!  
 ANDREUS hanc fecit nomen habere suum.

<sup>1</sup> I have taken the great liberty of substituting ANDREUS for the obviously impracticable ANDRĒAS.

## VI

Stand fast for Truth, and scorn a lie,  
 Hate frauds that snake-like creep;  
 Like Holy PATRICK, drive them forth  
     As serpents to the deep.  
 King Christ shall stand at your right hand,  
     Before you, at your back:  
 ST PATRICK'S Cross is on your Flag—  
     *Red* in the Union Jack.

## VII

Now take your Flag, and wave it high,  
     The Triple Flag made One:  
 Bear it in fight right loyally,  
     Till the last field be won;  
 Till Truth and Love and Liberty  
     No race on earth shall lack:  
 Then shrine it high, all battle-rent—  
     A stainless Union Jack

W. B. RIPPON, 1909.

## VI

PATRICIUS, sanctos inter sanctissimus, angues  
 Expulit e patriis in maris alta plagis.  
 Tu quicquid male serpit humi, quodcunque dolosum est,  
 Sperne, puer, recti tramitis usque tenax.  
 Sic CHRISTUS tibi dexter adest, qui pectus obarmet  
 Tergaque, militiae Dux Dominusque tuae.  
 Ecce Crucem implexo VEXILLI in corpore Rubram !  
 PATRICIUS fecit nomen habere suum.

## VII

Nunc cape VEXILLUM, nunc pande vocantibus auris ;  
 Forma, viden ?, formis e tribus una manet.  
 Per medios hostes, te propugnante, feratur,  
 Dum requiem armiferis ultima pugna sinat ;  
 Dum bona Libertas et Amor Pietasque Fidesque  
 Omnibus in terris omnia corda ligent.  
 Tum, bellis lacerum, sublime in pariete templi  
 Emeritum emeritus da sine labe Deo !

ALYTH, April, 1909.

*"He that bui all things is God."* HEB. III. 4.

I sing the almighty Power of God,  
That made the mountains rise;  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the Wisdom that ordained  
The sun to rule the day;  
The moon shines full at His command,  
And all the stars obey.

I sing the Goodness of the Lord,  
That filled the earth with food;  
He formed the creatures by His word,  
And then pronounced them good.

Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed  
Where'er I turn mine eye!  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky.

There's not a plant or flower below  
But makes Thy glories known:  
And clouds arise and tempests blow  
By order from Thy throne.

His hand is my perpetual guard,  
He guides me with His eye:  
Why should I then forget the Lord,  
Who is for ever nigh?

I. WATTS.

*Ille opifex rerum, mundi melioris origo.*

Fert animus laudare Deum, Qui Numine montes  
 Primus ab aequata surgere iussit humo :  
 Qui late undantem diffudit in aequora pontum,  
 Sublimemque sua struxit in arce polum.  
 Illius imperiis caelestia lumina parent :  
 Impiger ardenti sol regit orbe diem ;  
 Luna, iubente Deo, grata vice plena refulget,  
 Et referunt iussas sidera cuncta faces.  
 Nec dicenda Patris manus aut sapientia tantum ;  
 Est etiam bonitas laudibus apta meis.  
 Principio terrae frugum dedit esse feraci,  
 Unde cibum ferret partibus ipsa suis :  
 Tum verbo in vitam mortalia saecula vocavit,  
 Et, "bona sunt," dixit, "sunt sine labe mali."  
 O Deus, O rerum tot tantarumque Repertor !  
 Quocumque aspicio, Tu manifestus ades.  
 Seu contemplor humum, nova Tu miracula promis.  
 Sive polum, tua sunt caerulea vasta poli.  
 Non flos est, non herba tuae non nuntia laudis ;  
 Flos minimus magnum est Omnipotentis opus.  
 Non temere it nimbus, non se movet ira procellae ;  
 Iussa ruit, solii missa ministra tui.  
 Ast ego, Qui dextra sic me legit omnibus horis,  
 Qui vigilans oculo sic mihi fleetit iter,  
 Qui mihi tam praesens, tam me<sup>1</sup> praesentior ipso est,  
 Possum huius possum non meminisse Patris ?

*May, 1891.*

<sup>1</sup> See Bishop Lowth's fine Version of Psalm cxxxix.

Ante, retro, exploras, mihi me praesentior ipso.

*"Hear ye, O mountains, the Lord's controversy,  
and ye strong foundations of the earth."* MICAH VI. 2.

Where is Thy favoured haunt, eternal Voice,  
 The region of Thy choice,  
 Where, undisturbed by sin and earth, the soul  
 Owns Thine entire control ?  
 'Tis on the mountain's summit dark and high,  
 When storms are hurrying by ;  
 'Tis 'mid the strong foundations of the earth,  
 Where torrents have their birth.  
 No sounds of worldly toil ascending there  
 Mar the full burst of prayer ;  
 Lone Nature feels that she may freely breathe,  
 And round us and beneath  
 Are heard her sacred tones, the fitful sweep  
 Of winds across the steep,  
 Through withered bents—romantic note and clear,  
 Meet for a hermit's ear ;  
 The wheeling Kite's wild solitary cry,  
 And, scarcely heard so high,  
 The dashing waters, when the air is still,  
 From many a torrent rill  
 That winds unseen beneath the shaggy fell,  
 Tracked by the blue mist well :  
 Such sounds as make deep silence in the heart,  
 For Thought to do her part.

*“Surge, contendere iudicio adversum montes, et audiant colles  
vocem tuam. Audiant montes iudicium Domini, et fortia  
fundamenta terrae.” MICH. VI. 1, 2.*

Vox aeterna Dei, quam Tu Tibi selegis aedem,

Quam ceteris praefers domum,

Mens ubi, servitio terrestri libera, numen

Te tota adoret unicum ?

Montibus in summis domus est, ubi fulgura vibrant

Inter procellarum minas ;

Sunt Tibi pro templo solidae fundamina terrae,

Torrentium incunabula.

Illic sancta quies ; hominum siluere labores ;

Nil turbat orantum preces :

Sola Deo Natura vacat, perque ardua montis,

Herbasque vallis aridas,

Dum flatus variant, plenum spirantia carmen

Sublimia edit murmura,

Qualia nocte pii, sacro meditantis in antro,

Vatis bibuntur auribus.

Illic accipitris, gyros per inane rotantis,

Vox stridula attentos ferit ;

Illic, cum silet aura, sonor, vix latus in altum,

Rivi cadentis plurimi,

Qui cursum hirsuta sinuat sub carice caecum,

Notus vapore caerulo :

Haec auditæ movent animum vigilantis, ut imo

Sub corde sit silentium.

'Tis then we hear the voice of God within,  
 Pleading with care and sin :  
 "Child of My love ! how have I wearied thee ?  
     "Why wilt thou err from Me ?  
 "Have I not brought thee from the house of slaves,  
     "Parted the drowning waves,  
 "And set My Saints before thee in the way,  
     "Lest thou shouldst faint or stray ?  
 "What ! was the promise made to thee alone ?  
     "Art thou the excepted one ?  
 "An heir of glory without grief or pain ?  
     "O vision false and vain !  
 "There lies thy cross ; beneath it meekly bow ;  
     "It fits thy stature now :  
 "Who scornful pass it with averted eye,  
     ""Twill crush them by and by.  
 "Raise thy repining eyes, and take true measure  
     "Of thine eternal treasure ;  
 · The Father of thy Lord can grudge thee nought,  
     "The world for thee was bought ;  
 · And as this landscape broad, earth, sea, and sky,  
     "All centres in thine eye,  
 "So all God does, if rightly understood,  
     "Shall work thy final good."

*Christian Year.* 20th Sunday after Trinity.

Tum loquitur Vox clara Dei ; tum turbida corda  
 Culpa que conscientia arguit :

“Nate, quid est quod amore Meo perversus aberras ?  
 “Taedetne te, taedet, Mei ?

“Nonne tibi exsolvi Pharaonum vincla, voracis  
 “Ponti profunda dividens,

“Praeposuique duces inter deserta vaganti,  
 “Ne tu labore langueas ?

“Quid quereris ? Soline tibi promissa dabantur ?  
 “Tu solus exceptus malo ?

“Tu, miles Christi, palnam sine sanguine poscis ?  
 “O falsa vana somnians !

“En tua crux ! Hanc, dum levis est et viribus apta,  
 “Te ferre submissa decet ;

“Mox eadem, aversis oculis qui practerit, illum  
 “Fastidientem conteret.

“Tolle oculos, queribunde, tuos, et larga benigni  
 “Metire Patris munera !

“Qui Natum dedit Ipse tibi, tibi cuncta redemit.  
 “Quid denegabit invidus ?

“Tolle oculos, caelum circumspice, marmora, terras,  
 “Tot regna te ditantia,

“Nec dubita quin, quidquid agat Deus, hoc agat ut te  
 “Prudens in aeternum beet.”

*February, 1904.*

*“Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give,  
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”*

W. WORDSWORTH.

See the soft green Willow springing

Where the waters gently pass,  
 Every way her free arms flinging  
 O'er the moist and reedy grass.

Long ere winter blasts are fled,  
 See her tipped with vernal red,  
 And her kindly flower displayed  
 Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Though the rudest hand assail her,

Patiently she droops awhile,  
 But when showers and breezes hail her,

Wears again her willing smile.

Thus I learn Contentment's power  
 From the slighted willow bower,  
 Ready to give thanks and live  
 On the least that Heaven may give.

*Christian Year.* First Sunday after Epiphany.

*Ergo et in arboribus virtus latet, inscia virtus.*

*Ipsa Dei testes esse salicta queunt.*

*Ipsa salicta monent ne munera parva superbi*

*Spernamus; pietas haec quoque grata Deo est.*

*Verna salix, foliis nondum ditata profusis,*

*Flore prius tenero quam datur umbra, rubet.*

*Sic aliis, incauta sui, largitur amorem,*

*Dulce fide pignus, dulce ministerium.*

Nonne salicta vides, humili viridantia fastu,

Ut foveant ripam lene fluentis aquae?

Cernis ut hue illuc liberrima bracchia iacent

Gramen arundineum, quod lavit unda, super?

Saepe, prius brumae quam flamina turbida cessant,

Viva salix, verno tacta calore, rubet;

Prodit et in lucem, vi maturante benigna,

Flos celer; e foliis senior umbra cadet.

Quid si cruda manus, si saeva procella minatur,

Illa, nec impatiens, deicit aegra caput;

Mox, ubi summissam pluviae solantur et aurae,

Molliter in risus transit amoena suos.

Sic, ubi sors spreti mentem subit arta salicti,

Contentus disco vivere sorte mea.

Dona Dei agnosco, grates ascribimus Illi;

Pauca licet data sint, quod dedit Ille sat est.

*Τῇ προσευχῇ προσκαρτεροῦντες.* ROM. XII. 12.

Go up and watch the new-born rill  
 Just trickling from its mossy bed,  
 Streaking the heath-clad hill  
 With a bright emerald thread.

Canst thou her bold career foretell,  
 What rocks she shall o'erleap or rend,  
 How far in ocean's swell  
 Her freshening billows send ?

Perchance that little brook shall flow  
 The bulwark of some mighty realm,  
 Bear navies to and fro  
 With Monarchs at their helm.

Or canst thou guess, how far away  
 Some sister nymph beside her urn  
 Reclining night and day,  
 Mid reeds and mountain fern,

Nurses her store, with thine to blend  
 When many a moor and glen are past,  
 Then in the wide sea end  
 Their spotless lives at last ?

Even so, the course of Prayer who knows ?  
 It springs in silence where it will,  
 Springs out of sight, and flows  
 At first a lonely rill :

But streams shall meet it by and by  
 From thousand sympathetic hearts,  
 Together swelling high  
 Their chant of many parts.

*Confluentes.*

Vides ut arcta natus origine  
 Cunisque musco rivulus obsitis  
 Enisus irroret, smaragdo  
 Ceu viridi, loca rubra collis ?  
 Maturus aucto quo ruet impetu ?  
 Quae saxa volvet vortice ? Quatenus  
 Invectus haud salso frementis  
 Oceani vada findet aestu ?  
 Fietne terris praesidium suis,  
 Molemque magni proferet imperi,  
 Classesque subvectabit alveo,  
 Rege manu moderante clavum ?  
 Nescisne ? Nescis id quoque, Naias  
 Ut propter urnam devia, per dies  
 Longasque per noctes recumbens,  
 Iuncus ubi filicesque montis,  
 Fluenta mater nutriat, ut tuis  
 Iungantur olim, et, labe parentia,  
 Post tesqua, post saltus, profundum  
 Morte pari coeant in aequor ?  
 Tali precantium lege flidunt preces :  
 Ortu silenti, quolibet aviae  
 De fonte nascuntur, scatebris  
 Exiguis socioque nullo :  
 Mox auspicato foedere confluent  
 Consentientum murmura cordium,  
 Iunctisque certabunt loqueli  
 Multiplices generare cantus.

Unheard by all but Angel ears  
 The good Cornelius knelt alone,  
 Nor dreamed his prayers and tears  
 Would help a world undone.

The while upon his terraced roof  
 The loved Apostle to his Lord  
 In silent thought aloof  
 For heavenly vision soared.

Far o'er the glowing western main  
 His wistful brow was upward raised,  
 Where, like an Angel's train,  
 The burnished water blazed.

The Saint beside the ocean prayed,  
 The Soldier in his chosen bower,  
 Where all his eye surveyed  
 Seemed sacred in that hour.

To each unknown his brother's prayer,  
 Yet brethren true in dearest love  
 Were they—and now they share  
 Fraternal joys above.

There daily through Christ's open gate  
 They see the Gentile spirits press,  
 Brightening their high estate  
 With dearer happiness.

What civic wreath for comrades saved  
 Shone ever with such deathless gleam,  
 Or when did perils braved  
 So sweet to Veterans seem?

*Christian Year.* Monday in Easter Week.

Solus, nec orbi providus improbo  
 Quid vota ferrent, quid lacrimae, virum  
     Turbis inauditus, rogabat  
         Caelicolis placitura Miles.  
 Vates eodem tempore sederat  
 Domus in alto culmine, cogitans  
     Divina, si vultus amatos  
         Aspiceret Dominique voces  
 Audiret absens. En! mare prospicit  
 Solis caduco lumine fervidum,  
     Tractusque fulgoris deorum  
         Sidereum referentis agmen.  
 Vates ad oram marmoris, intimo  
 Miles sedebat sub lare, conscius  
     Praesentioris, dum precatur,  
         Numinis, alterius nec alter  
 Novit precantis pectora ; sed tenet  
 Utrumque vero foedere caritas  
     Fraterna; nunc fratres fruuntur  
         Colloquio sine fine Christi.  
 Illic patenti, quotquot eunt dies,  
 Porta catervas intrœuntium  
     Spectant, et innectunt tropaeis  
         Delicias pretiosiores.  
 Non tanta laurus gloria civicae  
 Commilitonis sospitis ob decus,  
     Tantumve laetatur subactos  
         Commemorans veteranus hostes.

RAGLAN HOUSE, WEST MALVERN.  
 April 9, 1872.

Εὐδοκῶ ἐν ἀσθενείᾳ.

2 COR. XII. 10.

Ἐνεδυναμώθησαν ἀπὸ ἀσθενείας.

HEB. XI. 34.

Ἐπ' ἀσθενοῦς βόμης ὁχούμεθα.

EUR. Orest. 68.

## I

Ἡ δύναμις ἐν ἀσθενείᾳ τελεῖται. ὅταν ἀσθενῶ τότε δυνατός εἰμι.  
2 COR. XII. 9, 10.

Dread when the sound of human praise  
Grows pleasant to thine ear,  
And, in its light, thy broken ways  
Fair and complete appear.

By failure and defeat made wise,  
We come to know, at length,  
What strength within our weakness lies,  
What weakness in our strength.

F. LUCIAN HOSMER.

## II

“*Per damna, per caedes.*”

HOR. IV. 4. 59.

Though beaten back in many a fray,  
A newer strength we borrow ;  
And where the van-guard rests to-day  
The rear shall camp to-morrow.

GERALD MASSEY.

*Fide Deo, ne fide tibi; dabit Ille triumphum:  
 Dum quereris "careo robore," robur adest.  
 Dum tibi confidis, dum nil tibi deesse videtur,  
 Dum proprio gaudes robore, robur abit.*

Culpari nihil est; tum crede instare periculum  
 Vox ubi laudantium dulcis in aure sonat,  
 Quaeque tua infabre manus interrupta reliquit  
 His, quasi perfecto picta labore, placent.  
 Est ubi desipere est sapientia; saepe fugati  
 Ducimus ex ipsa clade fugaque decus.  
 Robur adesse solet tum cum procul esse putamus;  
 Robur ubi prope nos esse videtur, abest.

DUNCRUB, *August 21, 1911.*

*Arma resume, fugax, nec debilitare repulsis;  
 Surge, age! victores ipsa repulsa facit.*

Vincimus; in longo certamine saepe fugati  
 Ducimus ex ipsa robur opesque fuga.  
 Progredimur: primis hodie brevis hora morandi  
 Qua datur, extremi eras sua castra locant.

BAMFF, *August, 1911.*

*Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ, τὰ μὲν ἐσθλὰ καὶ εὐχομένοις καὶ ἀνεύκτοις  
ἄμμι δίδου, τὰ δὲ λυγρὰ καὶ εὐχομένων ἀπερύκοις.*

*Anthol.* x. 108.

Eternal God, we look to Thee,  
 To Thee for help we fly:  
 Thine Eye alone our wants can see,  
 Thy Hand alone supply.

Lord! let Thy fear within us dwell,  
 Thy love our footsteps guide:  
 That love will all vain love expel,  
 That fear all fear beside.

Not what we wish, but what we want,  
 O let Thy grace supply:  
 The good, unasked, in mercy grant,  
 The ill, though asked, deny.

JAMES MERRICK, 1720—1769.

*Μόνον πιστεύε. S. MARC. v. 36.*

O God, it is enough if we  
 Will rest upon Thy word alone;  
 And, taking what is known of Thee,  
 Will trust Thee for the vast unknown.

BISHOP E. H. BICKERSTETH.

*Quae bona, vel tacitis vel saepe rogantibus adfer;  
Quae mala sunt, etiam saepe rogata, nega.*

Te, Deus, aeterno Qui Numine cuncta gubernas,  
Te, profugis portus praesidiumque, peto.  
Omnia quicis egeo tantum Tua lumina cernunt;  
Ni Tua, nulla potest suppeditare manus.

Te solum timeam, nostri vigil Incola cordis,  
Te, pedis incerti Dux bone, tutus amem.  
Ille amor ingenuus vanos expellet amores,  
Unicus ille abiget cuncta timenda timor.

Da modo quicquid opus, non quae cupienda putamus;  
Quale sit, arbitrio credimus omne Tuo.  
Quae bona sunt, oro vel nulla petentibus addas,  
Quae mala, Tu, quamvis multa petita, neges.

CAMBRIDGE, October 25, 1911.

"Ἄρτι γινώσκω ἐκ μέρους. 1 COR. XIII. 12.

Numinis argumenta Tui non pauca dedisti,  
Clara quidem haud semper, sed mihi clara satis.  
Ut Tua sectemur vestigia, multa revelas;  
Ut Tibi discamus fidere, plura tegis.

TRINITY LODGE, May, 1907.

Πρὸς ἑσπέραν ἔσται φῶς.

*"In tempore vesperi erit lux."*

ZECH. XIV. 7.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;  
 So calm are we when passions are no more.  
 For then we know how vain it was to boast  
 Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.  
 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes  
 Conceal their emptiness which age despises.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,  
 Lets in new light through chinks that time hath made.  
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,  
 As they draw near to their eternal home :  
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view  
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

E. WALLER, 1605—1687.

*Sol matutinae radio facis omnia lustrat ;  
Tu quoque, quae recreent, lumina, Vesper, habes.*

Ut mare, ventorum fremitu cessante, quiescit,  
Sic, animi flatus cum siluere, senes.  
Scimus enim experti, lusus iactare iuventae  
Quam vanum fuerit queis fuga certa foret.  
Gaudia, quae caeca velata cupidine fallunt  
Nube velut iuvenem, sunt sine nube seni.  
<sup>1,2</sup>Saepe fatiscentem rimis aevoque caducam  
Vidimus occiduum lumen inire casam ;  
Sic Animam lucere vides aetate ruentem ;  
Luminis introitus ipsa ruina facit.  
Ipsa ruina novat vires ; sapientia canis  
Additur, aeterna iam propiore domo.  
Sunt duo longaevis mundi ; fugiente vetusto,  
Prospicimus, limen transgredimurque novi.

- <sup>1</sup> Ut casulam, quae lucis eget rimisque fatiscit,  
Introit occiduum per loca fissa iubar,
- <sup>2</sup> Ut casa sic anima est ; aevo rimisque fatiscit ;  
Luminis introitus ipsa ruina facit.

LOCH ALVEY, *September, 1911.*

*"Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped."*      ISAIAH XXXV. 5.

*"So much the rather Thou, celestial Light,  
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
Irradiate, there plant eyes; all mist from thence  
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight."*

*Paradise Lost*, III. 51.

### MILTON'S PRAYER OF PATIENCE

I am old and blind!

Men point at me as smitten by God's frown,  
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,

Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;

I murmur not that I no longer see:  
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,

FATHER SUPREME, to Thee.

Visions come and go,

Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng:  
From Angel lips I seem to hear the flow

Of soft and holy song.

Give me now my lyre!

I feel the stirrings of a gift Divine:  
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,  
Lit by no skill of mine.

ELIZABETH LLOYD HOWELL.

Κήρυξ δ' ἐγγύθεν ἥλθεν ἄγων ἐρίηρον ἀοιδὸν,  
 τὸν πέρι Μοῦσ' ἐφίλησε, δίδου δ' ἀγαθόν τε κακόν τε.  
 ὁφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε, δίδου δ' ἡδεῖαν ἀοιδὴν.

HOM. Odyss. VIII. 62.

*Caecus, egens, vulgo spretus, desertus amicis,  
 Divino credor fulmine digna pati.  
 Hic hominum sermo est; sed, dum se digna loquuntur,  
 Colloquio ditat me propiore Deus.*

Caecus, senecta debilis, ut Dei  
 Aflatius ira, ludibrium vagor,  
 Desertus, irrisus—nec altam  
     Spem tamen aut animum remitto,  
 Per damna fortis; nec nimium queror  
 Privatus almo lumine: TE magis,  
 TE pauper abiectusque nisu,  
     SUMME PATER, propiore prenso.  
 Nec caecus omni luce caret; frequens  
 Splendentiorum coetus imaginum  
     Me stipat, augustoque cantu  
         Caelicolae, sacra turba, mulcent,  
 Lene adfluenti. Da mihi barbiton!  
 Iam Numen intra pectora fervidum  
     Nosco, calescentesque flamas  
         Arte mea generosiores.

TRINITY LODGE, November, 1898.



## BISHOP COLERIDGE PATTESON

## I

Down in the valleys of Devon,  
 Near the green woods of the west,  
 Orchards and lanes full of woodbine,  
*He* might be living at rest:  
 But from the sunny Pacific  
 Heard he a voice sweet and calm;  
 And he gave up the rose and the myrtle,  
 Kissing the Cross and the Palm.

## II

In the cool islands of Britain  
*He* might have lived for long years,  
 Ruling the hearts of the wisest,  
 Gaining the love of his peers:  
 But from the burning South Islands  
 Sounded the Saviour's alarm;  
 And he gave up the crown and the laurel,  
 Kissing the Cross and the Palm.

“SEmen est sanguis Christianorum.”

TERTULLIAN.

ΠΑΤΕΡ, ΑΦΕΣ ΑΤΤΟΙΣ· ΟΤ ΓΑΡ ΟΙΔΑΣΙ  
ΤΙ ΠΟΙΟΤΣΙ.

ΕΥ ΔΟΥΛΕ ΑΓΑΘΕ ΚΑΙ ΠΙΣΤΕ  
ΕΙΣΕΛΘΕ ΕΙΣ ΤΗΝ ΧΑΡΑΝ ΤΟΥ ΚΥΡΙΟΥ ΣΟΥ.

## I

Dives ubi gelidas pandit Devonia valles,  
 Et nemora occiduo lumine tincta virent;  
 Hortus ubi pomis, sepes et odoribus halat,—  
 Huic quoque secessus, si voluisset, erat.  
 Sed super Oceanum, nitidis freta consita terris,  
 Leniter hortantis Vox semel aure sonat:  
 Non rosa, non myrtus potuit retinere paratum  
 Pro Cruce, pro palma qualiacunque pati.

## II

At nisi fugisset patriam Zephyrosque salubres,  
 Fas erat incolumem consenuisse domi:  
 Pectora prudentum facili flexisset habena,  
 Vinxissetque pio frater amore suos.  
 Sed super Ipse plagas non nostro sole calentes  
 Ore salutifero Christus “ad arma” vocat.  
 Nec mora, Crux lauro mutatur, palma corona:  
 “Haec mihi militiae praemia,” dixit, “erunt.”

## III

To voices beyond the Pacific  
 Bowed his compassionate ear—  
 “Brother, come over and help us!”  
 “Brothers, I come! I am here!”  
 In the blaze of a tropical sunshine  
 From island to island he goes;  
 Prayer is his sweetest enjoyment,  
 Study his only repose.

## IV

After long years of devotion  
 What is his only reward?  
 Death in the midst of his labour,  
 Death like the death of his Lord;  
 Death from the hand of his children,  
 No one to pity or save;  
 Death far away from his kindred,  
 Death without even a grave.

## V

Floating along from the island,  
 Look at that silent Canoe;  
 Scarcely a ripple 'tis making  
 Over the deep shining blue.  
 What is it bearing so gently,  
 Gliding along to its rest?  
 The motionless form of the Martyr,  
 A Palm on its lifeless breast!

## III

Saepe susurrabant vectae super aequora voces;  
 Quaeque videbatur vox "Miserere" loqui.  
 "Affer opem, frater: cessasne?"—ea vota precantum—  
 "Nulla mora in nobis: en! properamus," ait.  
 Axe sub Austrino torrentia litora visit,  
 Detinet errantes insula crebra pedes.  
 Si vacat, in precibus tamen est operosa voluptas:  
 Unica iam studiis invigilare quies.

## IV

Anni praeteriere; manet quae meta laborum?  
 Num meritis miles praemia digna feret?  
 Mors datur; haec merces medio vix munere functi;  
 Qualis erat Domini, mors violenta rapit.  
 Pastorem ferit ipsa pecus; cadit ictus amicis;  
 Nemo qui det opem, qui miseretur, adest.  
 Occidit extorris, nullo lacrimante suorum;  
 Occiso tumulum barbara terra negat.

## V

Cernis ut allabens placidum sine voce per aequor  
 Lintris eat, nulla remigis acta manu?  
 Quod vehit intus onus? Quae tanta silentia remis?  
 Caerula sub prora vix tremit unda freti.  
 Corpus inest, corpus Christi pro Nomine caesi;  
 Contegit exanimem debita palma sinum.

## VI

Martyr so calm and majestic,  
 Floating alone on the deep,  
 In spite of the wounds on thy forehead  
 Smiling as if in thy sleep:  
 Martyr! thy wounds are thy glory,  
 Deep-hearted ocean thy rest:  
 Float by thine own beloved islands!  
 Float, with the Palm on thy breast!

## VII

Many will tell the glad tidings  
 Where thou hast told them before,  
 In thy bright Isles of Pacific  
 Planting the Cross on the shore:  
 But of all eloquent preachers  
 Far the most earnest and best  
 Is the pale corpse of the Martyr,  
 With the green Palm on its breast.

A LADY.

## VI

Parta pace silens et maiestate decora  
 Solus in aequoreo marmore radit iter.  
 Vulnera nequicquam foedant informia frontem :  
 Risus, ut in somnis, ora iacentis habet.  
 At tibi grande decus tua vulnera, sancte Sacerdos,  
 Nec bellatori non placet iste torus.  
 Labere, litoribus numquam avellendus amatis !  
 Labere, victrici fronde tegente sinum !

## VII

Forsan et alter erit quem, quae tua lingua canebat,  
 Gaudia caelicolum praemonuisse iuvet.  
 Ibit ubi nitidos inter micat insula fluctus,  
 Litore in Australi constituetque Crucem.  
 Sed licet orando Paulum superaverit ipsum,  
 Eloquii monitor frigidioris erit,  
 Quam pallens, Generose, tuum sine voce cadaver.  
 Palmaque compositi quae viret ista sinu.

. HARROW, April 25, 1872.

## ENGLAND AT WAR

'Tis past: the hour of parting's o'er,  
 The troopship's on the main,  
 And some have looked on England's shore  
 That ne'er shall look again:  
 The last adieu come faint and low,  
 Borne on the wintry wind...  
 God's mercy on the men that go,  
 And those they leave behind!

For them, the strife,—for us, the fears  
 That grow with hope's delay,  
 The daily dread, the nightly tears  
 For loved ones far away:  
 Yet O though loss be hard to bear,  
 And sense of threatening harm,  
 Let not the thought of private care  
 Unnerve a nation's arm!

For sternly must the soldier fight  
 Whose country stakes her all:  
 Now is the day when England's might  
 Must conquer, or must fall:  
 Though Valour unrewarded die  
 Nor every field be won,  
 We'll bate no jot of courage high  
 Before our task be done.

*“Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.”*

HOR.

Finis adest; dixere Vale, iam milite navis  
 Plena suo, ruptis funibus, alta tenet.  
 Litora respiciunt avido cedentia visu;  
 Hei mihi, quam multis ille supremus erit!  
 Iamque silent voces; vix verba novissima terram  
 Deveniunt, rauco murmure mixta noti.  
 Nos prece, nos votis abeuntum vela sequamur,  
 Quosque hodie linquunt, pignora cara, domi.

Ite, viri, vos arma manent, nos anxius ille  
 Qui gliscit, tarda spe variante, metus:  
 Nox lacrimas feret aegra suas, lux aegra timores  
 Absentum quotiens os speciesque subit.  
 Sed licet extinctos graviter ploremus amicos,  
 Venturique minax terreat umbra mali,  
 Turpe foret patriam si publica iura tuentem  
 Privatus posset debilitare dolor.

Nam neque ludieris fas est contendere telis  
 In trutina patriae cum tremit ipsa salus;  
 Nec vitae membrisve decet tum parcere natos  
 Illud ubi in dubio est stetne cadatne Parenſ.  
 Ergo etsi interdum Victoria deprimat alas,  
 Nec semper virtus praemia iusta ferat,  
 Nil animis, nil nos manibus linquemus omissum  
 Quominus incepturn perficiatur opus.

Souls of our best! whose bodies fill  
Their unforgotten grave  
By Magersfontein's murderous hill  
Or dark Tugela's wave,  
Nobly ye strove, ye gallant dead,  
For England's honour slain!  
'Tis ours to prove the blood ye shed  
Has not been shed in vain!

ALFRED DENYS GODLEY.

Illustres animae, tumulis data tempore nullo  
Obliviscendis corpora vestra iacent,  
Sive ubi mortiferis Mageri iuga faucibus horrent,  
Sive ubi torrentes atra Tugela rapit.  
Vulnera vos laeti, vos mortem obiistis acerbam,  
Ut vetus Angligenum laus sine labe foret.  
Vestrum erat hoc meritum; nostrum est prohibere  
merendo  
Ne sine proventu fluxerit iste cruor.

*March 1, 1900.*

## AMICUS AMICO.

Qui me lugentem dictis et nomine Christi  
 Firmabas, luctu nunc onerate tuo,  
 Accipe versiculos, fraterni pignus amoris,  
 Et sine me lacrimis illacrimare tuis.

TRINITY LODGE, November 24, 1890.

## FERRE DOCE!

Ferre doce; raro scis me tetigisse dolores;  
 Nunc dolor afflito est in pede—ferre doce!  
 Si graviora manent, si febre calentia longa  
 Membra premunt lectum languida, ferre doce!  
 Si subit atra dies, si, quicquid amavimus, orbis  
 Mors rapit ex oculis invida, ferre doce!  
 Ferre Tuum est: oneris quod Tu mihi, Christe, subisti  
 Quantula pars nostra est sarcina—ferre doce!

PERSEY HOTEL, August 30, 1903.

*“Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus.”*

VINCENT DE LÉRINS.

Quid Christo placeat, quae sint credenda, requiris?

Hoc tibi responsum, tu tibi trade, dabo.

Quod semper, quod ubique, quod omnibus esse probatum

Novimus, haec vera est, hanc probat Ipse, Fides.

*March 2, 1912.*

*Epitaph in Harrow School Chapel on Henry Arkwright,  
overwhelmed by an Avalanche on Mont Blanc, 1866.*

Care tuis olim, nunc carior, hoc tibi marmor

Ponimus; hic legitur mors tua, noster amor.

O studiis, lusu, sacris sociate tot annos,

Tecum iterum comites stemus in aede Dei.

HARROW, 1866.

*Μήποτε οὐ μὴ ἀρκέσῃ ὥμιν καὶ ὥμιν.*

S. MATTHEW xxv. 9.

I

“Lest there be not enough for us and you”—

So spake the Wise; but One, methought, there stood  
 Silent, and sad, and half in doubting mood,  
 As though the Truth Itself were less than true.  
 She wept, and from the stainless Four withdrew  
     Meekly, and laid her brimming cruse of oil  
     In hands unused to prayer and saintly toil,  
 Unlike her own, but hands of those she knew.  
 In vain; they went to buy: she sat alone,  
     Her lamp untrimmed, yet full in emptiness,  
 And lo! at midnight hour the Bridegroom came,  
 And found her weeping. Did He then disown  
 That venturous ruth? Ah no! for His dear Name  
     Her soul she perilled, and He needs must bless.

Καὶ νῦν εἰ μὲν ἀφεῖς αὐτοῖς τὴν ἀμαρτίαν αἰτῶν, ἄφεσ· εἰ δὲ μὴ,  
ξέάλειψόν με ἐκ τῆς βίβλου σου ἥσ ἔγραψα. Ex. xxxii. 32.

Ἡνχόμην γὰρ ἀνάθεμα εἶναι αὐτὸς ἐγὼ ἀπὸ τοῦ Χριστοῦ ὑπὲρ τῶν  
ἀδελφῶν μου τῶν συγγενῶν μου κατὰ σάρκα.

S. PAUL. ad ROM. ix. 3.

Εἴ τις ἔρχεται πρός με καὶ οὐ μισεῖ.....ἔτι τε καὶ τὴν ψυχὴν  
έδωγτο, οὐ δύναται εἶναι μου μαθητής. S. LUC. xiv. 26.

## II

Yea, and He blesseth! Mild we hear Him say:—  
 “ Daughter, who hast not shunned to risk thy best,  
 “ To leave the guarded fold, and roam in quest  
 “ Of wildered lambs on mountain crags astray,  
 “ I know thee; thou hast found the narrow way,  
 “ O wise in thy unwisdom, and didst dare  
 “ To quit the sheltered haunts of praise and prayer,  
 “ And, seeming prayerless, teach the lost to pray.  
 “ Therefore a bridal robe I give to thee,  
 “ And with the oil of gladness thee anoint  
 “ Above thy fellows, and for thee appoint  
 “ A portion with My great ones. Rise and shine!  
 “ The door is open; enter thou with Me,  
 “ And, in thy beauty, be forever Mine.”

BAMFF, August 19, 1900.

## PSALM XXXIX, 5.

To know the number of my mortal days  
 I ask not, be they many, be they few:  
 Each moment the sad voice of suffering prays,  
 "Resolve and do!"

"The temple of thy GOD in ruin stands;  
 "Go up and build, and take thy truest arms,  
 "And grasp the Gospel trumpet in thy hands  
 "To sound alarms.

"Lay firmly every stone; long years may be,  
 "And stormy winds may rend, ere all be done:  
 "But lay the first; thou mayst not live to see  
 "To-morrow's sun.

"Build for the future; let thy children say,  
 "'His mind was highly toned and deeply set':  
 "But look around thee, nor be slow to pay  
 "The present debt.

"The 'vision and the faculty divine'  
 "'Come not by dreaming; he whose eye is clear  
 "To read the present reads the future sign,  
 "The truest Seer.

"GOD deigns to need thy weakness; heed His call,  
 "'Unhasting but unresting': short or long  
 "The days that wait thee, they are His, yea all  
 "To Him belong."

SUNDAY, November 8, 1857, riding from the Monastery  
 of the Virgin at the foot of Parnassus.

## FOR A SCHOOL CONFIRMATION

“Lift up your hearts!” We lift them, **LORD**, to Thee ;  
 Here, at Thy feet, none other may we see :

“Lift up your hearts!” E’en so, with one accord,  
 We lift them up, we lift them to the **LORD**.

Above the level of the former years,  
 The mire of sin, the slough of guilty fears,  
 The mist of doubt, the blight of love’s decay,  
 O **LORD** of Light, lift all our hearts to-day!

Above the swamps of subterfuge and shame,  
 The deeds, the thoughts, that honour may not name,  
 The halting tongue that dares not tell the whole,  
 O **LORD** of Truth, lift every Christian soul !

Above the storms that vex this lower state,  
 Pride, jealousy, and envy, rage, and hate,  
 And cold mistrust that holds e’en friends apart,  
 O **LORD** of Love, lift every brother’s heart !

Lift every gift that Thou Thyself hast given ;  
 Low lies the best till lifted up to Heaven : -  
 Low lie the bounding heart, the teeming brain,  
 Till, sent from **GOD**, they mount to **GOD** again.

O ! if the hopes which thrill our hearts to-day  
 Foreshadow aught that shall not pass away,  
 And we may trust that all our days shall be  
 “Bound each to each by natural piety,”

Then, as the trumpet call, in after years,  
 “Lift up your hearts!” rings pealing in our ears,  
 Still shall those hearts respond, with full accord,  
 “We lift them up, we lift them to the **LORD**!”

HARROW, about 1875.

## FOR FOUNDER'S DAY

O Merciful and Holy !  
 Who still, by steps unknown,  
 In simple hearts and lowly  
 Dost build Thy loftiest throne ;  
 As Thou of old wast near us,  
 To bless our Founder's care,  
 Bow down Thine ear, and hear us,  
 In this Thy House of prayer !

For all the faith and daring  
 That haunt our ancient Hill,  
 And patience, and forbearing,  
 Tried good, and vanquished ill ;  
 Sweet praise of our dear Mother,  
 And, sweeter far than fame,  
 The love that binds each brother—  
 We glorify Thy Name.

For Memory's golden treasure,  
 Our boyhood's cloudless brow,  
 Each pure and blameless pleasure,  
 Each brave and holy vow ;  
 And friends still clinging nearer  
 As sorrows cross our way,  
 And some by death made dearer—  
 We thank Thee, LORD ! to-day.

Whate'er Thy Will shall send us,  
 If weal or woe betide,  
 Do Thou, our GOD ! defend us  
 Fast anchored by Thy side !  
 Here firm, though all be drifting,  
 May thousands still adore,  
 Eye, heart, and voice uplifting  
 Till time shall be no more !

HARROW, June 15, 1871. Tercentenary Festival.

*“Stet Fortuna Domus.”* VERG.

(The Motto of Harrow School.)

## FOR FOUNDER'S DAY

<sup>1</sup> Rejoice to-day with one accord,  
 Sing out in exultation !  
 Rejoice, and praise our mighty LORD,  
 Our Strength and our Salvation !  
 Our Father's GOD was He,  
 Our GOD He still shall be ;  
 Our Fathers praised His Name,  
 Our Sons shall praise the same :  
 Let young and old adore Him !

Our House was built in lowly ways,  
 But GOD looked down upon her :  
 He gave her wealth and length of days,  
 And brought us to great honour,  
 In life, in death, our Guide ;  
 We own no strength beside :  
 His Hosts are round us still,  
 He guards His holy hill :  
 Our House shall stand for ever !

HARROW, June 15, 1871.

<sup>1</sup> The first three lines are by the Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., in “Hymns Ancient and Modern.”

## ST JOHN BAPTIST

Καὶ εἰ θέλετε δέξασθαι, αὐτός ἐστιν Ἡλείας ὁ μέλλων ἔρχεσθαι.

S. MATT. XI. 14.

“Art Thou the Healer that should come,  
 “Or look we for Another still?”  
 So spake he from the dungeon gloom;  
 His faith was low, his heart was chill.

The Voice that cried in saintliest youth  
 “Repent ye” to the startled throng;  
 The Voice that ever spake the truth,  
 And boldly chid the tyrant’s wrong;

The Voice that owned, “I am not He”;  
 “Why comest Thou to Jordan’s flood?  
 “I need to be baptized of Thee”;  
 “Behold the Atoning Lamb of GOD!”—

Now murmurs, faint, and half o’ercome  
 With brooding o’er triumphant ill,  
 “Art Thou the Healer that should come,  
 “Or look we for Another still?”

The Saviour heard His servant's prayer,

Then turned Him to His daily task;

The two Disciples wondering there

Unconscious learn the truth they ask.

Foul spirits fled the shuddering frame;

The blind man knew His Voice, and saw;

Up rose the palsied and the lame,

The deaf ear heard His Ephphatha.

The leper from his bonds He freed,

The dead He raised to life once more;

And, mightier yet, the Christ indeed,

He preached the Gospel to the poor.

Then to the Messengers alone

He spake—and spake no other word—

“Go back, and show My servant John

“What ye this day have seen and heard.”

HARROW, 1866.

## ST PAUL

*"He is a chosen vessel unto Me, for I will show him how great things he must suffer for My Name's sake."* ACTS IX. 15, 16.

*"Who is weak, and I am not weak? Who is offended and I burn not?"* 2 COR. XI. 29.

Where shall we find our mightiest Saint,  
 The "chosen vessel" of the LORD?  
 The soul to dare and never faint,  
 The arm to wield the Conqueror's sword?

Where shall we find the Shepherd meek,  
 With heart aflame at tyrant wrong,  
 Ever the weakest with the weak,  
 And still the strongest with the strong?

We find him where we sought him not,  
 Chief in the front of Jesus' foes:  
 There, where the battle rages hot,  
 Loudest of all his trumpet blows.

But, lo! another trumpet calls,  
 Another Foeman meets his sight:  
 Prone in the dust the warrior falls,  
 All blinded with the heavenly light.

O Voice of love! O Voice of power!  
 "Saul, Saul, why warrest thou with Me?"  
 O captive heart, in that dread hour  
 From every bond, but one, set free!

Love-vanquished prisoner of the Cross!  
 The love of Christ doth now constrain:  
 For Christ he counts his glories loss,  
 "To live is Christ, to die is gain."

O'er land and sea to all mankind  
 He bears the flag his Master bore,  
 Forgetting still the things behind,  
 And reaching forth to things before;

No foe to fear, no toil to grudge,  
 Self-pledged, till death shall strike him down,  
 And He, the LORD, the righteous Judge,  
 Grant to His Saint the Martyr crown.

O Saviour! when with heedless jest,  
 Or blinding zeal, or anger fierce,  
 We wound the souls that Thou hast blest,  
 Dear LORD! unknowing Whom we pierce,

Look, LORD! upon us from above;  
 Speak, LORD! "Why warrest thou with Me?"  
 Then make us heralds of Thy love,  
 And Chosen Vessels unto Thee!

HARROW, *about* 1875.

## ST PETER

"Lovest thou Me?" the Risen Saviour cried,

"Lovest thou Me Mine other friends above?"

"I love Thee, LORD!" the humbled Saint replied,

"Thou knowest all, Thou knowest that I love."

Can this be he who thrice his LORD disowned?

Shall he, thrice pardoned, feed his Master's sheep?

O generous trust! O frailty well atoned

By years of love and toils that never sleep!

Thou, Who the bruised reed didst never break,

Thou, Who the contrite heart wilt not despise,

Who from the sheepfold dost Thy Monarchs take,

And show'st to babes lone hidden from the wise,

We bless Thee, LORD! that, having marked each fall,

Each trip, each stumble, when our path was steep,

Thou scorn'st us not, but gently, knowing all—

The sin, the sorrow—biddest, "Feed My Sheep."

Lord of my life! King, Master, Brother, Friend,

Forgotten oft, and oft, though seen, denied,

Yet patient still, and trustful to the end,

And watching at Thy wayward servant's side,

Grant, when at length Thou makest all things new,

And truant fancy may no longer rove,

This heart shall cry, and Thou shalt own it true,

"Thou knowest all, Thou knowest that I love!"

HARROW, *about 1875.*

"*And the people stood beholding.*" S. LUKE xxiii. 35.

(To the Music of *Attolle paulum lumina*, Mendelssohn.)

"*O Sinner, lift the eye of Faith.*"

The Night of agony hath passed;  
The Day of doom hath dawned at last:  
With fainting steps His Cross He bears;  
Foul taunts and curses meet His ears:  
The LORD of Life is crucified;  
A felon hangs on either side:  
The people stand beholding.

The powers of darkness do their worst—  
The nail, the thorn, the torturing thirst:  
Black tempests o'er His spirit break,  
"My GOD, My GOD, dost Thou forsake?"  
"'Tis finished!" Lo! He bows His Head;  
The Saviour of mankind is dead:  
The people stand beholding.

HARROW, *about* 1880.

Ἐὶ πιστεύομεν ὅτι Ἰησοῦς ἀπέθανεν καὶ ἀνέστη, οὐτως καὶ ὁ Θεὸς  
τοὺς κοιμηθέντας διὰ τοῦ Ἰησοῦ ἄξει σὺν Αἰτῷ. 1 THESS. IV. 14.

JESUS died for us, and rose again!

Therefore are our hopes no longer dim:  
Therefore know we that to die is gain,  
For we sleep in Him.

Therefore Father, Mother, Sister, Brother,  
Still are ours, for all are still the LORD'S;  
Wherefore let us comfort one another  
With these blessed words!

HARROW, *about* 1869.

*Αἰτεῖτε, καὶ δοθήσεται ὑμῖν.* S. LUC. XI. 9.

“Ask, and ye surely shall receive”;  
 Yea, LORD! we trust Thy word:  
 We lift our voice, and we believe  
 That we are surely heard.

We ask not anything that earth  
 Can give or take away:  
 Thou, Who hast kept us from our birth,  
 Wilt guard us day by day.

We ask for light, and love, and strength  
 All selfish snares to shun:  
 We ask that we may ask at length,  
 “Thy Will, not ours, be done!”

We ask that to each separate heart  
 Of all our brethren here  
 Thy one best gift Thou wouldest impart,  
 The wisdom of Thy fear.

May young and old conspire to prize,  
 And labour to secure  
 Whatever things are true, and wise,  
 Noble, and just, and pure.

<sup>1</sup> “O Thou, by Whom we come to GOD,  
 “The Life, the Truth, the Way!  
 “The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;  
 “LORD, teach us how to pray!”

HARROW, about 1881.

<sup>1</sup> This verse closes the fine hymn of James Montgomery,  
 “Prayer is the soul’s sincere desire.”

## EPITAPHS

### BRITANNIA VICTORIAE REGINAE MATRI DESIDERATISSIMAE

Mater, ob augustum Nomen venerata tot annos,  
Saecula dum current cara futura magis,  
Quae totiens oculos populi Regina beabas  
Luce Tui vultus et bonitate Tua,  
A! nunquam redditura, mei tamen incola cordis,  
Orbatae praesens saepe putanda, VALE!

CAMBRIDGE, *January* 22, 1901.

## IN THE CHAPEL OF HARROW SCHOOL

## I

HANC NOVAE AEDIS PARTEM  
IMPENSIS SUIS POSUIT  
CAROLUS IOANNES VAUGHAN S.T.P.  
SCHOLAE NOSTRAE PER XV ANNOS  
AB A.S. MDCCCXLIV USQUE AD A.S. MDCCCLIX  
MAGISTER ANTISTES PASTOR  
QUEM QUANTA REVERENTIA  
QUANTO ETIAM AMORE  
PROSECUTI SINT HARROVIENSES  
TESTATUR IPSIUS EFFIGIES  
EX ADVERSO POSITA  
TESTANTUR PICTURAEC SECTILES  
MURO ORIENTALI ADFIXAE.  
NATUS A.D. VIII. ID. SEXT. A.S. MDCCCXVI  
OBDORMIVIT IN CHRISTO  
ID. OCT. A.S. MDCCCVII

## II

TO THE HONOURED MEMORY OF  
THE REVEREND JOHN SMITH, M.A.  
ASSISTANT MASTER FROM 1854 TO 1880,  
HUMBLE, FAITHFUL, PATIENT, LOVING,  
TO THE YOUNG A FATHER,  
TO FRIENDS IN JOY OR GRIEF A BROTHER,  
TO THE POOR, THE SUFFERING, AND THE TEMPTED  
A MINISTER OF HOPE AND STRENGTH.  
TRIED BY MORE THAN COMMON SORROWS,  
AND UPBORNE BY MORE THAN COMMON FAITH,  
HIS HOLY LIFE INTERPRETED TO MANY  
THE MIND WHICH WAS IN CHRIST JESUS,  
THE PROMISE OF THE COMFORTER,  
AND THE VISION GRANTED TO THE PURE IN HEART.

"GOD IS LOVE, AND HE THAT DWELLETH IN LOVE,  
DWELLETH IN GOD, AND GOD IN HIM." 1 JOHN IV. 16.

BORN 16TH FEB. 1823. DIED 12TH DEC. 1893.



Ἐὰν ἐμοὶ τις διακονῷ ἐμὸὶ ἀκολουθείτω, καὶ ὅπου εἰμὶ ἔγὼ ἐκεῖ  
καὶ ὁ διάκονος ὁ ἐμὸς ἔσται· ἐάν τις ἐμοὶ διακονῷ τιμήσει αὐτὸν ὁ  
Πατὴρ. S. JOH. XII. 26.

"Οφονται τὸ πρόσωπον αὐτοῦ, καὶ τὸ ὄνομα αὐτοῦ ἐπὶ τῶν  
μετώπων αὐτῶν. APOS. XXII. 4.

---

IN LOVING MEMORY

OF THE

REV. JOHN SMITH, M.A.

Born February, 1823,

Died December 12th, 1893.

"Few have ever passed away from among their  
fellows of whom so large a number of those who  
knew him best, and were most competent to judge,  
would have said . . . that he was the best, the holiest  
man they ever knew—the man most human yet most  
divine, with least of the stains of earth, with most  
of the spirit of heaven; the man in whom the ideal  
of . . . the poet stood in every feature realised:—

'I'm apt to think the man  
That could surround the sum of things, and spy  
The heart of God and secrets of His Empire,  
Would speak but love—with him the bright result  
Would change the hue of intermediate scenes  
And make one thing of all theology.'—*Gambold.*'

Letters of Thomas Erskine of Linlathen, page 508.

The friends of JOHN SMITH, who may have glanced at a short notice of him in the *Times* of Thursday, December 14th, 1893, may perhaps prefer to read it in the fuller form in which it was communicated to that journal.

"On Tuesday last there passed away in extreme obscurity one who for more than twenty-five years bore an honoured name at Harrow, and drew forth a more than ordinary measure of reverence and affection. The Rev. John Smith—'John Smith' as every one called him—was a pupil of Prince Lee at Birmingham, and showed to the full the inspiration of that great Master's teaching, at the time that so many famous Churchmen—Westcott, Lightfoot and Benson among them—were laying the foundations of their life's work.

In April, 1845, John Smith, together with his schoolfellow Canon Charles Evans, was elected to a Scholarship at Trinity College, Cambridge. Some nine years afterwards, like his schoolfellows and fellow-collegians, Henry Keary, F. Rendall, and B. F. Westcott, he was appointed by Dr Vaughan to an Assistant Mastership at Harrow.

There his influence became gradually altogether peculiar. The Masters, the boys, the servants in the Masters' Houses, the parishioners generally of all classes, but especially the sick, the troubled, and the bereaved, all became conscious that a man of

quite exceptional holiness was moving among them, a man who instinctively bore the burthens of others—men and women and children—as if they were his own, and lived both in public and in secret that life of joyous self-sacrifice which the Christian conscience pronounces to be the highest.

To such a man the management of a low Form—he persistently refused all School promotion—was a sacred pastoral charge. To help young boys to be their best, to warn gently and to encourage playfully, to point them in simple language to high ideals of duty, of patriotism, and of faith—this was his ambition.

His sermons in the School Chapel were unique. They could scarcely be called an appeal, still less an argument. They seemed to those who heard them a message direct from the Presence. Like all his utterances and all his acts, they seemed to tell just what he was and where he had just been.

He ceased to teach at Harrow in 1880. His later years were clouded by the distressing malady the coming of which he had but too clearly foreseen.

There must be many Harrovians now moving in the world, alike in high and humble positions, who, as they recall his voice and look and consistent conduct, will be saying to themselves, on hearing of his death, that they never knew a man whose life seemed so closely modelled on the life of the Divine Master Whose stamp he so visibly bore."

## III



GULIELMUS OXENHAM

AMOR HARROVIENSIMUM  
PRAEMIORUM FUNDATOR

DECESSIT OCT. XIII A.S. MDCCCLXIII  
ANNOS LXII NATUS.

NE MEMORIA  
TAM CARI CAPITIS  
FUGA TEMPORUM DIRUATUR  
TESTETUR TURRIS  
HUIC AEDI IMPOSITA  
QUAM GRATUS SUIS VIXERIT  
QUAM FLEBILIS OBIERIT

## IV

AMICUM IUCUNDISSIMUM  
GUL<sup>M</sup> IOH. HOPE-EDWARDES  
OLIM PRIMO INTER NOSTROS  
LOCO POTITUM  
POST SI VITA SUFFECISSET  
ET SUIS ET REIPUBLICAE  
MAIORA POLLICITUM  
AMORE DESIDERO REVERENTIA  
HAUD PAUCI PROSEQUUNTUR.

NAT. AUG. 23, 1836. OB. SEPT. 30, 1867.

## V

ERECTED BY HIS BROTHER OFFICERS  
 AND OTHER FRIENDS  
 IN MEMORY OF  
 TEIGNMOUTH MELVILL  
 AN OLD HARROVIAN  
 AND LIEUTENANT IN H.M. 24TH REGIMENT  
 WHO WITH LIEUTENANT COGHILL  
 FELL AT ISANDLANA IN SOUTH AFRICA  
 WHILE SAVING THE COLOURS OF THE REGIMENT  
 AND WAS HONOURED AFTER DEATH BY HIS SOVEREIGN  
 WITH THE VICTORIA CROSS.

BORN SEPTEMBER 8, 1842.

DIED JANUARY 22, 1879.

“YE CROWN THE LIST OF GLORIOUS ACTS  
 WHICH FORM OUR COUNTRY’S BOAST,  
 “YE RESCUED FROM THE BRINK OF SHAME  
 WHAT SOLDIERS PRIZE THE MOST;  
 “AND REACHED BY DUTY’S PATH A LIFE  
 BEYOND THE LIVES YE LOST.”

VISCOUNT STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, AET. 92.

## VI

IN THANKFUL MEMORY OF  
EDMUND WHYTEHEAD HOWSON  
FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,  
FROM 1881 TO 1905 A MASTER AT HARROW,  
A MAN OF MANY GIFTS,  
AND GREATLY BELOVED  
FOR HIS BROTHERLY SYMPATHY  
AND WARMTH OF HEART.  
HIS SCHOOL SONGS  
BY THEIR STRENGTH AND TENDERNESS  
TOUCHED AND UNITED  
YOUNG AND OLD.  
IN THE FLOWER OF LIFE,  
STILL FRESH IN SPIRIT AND EAGER  
FOR THE GREATNESS OF HARROW,  
HE MET DEATH AFTER MUCH SUFFERING  
WITH A BRAVE MAN'S COURAGE  
AND A CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

BORN JULY 18, 1855. DIED DECEMBER 11, 1905.

## VII

ERECTED  
BY MANY HARROVIANS  
TO THE MEMORY OF  
THE HONOURABLE ROBERT GRIMSTON  
THE LIFELONG LOVER OF HARROW  
AND HER MANLY SPORTS,  
THE HELPFUL COUNSELLOR  
IN EFFORTS FOR HER GOOD,  
THE STAUNCH AND GENIAL FRIEND,  
. THE TRUE AND FEARLESS MAN.  
  
BORN SEPTEMBER 18, 1816.  
DIED APRIL 7, 1884.

## VIII

IN MEMORY OF  
FREDERICK GEORGE BRABAZON PONSONBY  
SIXTH EARL OF BESSBOROUGH,  
A MAN BORN TO BE LOVED,  
WHO WITH ROBERT GRIMSTON  
WAS FOR MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS  
KNOWN AND HONOURED BY HARROVIANS  
AS THE PLAYMATE OF THEIR BOYHOOD,  
THE FRIEND OF THEIR MANHOOD,  
AND A LEADER IN EVERY EFFORT  
FOR THE GREATNESS AND WELFARE OF THE SCHOOL.

BORN SEPTEMBER 11, 1815,  
DIED MARCH 12, 1895.

"BEHOLD HOW GOOD AND JOYFUL A THING IT IS.  
BRETHREN, TO DWELL TOGETHER IN UNITY."

PSALM CXXXIII. 1.

IN THE ANTE-CHAPEL OF TRINITY COLLEGE

## I

H. S. E.

GUILELMUS HEPWORTH THOMPSON S.T.P.

COLLEGII HUIUS

SOCIUS TUTOR MAGISTER

IN ACADEMIA PER XIV ANNOS

LINGuae GRAECAE PROFESSOR REGIUS.

VIR ERAT INSIGNI FORMAE DIGNITATE

FRONTE SUPERCILIO INGRESSU GRAVIS

PRAESTANS INGENII ACUMINE

SALSUS IN SERMONE

IN AGENDO MAGNANIMUS

LITTERARUM IUDEX ACCURATUS

PLATONIS SUI

UT QUI IPSE SUBTILITATEM

VERE PLATONICAM SPIRARET

DISERTISSIMUS INTERPRES.

OBIIT KAL. OCT. A.S. MDCCCLXXXVI

AETATIS LXXVII MAGISTRATUS XXI

## II

IN MEMORIAM  
 VIRI DESIDERATISSIMI  
 COUTTS TROTTER A.M.  
 SOCII TUTORIS VICE-MAGISTRI  
 HANC TABELLAM POSUIT COLLEGUM SUUM.  
 FUIT ILLE AEQUITATIS SPECIMEN  
 INGENIO AD MULTA VERSATILI,  
 LITTERIS MATHEMATICIS PHYSICIS  
 ITA DEDITUS  
 UT INTER VETEREM ET RECENTIOREM DOCTRINAM  
 SEQUESTER ET INTERPRES HABERETUR.  
 IN NEGOTIIS PUBLICIS PRIMARIUS,  
 IN STATUTIS COLL. ET ACAD. CONSCRIBENDIS  
 SUASOR IDEM ET IMPULSOR STRENUUS,  
 SOCIETATIS S.S. TRIN. ET NATURALIS SCIENTIAE  
 TAM STUDIOSUS  
 UT ALTERI ALTERAM CUM VELLET OPITULARI  
 TESTAMENTO ET BENEFICIO AMBAS CONIUNXERIT.  
 OBIT PRID. NON. DEC. A.S. MDCCCLXXXVII AET. LI  
 IN COEMETERIO DE TRUMPINGTON  
 RELIQUIAE REPOSITAE SUNT

## III

JOSEPHO BARBER LIGHTFOOT S.T.P.

COLLEGII HUIUS SOCIO ET TUTORI

E FUND. DOM. MARG. PROFESSORI

ET PER X ANNOS

APUD DUNELMENSES EPISCOPO,

CRITICO INTERPRETI PASTORI

OMNIUM CONSENSU

ILLUSTRI,

HANC TABELLAM AMICI

PAUCI E MULTIS

D. D. D.

NATUS ID. APRIL. A.S. MDCCXXVIII

OBIIT A. D. XII KAL. IAN. A.S. MDCCCXC

## IV

ARTHURUS CAYLEY

COLLEGII NOSTRI

ET ACADEMIAE DECUS,

SIMPLEX VERECUNDUS AMABILIS

AD CONSILIA PRUDENS

INTER MATHEMATICOS ITA SINGULARIS

UT ETIAM PERITISSIMIS

NOVAS SCIENTIAE REGIONES

PATEFECERIT.

NATUS A. D. XVII KAL. SEPT. A.S. MDCCCXXI

OBIIT A. D. VII KAL. FEB. A.S. MDCCCXCV

## V

EDWARDUS WHITE BENSON S.T.P.

PRIMUS APUD TURONENSES EPISCOPUS

ET PER XII ANNOS

ARCHIEPISCOPUS CANTUARIENSIS.

ECCLESIAE ET PATRIAEE

LUMEN ATQUE ORNAMENTUM,

COLLEGII NOSTRI

PER TOTAM VITAM AMANTISSIMUS,

QUO DIE SOCIUS ADMISSUS ERAT

EODEM XLIII ANNIS INTERPOSITIS

OBDORMIVIT IN CHRISTO.

NATUS PRID. ID. IUL. A.S. MDCCCXXIX.

OBIIT A. D. V. ID. OCT. A.S. MDCCCXCVI

## VI

HENRICUS SIDGWICK LITT.D.

PHILOSOPHIAE MORALIS

IN ACADEMIA PROFESSOR

COLLEGII TER SOCIUS

DE ETHICIS OECONOMICIS POLITICIS

SCRIPTOR EGREGIUS

IN AMICITIA CONSTANS ET IUCUNDUS

VERITATIS ET IUSTITIAE TENACISSIMUS.

NATUS PRID. KAL. IUN. A.S. MDCCCXXXVIII

OBIIT A. D. V. KAL. SEPT. A.S. MCM

## VII

BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT S.T.P.

COLLEGII SOCIUS

S. THEOLOGIAE PER XX ANNOS PROFESSOR REGIUS

APUD DUNELMENSES PER XI ANNOS

EPISCOPUS

INTER OMNES GREGIS SUI ORDINES

PACIS ET CONCORDIAE

GRATIOSISSIMUS INTERPRES.

FUIT OMNINO VIR MAGNUS

POTENS IN SCRIPTURIS FERVENTES SPIRITU,

THEOLOGIAE ET PHILOSOPHIAE

TAMQUAM UNIUS SCIENTIAE

VINDEX ET ANTISTES,

CHRISTIANAE FIDEI ITA DEDITUS

UT QUAM SCRIPTIS ET INGENIO

ILLUSTRABAT

EAM VITA ORATIONE IPSO VULTU

EXPRESSERIT.

NATUS PRID. ID. IAN. A.S. MDCCCXXV

OBIIT A. D. KAL. SEXT. A.S. MCMI

## VIII

RICARDO CLAVERHOUSE JEBB

EQU. AUR. O.M. LITT.D.

HUIUS COLLEGII SOCIO OLIM TUTORI,

LINGuae GRAECAE PER XVI ANNOS

PROFESSORI REGIO,

ACADEMIAE SUFFRAGIIS IN SEN. BRITT. QUATER ELECTO,

LITTERARUM ET HUMANITATIS

ORNAMENTO ET VINDICI,

SOPHOCLIS SUI INTERPRETI EXQUISITISSIMO,

IN CURIA ET IN CONTIONIBUS ELOQUENTI,

AD VARIA VITAE MUNERA

VEL ACADEMICA VEL CIVILIA

UNICE IDONEO

HANC TABELLAM DICAVIT COLLEGIUM

CARITATIS DESIDERII ADMIRATIONIS

TESTIMONIUM.

NATUS A. D. VI KAL. SEPT. A.S. MDCCCXLI

OBIIT A. D. III ID. DEC. A.S. MCMV

## IN CARLISLE CATHEDRAL

IN MEMORY OF

HARVEY GOODWIN

FIFTY-EIGHTH BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

AT CAMBRIDGE, AT ELY, AND IN HIS DIOCESE

A PROVED LEADER OF MEN,

HE USED HIS RARE GIFTS OF MIND AND HEART

IN THE SERVICE OF HIS MASTER

FOR THE GOOD OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE

AND OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BORN OCT. 9, 1818; CONSECRATED NOV. 30, 1869;

DIED NOV. 25, 1896

## IN ELY CATHEDRAL

IN MEMORY OF  
CHARLES MERIVALE, D.D., D.C.L.  
HISTORIAN OF THE ROMANS UNDER THE EMPIRE  
AND FOR TWENTY-FOUR YEARS  
DEAN OF THIS CATHEDRAL CHURCH.  
SPRUNG FROM A FAMILY OF SCHOLARS  
HIMSELF RICH IN LEARNING  
CAUSTIC IN WIT  
JUST WISE TENDER MAGNANIMOUS  
HE WON AT EACH STAGE OF A LONG AND TRANQUIL LIFE  
HONOUR CONFIDENCE AND LOVE.

BORN MARCH 8, 1808. DIED DECEMBER 27, 1893.

IN THE RECREATION HALL  
OF THE GORDON BOYS' HOME, CHOBHAM

THIS HOME WAS FOUNDED  
IN MEMORY OF  
MAJOR GENERAL  
CHARLES GEORGE GORDON, C.B.  
A MAN SIMPLE AND HEROIC,  
LOVING RIGHTEOUSNESS AND HATING INIQUITY.  
BORN TO BE A SOLDIER AND A RULER  
HE GAVE HIS HEART  
TO THE YOUNG THE POOR AND THE OUTCAST.  
ACCEPTING THE HARDEST DUTIES  
BUT REFUSING WEALTH AND HONOURS,  
AND COUNTING HIS LIFE AS NOTHING  
IF BY ANY MEANS HE MIGHT LESSEN  
THE MISERIES OF MANKIND,  
IN ALL LONELINESS DANGER AND PERPLEXITY  
<sup>1</sup> "HE ENDURED AS SEEING HIM WHO IS INVISIBLE."

<sup>1</sup> I owe this quotation to the kind suggestion of Professor Jowett, Master of Balliol.

### IN CHINA

BY INSPIRING A DISHEARTENED ARMY  
WITH HIS OWN DAUNTLESS RESOLUTION  
HE DELIVERED THE MOST POPULOUS OF EMPIRES  
FROM THE HORRORS OF CIVIL WAR.

### IN THE SOUDAN

HE STROVE TO SUPPRESS SLAVERY,  
AND BY HIS JUST AND FATHERLY RULE  
WON THE LOVE OF HELPLESS MULTITUDES.

### IN KHARTOUM

CALLED AT A MEMORABLE CRISIS  
TO A TASK OF MERCY BEYOND HUMAN STRENGTH,  
FOR ELEVEN MONTHS HE HELD OUT ALONE,  
DRAWING TO HIMSELF IN THE BELEAGUERED CITY  
THE WONDER AND REVERENCE OF THE WORLD,  
AND THEN FELL AT HIS POST,  
“FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.”

BORN AT WOOLWICH JANUARY 28, 1833.

DIED AT KHARTOUM JANUARY 26, 1885.

PART II  
MISCELLANEA

Πλευστέον· οὐρανόθεν καλέει Θεὸς, οὐδ' ἀπιθήσω·  
 σήμερον ἐκ λιμένος πλεύσομαι εἰς ἄλαδε.  
 οὐδὲ, μόνος περ ἐών, ἔσομαι μόνος, ή γὰρ ἀθρήσω  
 ἐσταότ’ ἐν πρύμνῃ Πηδαλιοῦχον ἐμόν.

### “CROSSING THE BAR”

#### AND A FEW OTHER TRANSLATIONS

“*Surge, aye; tempus adest terreno excedere portu*”:  
*Accipio vocem, nec tamen exsul ero:*  
*Nam prius emensum (spes certa) remetiar aequor,*  
*Tuque gubernabis, Rector, ut ante, ratem.*

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
Preface . . . . .	298
Dedication . . . . .	310

## METRES OF LATIN TRANSLATIONS

I. Elegiac . . . . .	312
II. Sapphic . . . . .	313
III. Asclepiad. ("Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus.")	314
IV. Asclepiad. ("Sic te diva potens Cypri.") . . . . .	315
V. Asclepiad. ("O Navis, referent in mare te novi.")	316
VI. Alcaic . . . . .	317
VII. Archilochian. ("Diffugere nives ; redeunt iam gramina campis.")	318
VIII. Alemanian. ("Te maris et terrae numeroque carentis harenæ.")	319
IX. Pythiambic. ("Altera iam teritur bellis civilibus aetas.")	320
X. Iambic. ("Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis.") . . . . .	321
XI. Hendecasyllabic . . . . .	322
XII. Hexameter . . . . .	323
<hr/>	
XIII. Original Alcaics. (Cf. Hor. I. 34, Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens)	324
XIV. Original Asclepiads. (Cf. Hor. I. 14, O Navis, referent) . . . . .	325

## METRES OF GREEK TRANSLATIONS

	PAGE
XV. Trochaic . . . . .	326
XVI. Elegiac . . . . .	327
XVII. Anapaestic . . . . .	328
XVIII. Sapphic . . . . .	329
XIX. Anacreontic . . . . .	330
XX. Hexameter . . . . .	332
XXI. Iambic . . . . .	333

## LATIN TRANSLATIONS FROM WORDSWORTH

XXII. Lines on the death of Fox. (Asclepiad) . . .	335
XXIII. "A Slumber did my spirit seal." (Elegiac) . .	337
XXIV. "I travelled among unknown men." (Elegiac, Sapphic and Asclepiad) . . . . .	339
XXV. The Fountain. (Asclepiad). . . . .	343
<hr/>	
XXVI. The "Silent Voices." TENNYSON . . . . .	347

## PREFACE

THE beauty and pathos of Lord Tennyson's latest Poem, "Crossing the Bar," are universally acknowledged. Probably it will always be printed at the close of his works, as a fitting Epilogue to a great life. It says to each serious man what at some moments of his life he chiefly wishes to hear. It brings him face to face with death, his own death. It helps him to see and to welcome the presence of death under one of the most august of images—the "one clear call," the inevitable but yet willing obedience, the departure of the lonely vessel from the harbour-mouth into dark unknown seas, yet not without a Pilot long trusted and now fully recognised. It is not surprising that such a picture, noble in conception and exquisitely finished in detail, should haunt the imagination of many readers. That it does possess this haunting spell is proved, I think, by what one hears in common conversation, but partly also by the numerous attempts which have been made to translate it.

For myself it has been a constant companion in solitary walks, in casual journeys, and at other leisure moments, not least when I was staying at Freshwater during part of the last Easter Vacation, when most of the following translations were made. These attempts, in various metres, together with the little epigrammatic poems which have grown out of them, will at least show

the translator's love for his original, if not his skill and success. Success, indeed, in such an enterprise, except of a very limited kind, is out of the question. Anyone who ventures to translate Tennyson must make up his mind to work under the "cold shade" of an abiding consciousness that anything like real success is impossible. The charm of the original lies in perpetual "curiosae felicitates" of expression which cannot be reproduced in another language, consisting as they do partly of musical sounds and partly of stirring or pathetic associations.

To go no further than the Poem now before us, "Crossing the Bar." The very title baffles a translator. To an English ear it suggests something grave and noble, something of struggle to be met bravely, something of pain to be lived down, and then an emerging into some vaster region, or a vanishing into the Unseen and Unknown, like the majestic passing of Oedipus, painless and with "no sadness of farewell," at the loud and repeated summons of the God.

*καλεῖ γὰρ αὐτὸν πολλὰ πολλαχῆ θεός·*

.....  
*άνηρ γὰρ οὐ στενακτὸς οὐδὲ σὺν νόσοις  
 ἀλγεινὸς ἐξεπέμπετ', ἀλλ' εἴ τις βροτῶν  
 θαυμαστός.*

Now the Greek and Latin languages have not only, as a schoolboy would say, no "word for" our English "bar," but, if I mistake not, they have no combination of expressions, connected with the mouth of a harbour, to suggest the mental picture presented to us by the

phrase "Crossing the Bar," a picture, that is, of struggle and victory, the movement of a soul which, after traversing the darkness, comes forth at last, not indeed into light, but into some mysterious and gracious custody.

If this be true, it follows that those of us who have been bold enough to translate the poem have been all alike foredoomed to at least partial failure. The last line, like the title, was out of our reach. We have none of us had a chance of rendering, with any fulness of force and pathos, the closing words,

"When I have crost the bar."

Yet these are the words which have, so to speak, breathed through the poem from the very first. They sum up its whole force and character.

It would not indeed be very difficult to find fair equivalents in Greek and Latin for going across or for overcoming the material barrier presented by the mouth of a harbour, but "a barrier" is not "the bar." "The bar" is a picture, with associations of its own, stirring, pathetic, mysterious; and unless we can hit upon some word or some combination of words equally potent to stir and suggest, adequate translation is impossible.

In my own attempts I have been so conscious of this difficulty that in many instances I have transposed the two last lines. Knowing that I could not adequately render

"When I have crost the bar,"

I have placed my version of these words in the last line but one, and therefore in a subordinate position, reserving for the close the forcible and happily less untranslateable words,

“I hope to see my Pilot face to face.”

Perhaps, indeed, we may lay down the principle that, just in proportion as any rendering of

“I have crost the bar”

seems to fall short of the dignity required for a close, we shall do well to put it in the penultimate line, and to keep for the last line—though not ideally the best arrangement—the more manageable image of the “Pilot.”

Another difficulty, of a more general kind, which meets a translator of Tennyson is the extraordinary force with which the great Master handles English monosyllables. Any student can verify this for himself, and will find the study full of interest, especially if he takes note of the various dates of the poems which he examines, together with their subject and metre. A very few quotations will show what is meant. We will take four from *In Memoriam* and one from *Ulysses*:

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;  
Thou madest Life in man and brute ;  
Thou madest Death ; and lo, thy foot  
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :  
Thou madest man, he knows not why,  
He thinks he was not made to die ;  
And thou hast made him : thou art just.

Again,

And so the Word had breath, and wrought  
 With human hands the creed of creeds  
 In loveliness of perfect deeds,  
 More strong than all poetic thought ;  
  
 Which he may read that binds the sheaf,  
 Or builds the house, or digs the grave,  
 And those wild eyes that watch the wave  
 In roarings round the coral reef.

Again, a verse often near the hearts of Trinity men:  
 ....and all about

The same gray flats again, and felt  
 The same, but not the same ; and last  
 Up that long walk of limes I past  
 To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

And yet again,

.....  
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.  
 Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
 For those that here we see no more ;  
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Or, passing to *Ulysses*, where the nature of the metre makes this singular terseness less a matter of necessity :

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :  
 The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs : the deep  
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,  
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

.....  
 Tho' much is taken, much abides ; and tho'  
 We are not now that strength which in old days  
 Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we are ;  
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Now, if much of the force of these fine passages lies in the use of the monosyllables, it is plain that a translator into Greek and Latin works at a disadvantage. His material stubbornly refuses to be so moulded as to produce a like effect. If he is to produce an effect in any way corresponding, it can only be by some happy ingenuity which looks to the spirit rather than the letter, and calls in sympathy to replace imitation.

For this effort he will find ample scope in the little poem of "Crossing the Bar."

I feel sure that all my brother-translators must have felt their courage somewhat fail when trying to reproduce such lines as these,

"When I put out to sea,"

"Too full for sound and foam,"

"For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far."

The peculiar dignity of such monosyllabic lines can only be secured in translation by the choice of simple but stately expressions which have a characteristic beauty of their own, a beauty suited to the genius of Greek and Latin respectively. To succeed even tolerably in negotiating this exchange of beauty is one of the hardest tasks of the venturesome merchant who traffics in Greek and Roman waters with the "costly bales" of Tennyson.

There are two passages in this short Poem on which I am tempted to say a word because of the special difficulties which they present to the translator.

I. And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
 When I put out to sea,  
 But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
 Too full for sound and foam,  
*When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
 Turns again home.*

What is the exact meaning and construction of the two lines which I have put in italics?

Before we answer the question, it may be well to compare a few other passages of our Poet, both for the general thought and for the use of the word "drew."

In *De Profundis* we have the refrain

"Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep."

This "deep" is further described as

...“that great deep, before our world begins,  
 Whereon the Spirit of God moves as he will,”

and again as

...“that true world within the world we see,  
 Whereof our world is but the bounding shore.”

Also, it is contrasted with

...“that last deep where we and thou are still.”

In the same poem we read

...“that which should be man,  
 From that one light no man can look upon,  
*Drew to this shore lit by the suns and moons  
 And all the shadows.*”

And in the last stanzas of *In Memoriam* we have

“A soul shall *draw* from out the vast  
 And strike his being into bounds.”

From these passages alone it would be clear that the words

“When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home”

refer, in their deeper sense, to the soul or the personality of man. I say “in their deeper sense,” but at the same time it seems also clear that, grammatically considered,

“that which drew from out the boundless deep”

is not the soul, but the tide, or rather, the water of which the tide is composed, the comparison being between the *turn of the tide* and the return of the soul to the deep out of which it came. To preserve this metaphor, and to give it in the form in which the Poet has given it, has severely taxed the resources of all the translators, including my own.

In my first attempt, the Latin Elegiacs at page 312, I was so much under the spell of the passages above quoted from *De Profundis* and *In Memoriam* that I failed to see what now appears to me the undoubted grammatical construction, and translated the couplet

Ex infinito cum vita exorta profundo  
Divinam repetit, prodiit unde, domum.

This rendering implies that the “when” in  
“When that which drew from out the boundless deep”  
corresponds to the “when” in

“When I put out to sea,”

and again

“When I embark,”

whereas it really depends on

“such a tide as moving seems asleep,”

and indicates the moment at which the water of this “full” tide

“Turns again home.”

It would scarcely be worth while to dwell on this distinction were it not that almost all the versions which I have seen appear either to have overlooked or to have been baffled by it. Even in one version, of quite singular excellence, by the illustrious scholar, E. L. L.<sup>1</sup>, who has so peculiar a right to interpret Lord Tennyson, the exact meaning of the words would seem hardly reproduced:

$\mu\eta\delta'$  ἀλὸς βαρύστονος ḥχος εῆ  
 εῦτ' ἀν ἀπέλθω,  
 ῥεῦμα δ' οἰον ἡκα καθεῦδον ἔρποι  
 νόσφιν ἀφλοισμοῦ κελάδον τε πλῆθον,  
 ἀδ' ἀπορροὰ βαθέων ἀπείρων  
 ὅκκ' ἀνακάμψη  
 οἴκαδ' αὐτις.

Admirable as this rendering is, probably the best that we are likely to see in this metre, and particularly happy as is the use of the abstract *ἀπορροὰ* to represent the mysterious vagueness of “that which drew,” still, if the above reasoning be sound, it would seem that we require some word equivalent to *ώς* before *ἀπορροὰ* to bring out the precise meaning of the Poet. Otherwise, we get the meaning, “May the tide sleep when

<sup>1</sup> The late Professor Edmund Law Lushington,  
Brother-in-law of the Poet.

my soul returns home," instead of the more exact, "May the tide sleep, when I put out to sea, *as it does sleep when it is at its turn.*" The former meaning is beautiful, but it is not quite the meaning of Tennyson, or at least it is not expressed quite as he has expressed it.

II. Another line which all translators have found hard to grapple with is

*"For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far..."*

The characteristic note of this line, besides the special force which comes from its monosyllables, is majesty and mystery. To substitute for these any scientific or geographical expression would be an error in taste for which no seeming accuracy could compensate. At any cost the total poetical effect must be preserved.

In my own first translation I despaired of any very close rendering, and preferred

Nam licet hos ultra fines terrenaque claustra,  
as suggesting something vague and not undignified.

In subsequent translations I have been more audaciously literal, and have ventured on such expressions as "terrena temporis et loci claustra," page 314; "oris his temporis et loci," page 316; "hos spatioque et tempore fines descriptos," page 319; and again  $\kappa\lambda\epsilon\theta\rho\omega\nu\tau\omega\nu\delta\epsilon$ ,  $\gamma\eta\varsigma\tau\epsilon\chi\rho\omega\nu\theta'\dot{\nu}\pi\acute{\omega}\chi\omega\nu$ , page 327;  $\kappa\lambda\dot{\gamma}\theta\rho\omega\nu$ ,  $\gamma\alpha\acute{\iota}\alpha\tau\epsilon\chi\rho\omega\nu\tau'\dot{\alpha}\phi\omega\rho\iota\sigma\theta\acute{\epsilon}\nu\tau\omega\nu$ , page 328, κ.τ.λ., while, on page 324, one little Alcaic poem, not a translation, is devoted to the "orae" of the "boundless deep" on

the one hand—a bold and almost paradoxical expression—and the “*orae temporis et loci*” of “our bourne of Time and Place” on the other.

If we adopted the conception as well as the language of Lucretius (see Book I. 329—448), it would doubtless be incorrect to speak of “locus” or “spatium” as having any “orae.” His line, 426,

Tum porro locus ac spatium, quod inane vocamus,

shows that he regards them as identical with his Inane, or Void, and therefore as boundless or borderless, and I suppose the same might be said of Epicurus’ use of  $\tauόπος$ , though I have never investigated this.

But Tennyson’s conception is different. As I understand him, “our bourne of Time and Place” is distinguished from the “boundless deep.” “Time” and “Place” are themselves the borders or edges, “orae,” which mark off our earthly or mortal system from the encompassing illimitable Unknown. The soul which, at its birth, “draws from out the vast” or the “boundless deep,” returns, at the hour of death, into this same “vast” or “deep,” but not without the guidance of its Pilot.

This thought I have attempted to shadow forth in the little poem on page 325, an obvious paraphrase of Horace.

Before closing, it is a pleasure to acknowledge obligations. In two of my renderings I have been consciously assisted by others.

Plenus volvat aquas, sed tamquam dormiat, aestus,  
is the vigorous translation by my friend, Mr H. W. Moss,  
Head Master of Shrewsbury, of the line

“But such a tide as moving seems asleep.”

It has helped me in more than one lyrical version.

Again,  $\tau\alpha\ \delta'\ \epsilon\nu\theta\epsilon\nu\ \dot{o}\rho\phi\nu\acute{\eta}$ , which I have ventured to borrow for the Anacreontics at page 331, is the singularly terse and adequate rendering by E. L. L. of the impressive line

“And after that the dark.”

It remains to offer a word of apology for the perhaps somewhat incongruous insertion of four passages from Wordsworth, pages 334—345. It might be pleaded that they all touch, and with no ordinary pathos and majesty, on the kindred thoughts of decay and death, but the simplest excuse for introducing them here may be found in their essential beauty and my own affection for them.

Wordsworth would have delighted in “Crossing the Bar,” and perhaps we cannot better express our own admiration for the latest offspring of the genius of the Laureate than by saying that it does not suffer from comparison with four acknowledged masterpieces of his illustrious predecessor.

H. M. B.

TRINITY LODGE, CAMBRIDGE

*July, 1890.*

AGNATAE MEAE

CONIUGI DILECTISSIMAE

*Has Tibi, quas sensim vidisti crescere, nugas  
Iure dico; iudex Tu mihi lenis eris.  
Accipe, nec mirare diem si saepe recordor  
Qua mihi sit portus traiciendus obex.  
Sera sit illa dies qua Te quoque, cara, relicto  
Litore, in ignotas auferet aestus aquas.*

## CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me !  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark !  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark ;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.

TENNYSON, 1889.

*“Then they willingly received Him into the ship.”*

S. JOHN VI. 21.

I

*Vespertina sonat vox “carbasa pande” monentis;  
“Ne timeas portum linquere, Rector adest.”  
Nulla mora in nobis: ingens iterabimus aequor  
Hoc Duce securi, nec piget ire domum.*

Vesper adest; adsit: solem mox stella sequetur:  
Tum mihi nec surda vox sonet aure, “redi”:  
Absit aquae gemitus, sileatur ad ostia portus,  
Cum portu exceedens solus in alta vehor.  
Lenis, ut in somno, pleni maris affluat aestus,  
Sic tamen ut spuma vis strepitique vacet,  
Ex infinito veluti cum ducta profundo  
Sistit, et ad propriam vertitur unda domum.  
Vesper adest; dubiae iam lucis ab aede sonabit  
Naenia, tum noctis nigrior umbra cadet:  
Absit amicorum vox lugubris ire vetantum,  
Cum mea se terra solvit itura ratis.  
Nam licet hos ultra fines terrenaque claustra  
Tractibus immensis aequora vasta ferant,  
Spes mihi Rectoris praesentem agnoscere vultum  
Ut primum ignotas experiemur aquas.

*“And one clear call for me.”*

## II

*“Poscimur.”*

δέ δ' ὡς ἐπῆσθετ' ἐκ θεοῦ καλούμενος... SOPHOCLES.

Poscimur: solem sequitur cadentem  
 Vesper; agnosco monitum vocantis:  
 Poscimur; sed ne vada rauca portus  
     Vela daturis  
 Obstrepat: plenus fluat, utque somno  
 Languidus, spumae strepitusque purus,  
 Qui domum, vasto genitus profundo,  
     Vertitur aestus.  
 Luminis campana canet fugacis  
 Naeniam; tum nox ruet atra; sed vos  
 Ne profecturum, veteres amici,  
     Flete sodalem:  
 Nam licet nostris procul actus oris  
 Auferar, portu tamen expeditus  
 Nota Rectoris, neque vota fallent,  
     Ora tuebor.

*“But such a tide as moving seems asleep.”*

## III

*Stagna maris tranquilla vide; dormire putares,  
Tantus habet torpor marmora, tanta quies.  
Fallaris; ecce! fluens madidas tegit aestus harenas,  
Tum refluit; vita est, non sopor, illa quies.*

Solis post obitum fulserit Hesperus;  
Tum me, “surge” vocans, vox semel excitet:  
Sed ne rauca gemant ostia, dum patens  
    E portu in pelagus vehor.  
Plenum volvat aquas, sed quasi dormiat,  
Spumaeque et strepitus impatiens mare,  
Ceu quando unda suam versa petit domum  
    Vasti filia gurgitis.  
Iam de turre sacra naenia languidae  
Lucis signa dabit; tum tenebrae cadent:  
Vos autem, comites, parcite lugubri,  
    Me scandente ratem, “vale”:—  
Nam terrena licet temporis et loci  
Ultra claustra vagis fluctibus auferar,  
Cum portu exiero spes mihi cernere  
    Rectoris faciem mei.

*"Too full for sound and foam."*

## IV

*In vacuis levitas, plenum graviora sequuntur;  
 Plenus aqua placidum dirigit amnis iter:  
 Plenum laetitia vel sollicitudine pectus,  
 Multa premens, spreta garrulitate, silet.*

Solem subsequitur fugax

Vesper, tum vigilem vox semel excitet:

Sed ne rauca gemant vada

Portus, cum pelago carbasa pandimus.

Plenis aestus aquis, carens

Spumaque et strepitu, ceu sopor, affluat,

Vasti gurgitis ut liquor

Cum ductus gremio versus abit domum.

Festinare crepuscula

Iam campana monet; mox tenebrae cadent.

Vos autem, comites, precor,

Me solvente ratem, parcite lacrimis:

Nam terrena licet procul

Ultra claustra vago gurgite deferar,

Trans portus tamen obices

Rectoris faciem conspiciam mei.

*“Twilight and evening bell.”*

*“The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.”* GRAY.

## V

*Vesper abit: quae vox tranquilla crepuscula rumpit?*

*Funebris e sacra naenia turre sonat.*

*Interit una dies: tacito pede siste, viator,*

*Et reputa quid sit vivere, quidque mori.*

Solis flamma perit, mox nitet Hesperus;

Tum me, “surge” iubens, vox semel evocet:

Sed, dum carbasa pando,

Portus ostia ne gemant.

Plenis aestus aquis, et strepitu carens

Et spuma, placide ceu sopor affluat,

Ut cum nata profundo ad

Fontes unda redit suos.

Vespertina sonat naenia luminis

Languentis; tenebrae tum citius ruent:

Neu quis flebile cantet,

Funem cum religo, “vale”:

Namque oris procul his temporis et loci

Quamvis aequor agat, trans tamen ostia

Spes est magna videre

Rectoris faciem mei.

*“And after that the dark!”*

*“And it shall come to pass,  
that at evening time it shall be light.”*

ZECH. XIV. 7.

## VI

*Non semper umbris sera ruit dies  
Caliginosis; vidimus, Hespero  
Surgente, dispelli tenebras,  
Eque iugis radiare lucem.*

Iam sole fesso fulserit Hesperus;  
Tum clara me vox excitet: at, precor,  
Silescat os portus gementis  
Alta petens ubi vela pando.  
Plenum, quietus ceu sopor, affluat,  
Spumam coercens et strepitum, mare,  
Ut, natus immenso profundi,  
Cum reduces trahit aestus undas.  
Crepusculorum tarda nigrantium  
Campana signat funera; tum ruit  
Nox ipsa; sed, scandente navem  
Me, comites, cohibete fletus:  
Nam nostra quamvis gurgite deferar  
Trans claustra longe, praeterito tamen  
Portu, gubernaculum regentis  
Ora mei Ducis intuebor.

*“And may there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark.”*

## VII

*“Frater, ave atque vale!” rapto sic fratre Catullus  
Plorat; “in aeternum, frater, ave atque vale!”  
Nos aliam Vocem, “Frater tuus iste resurget,”  
Iamdudum audimus, Voxque fit illa fides.  
“Frater adempte, vale,” si dicimus, hoc quoque nostrum est  
Dicere, “in aeternum nunc quoque frater eris.”*

Sol cadet, accendet Vesper sua lumina; tum me  
Vox vocet una, “redi.”

Sed ne, cum maris alta peto, minitantia portus  
Ostia rauca gemant.

Ut somno placidus, spuma strepitique repressis,  
Aestus abundet aquis,

Ex infinito ceu cum deducta profundo  
Vertitur unda domum.

Festinare monet campana crepuscula; tum nox  
Occupat atra polum:

Sed vos, me scandente ratem, nolite, sodales,  
Triste iterare “vale!”

Nam licet haec ultra spatia atque has temporis oras  
Auferat unda procul,

Spes mihi Rectoris, vecto super ostia portus,  
Ora videre mei.

*“Je mourrai seul.” PASCAL.*

### VIII

*Solus ab immenso veni, nova vita, profundo,  
Viva anima, humanas hic subitura vices.  
Accipiam monitum retro dare vela iubentis  
Solus, et e portu solus in alta ferar.*

Occidui occiduus solus iubar Hesperus urget,      /  
Tum mihi vox sonet una, “vocaris”:  
Sed ne vento agitata gemant, precor, ostia portus  
Cum nos velificamus in altum.  
Plenus volvat aquas, spuma strepitique carentes,  
Ut somno placidissimus aestus,  
Immenso veluti cum derivata profundo  
Versa domum parat unda relabi.  
Sera, cadente die, campana crepuscula signat,  
Tum noctis ruit umbra nigrantis:  
At vos, O comites, veterem ne flete sodalem  
Dum puppis retinacula solvo:  
Nam licet hos ultra spatioque et tempore fines  
Descriptos procul auferat aequor,  
Rectoris faciem spes est mihi certa tueri,  
Praeterito semel obice portus.

“...daturus  
Plura relictis.” HOR.

## IX

*Quo tendis, exsul, per freta? Quae novam  
Spondet salutem terra vel ambitus  
Ponti? Gubernaclum phaseli  
Quis reget experientis aequor?  
Est Unus, olim Qui tumidas Lacus  
Placavit iras: hoc Duce naves  
Securus inventum relictis  
Divitias pretiosiores.*

Sol cadit, inde rubens axem tenet Hesperus; at nos  
Semel sonans in aure clara vox vocet:  
Sed tumidi ne triste gemant, precor, ostia portus,  
Maris per alta vela cum damus noto.  
Plenus aquis, spumam fremitumque prementia, somno  
Quietiora volvat aestus aequora,  
Vis pelagi immenso ceu cum deducta profundo  
Morata sistit et relabitur domum.  
Aera ex aede monent properare crepuscula; tum nox  
Silens tenebricosa conteget polum.  
At vos, O comites, muliebrem tollite luctum,  
Ratem occupare cum paratus occupo;  
Nam licet hanc ultra terram, mare, sidera, solem  
Remota raptus auferar per aequora,  
Rectorem aspiciam, spes est certissima, portus  
Fugam morantis expeditus ostiis.

?Εγώ εἰμι ἡ ἀνάστασις καὶ ἡ ζωή. S. IOANN. XI. 25.

"*Nox est perpetua una dormienda.*" CATULLUS.

"*Sed omnes una manet nox,  
Et calcanda semel via leti.*" HORACE.

## X

*Quid non debemus Voci nova fata docentis?  
Quantum tristitiae Vox onus illa levat!  
Nunc Fontem vitae 'leti via' dicit ad ipsum,  
'Noctem perpetuam' lux sine fine fugat.  
Quis potuisse dari solatia tanta putasset?  
Quis velit a! demens indubitate datis?*

Solis subbit flamma, surget Hesperus;  
Tum clara vox nomen meum  
Semel vocabit: at, precor, minantia  
Portus gementis ostia,  
Levate tristes navigaturis moras  
Cum vela iam ventis damus:  
Plenis abundet aestus allabens aquis,  
Spumae et tremoris abstinens,  
Lenique, vix auditus, incessu fluat  
Somni silentis aemulo,  
Ceu cum profundo natus immenso liquor  
Domum relapsus vertitur.  
Audin? Sacra de turre sera vox monet  
Instare iam crepuscula;  
Mox ipsa tenebris nox obumbrabit polum.  
At, O sodales, obsecro,  
Nolite lacrimis et dolore prosequi  
Iam vela solventem ratis:  
Nam vasta quamvis aequora auferant procul  
Longe remotas in plagas  
Mundosque non his terminatos finibus,  
Spes magna sustentat tamen:  
Coram intuebor ora Rectoris mei,  
Portus solutus ostiis.

*"The undiscover'd country from whose bourn  
No traveller returns."* SHAKESPEARE.

## XI

*Ire, redire, quid est mortalibus? Unica vitae est  
Meta, ubi praesentis cernimus ora Dei.*

Iam solem premit umbra, iam serenus  
Pallenti face Vesper enitescit:  
Mox vocem accipiam semel vocantis,  
Vocem non dubiam vocantis: at vos,  
Portus ostia, ne gematis oro  
Cum nos lintea tendimus per altum,  
Sed plenus fluat aestus, inquieta  
Spuma maior et improbo tumultu,  
Lenique agmine, more dormientis,  
Immenso velut ortus e profundo  
Cum sistit liquor, et domum recedit.

Iam de turribus aedium sacrarum  
Vespertina crepusculis sonabunt  
Nigrescentibus aera; tum sequetur  
Obscurissima nox. At, O sodales,  
Cum me naviculam meam videtis  
Scandentem, precor, abstinete fletu.  
Nam quamvis procul auferar per undas,  
Ultra oris loca terminata nostris,  
Ultra sidera limitesque rerum,  
At spes magna tenet metumque tollit:  
Nam portu semel expeditus arto  
Rectoris faciem mei tuebor  
Clavum naviculae meae regentis.

*“Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.” II KINGS VI. 16.*

## XII

*Fide Deo: si bella frement, si saeviet hostis,  
Tu noli oppositas enumerare manus.  
Agmina caelicolum circumstant castra piorum,  
Praesentem natis testificata Patrem.*

Finis adest: sol pronus obit, tenet Hesperus axem;  
Iam claro semel ore vocabimur: at mihi portus  
Ostia ne vexata fremant cum solus in altum  
Vela dabo: plenus, spumam aspernatus et iram,  
Tranquillo fluat incessu, ceu dormiat, aestus,  
Qualis ubi, immenso divinitus orta profundo,  
Vis pelagi iam iamque domum sublapsa recedit.

Vesper adest: crevere crepuscula, seraque ab aede  
Aera sacra ferale canunt; tum spissa tenebris  
Nox ruet: at cum iam extremum me solvere funem  
Hora monet, ne triste gemat vox aegra querentum  
Per lacrimas, “fugiture, vale!” Namque avia quamvis  
Auferat unda procul, procul a terrestribus oris,  
Ultra anni solisque vias et sidera nostra,  
Quicquid erit, spes certa tamen iam lumine claro  
Ipsum Rectorem praesentiaque ora tueri  
Cum portu eluctati ingens intrabimus aequor.

*“From the great deep to the great deep he goes.”*

### XIII

*Vita hominum, vastis olim deducta profundis,  
Aestu converso, vasta profunda petit.*

Olim a profundi fine carentibus  
 Oris ad oras temporis et loci  
     Devectus infans, nunc retrosum  
         Vela dare atque iterare cursus  
 Cogor senescens. Ibumus, ostiis  
 Portus relictis, ibimus aequoris  
     Tractus remensi patentis  
         Innumeros fragili phaselos.  
 Quid si minaci murmure fluctuans  
 Spumescit aestus? Praeteritis semel  
     Claustris, gubernaculum regentis  
         Ora mei Ducis intuebor.

*“Nos manet Oceanus circumvagus: arva, beata  
Petamus arva, divites et insulas.”*

HORACE.

## XIV

*“Fortiter occupa”  
Pontum.*

O navis, referent in mare te novi  
Fluctus? Sume animos, nec redditum time;  
Vastum emensa profundum  
Quondam, cursum itera libens.  
Intentata nocent aequora navitae,  
Tu provisa petis: tu semel ostiis  
Eluctata videbis  
Rectoris faciem tui.

*“The flood may bear me far.”*

*“The darkness and light to Thee are both alike.”*

Ps. cxxxix. 11.

## XV

*Auferet unda procul; procul in maris abdita raptus  
Solus ero, dextra fultus, ut ante, Tua.  
Hic etiam Tua me ducet manus, hic quoque densas  
Per tenebras clarum lux Tua findet iter.  
Umbra etenim non umbra Tibi est, nox aequa diei,  
Nec duo sunt, sed idem, lumen et umbra Tibi.*

Ιλευστέον· τὸ μέλλον ἥξει· δύσεται μὲν ἥλιος,  
Ἐσπερος δ' ἄνεισιν ἀστήρ· εἴτ' ἀκούσομαι μίαν  
εὐμαθῆ καλοῦντος αὐδήν· ἀλλὰ μή τις ἐμποδὼν  
ἐκπλέοντί μοι γένοιτο λιμένος οἰμωγὴ στενοῦ.  
ἡρέμ' ἡ θάλασσα κλύζοιτ', ἡρέμ' ώς εὔδουσ' ὁρᾶν,  
ündati πληθύουσα κοιμᾶν ὥστ' ἀφρόν τε καὶ βοήν·  
οἶον ἐκ βάθους παλαιὸν κῦμ' ἀπείρονος γεγώς  
ἐξ ὑποστροφῆς ἔκαμψε πάλιν ἐπ' οἰκεῖον βάθος.  
πυργόθεν κλάζουσα κώδων ἀγγελεῖ μαυρουμένην  
Ἐσπέραν, ἔπειτ' ἐφέρψει νυκτὸς αἰανὲς κνέφας.  
ἀλλ', ὅταν μ' ἐμβάντ' ἵδητε νηὸς, ὃ φίλοι, φίλον  
μὴ δακρύμασιν προπέμψητ· ἦν γὰρ ἐκ τούτων μ' ἐκὰς  
γῆς τε καὶ χρόνου μέτροισιν ἐρκέων ὠρισμένων,  
κυμάτων ὑπερθ', ἀτερμον πέλαγος ἔξαναρπάση,  
ἔλπις ἐστ' ἄντην ἀθρῆσαι τὸν ἐμὸν Οἰακοστρόφον,  
λιμένος ἥνικ' ἀν στενωποὺς διαπεραιωθῶ πύλας.

*"I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar."*

## XVI

*Fide minus portu, noli diffidere ponto;  
Pontus enim Christo iam Duce portus erit.*

Δύσεται Ἡέλιος, ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἔψεται Ἔσπερος ἀστὴρ,  
κάμ', ἐφάπαξ κελαδεῦσ', ὅσσα τις ἐκκαλέει.  
εἰθ' ἀνέχοι στοναχὰς λιμένος στόμα, κύματα κοιμῶν,  
εὗτ' ἀν ἐγὼ στείλω νῆ̄ ἐπ' ἀτέρμον' ἄλα.  
πλήρης Ὄκεανοῦ κλύζοι ρόος, οἶά περ εὔδων,  
πλήρης ὕστ' ἀφρὸν καὶ ταραχὴν στορέσαι,  
ώς ὅτ' ἀν ἐκ βάθεος μέγ' ἀπείρονος ἔλκυσταν ἀρχὴν  
ρένμα μεταστρέφθη καὶ πάλιν οἴκαδ' ἵη.  
ἔσπερίη κώδων κνέφας ἀγγελέει φθινύθοντος  
ἡματος, εἰθ' ἥξει νὺξ σκότον ἔσσαμένη.  
ῳ φίλοι, ἀλλ' ἀλίης ἐμβάντα με νηὸς ἰδόντες  
μή μ' ἀποκωκύσητ' οἴκτρ' ὀλοφυρόμενοι.  
κἄν γὰρ ἐπ' Ὄκεανοῦ κλείθρων μ' ἀπὸ τηλόσε τῶνδε,  
γῆς τε χρόνου θ' ὑπόχων, κύματα μακρὰ φέρῃ,  
ἰλλὰ Κυθερνήτην προσιδεῦν ἐμὸν ἔλπομαι ἄντην,  
εὗτ' ἀν ἀμείψωμαι δυσκέλαδον λιμένα.

*“A soul shall draw from out the vast.”*

*In Memoriam.*

## XVII

*Ex infinito prodit nova vita profundo,  
Incipit et nasci, vivere iussus, homo.*

Ἡλιος ἥδη δύνει, φαέθει δ'  
Ἐσπερος ἀστήρ· κάμε τις ὄμφὴ,  
κελαδοῦσ' ἐφάπαξ, τάχα θωύξει,  
Καιρὸς ἀπάραι.  
καὶ μὴν λιμένος στόμα σιγῷῃ,  
κοιμῶν στοναχὰς ἐκπλευσομένῳ·  
πλήρης δὲ ὑδάτων κλύζοι πόντος,  
χωρὶς μὲν ἀφροῦ χωρὶς δὲ βοῆς,  
ἔρπων ἀτρέμας εῦδειν δὲ δοκῶν,  
ώς κῦμα βάθους ἐξ ἀπεράντου  
τὴν ὡγυγίαν ἔλκυσταν ἀρχὴν,  
στροφοδινηθὲν,  
βάθος εἰς ἀπέραντον ἔκαμψε.  
φῶς μὲν ἀμαυροῖ κνέφας, ἐσπερία δ'  
ἡχεῖ κώδων· καὶ τ' ὁρφναίᾳ  
πόλον οὐράνιον νυκτὶ καλύψει  
σκότος αἰανής.  
νῦμεῖς δὲ, φίλοι, μή μ' ὀλοφυρμοῖς  
ἐμβάντα νεώς τλῆτε προπέμψαι.  
κἄν γὰρ τηλόσε τῶνδ' ἀπὸ κλήθρων,  
γαίᾳ τε χρόνῳ τ' ἀφορισθέντων,  
πελάγους με φέρῃ κύματ' ἀπείρονος,  
ἀλλ' οὖν ἔλπομαι, ἔλπομαι, ώνδρες,  
τὸν ἐμὸν προσιδεῖν Οἰακοστρόφον  
ἀντίον ἄντην,  
λιμένα στονόεντα περάσας.

Θαρσεῖτε, ἐγώ εἰμι· μὴ φοβεῖσθε. S. MATT. XIV. 27.

## XVIII

*Cum portu exieris, nihil est tibi, nauta, timendum;  
Obice praeterito, planius aequor erit.*

*Ipse Gubernator vigilat, ne nocte per umbram  
Vel tempestates incomitatus eas.*

"Ἄλιος μὲν δύστεται, ἐκ δ' ἄνεισιν  
"Εσπερος, καὶ μὰν καλέει τόκ' ὁμφά μ'  
εὐμαθῆς ἅπαξ· λιμένος δὲ μὴ κύρσ-  
αιμι βρέμοντος  
ἐκπλέων· πλήρης ρόος ἀφρὸν ἔργοι  
καὶ βοῶν, εὖδειν δοκέων, ὅποῖον  
κῦμ' ἀπείρονος βάθεος τεκνωθὲν  
οἴκαδ' ἔκαμψε.

φθέγξεται κώδων φάεος φθίνοντος  
δύψ', ἔπειθ' ἥξει σκότος· ἀλλ', ἔταιροι,  
μὴ με κωκύσητ' ἐπιβάντ' ἐρεμνᾶς  
ναὸς ἰδόντες.

κὴν γὰρ ἔρκεων ἀπὸ γαίῶν τῶνδ'  
οἶδμ' ἀπουρίσῃ μ' ἑκὰς, εὑ̄ πέποιθα  
τὸν Κυβερνάταν ποτιδεῖν, διαύλου  
στείνε' ἀμείψας.

<sup>ι</sup>Ω γαίας κύματα πιστότερα. *Anthologia.*

## XIX

*Terra dabit portum, pontus dabit aequor arandum;  
Saepe tamen portu tutius aequor erit.*

‘Ο μὲν ἥλιος δέδυκεν,  
τὸ δ’ ἄρ’ ‘Εσπέρου φλέγει πῦρ,  
ἐμὲ δ’ ἐκ θεῶν τις ὀμφὴ,  
κελαδοῦσ’ ἄπαξ, ἀντει.  
λιμένοις δὲ μὴ τύχοιμι  
βαρέως ἄγαν στένοντος,  
ὅταν ίστι εἰς ἀμαυρὰν  
ἄλα ναυστολῶν ἀείρω.  
τὸ δὲ πλῆρες εἴθε, πλῆρες,  
κελάδουν τ’ ἀφροῦ τ’ ἄναυδον,  
ἀπιόντα ρεῦμ’ ἐνέγκαι μ’,  
ἀτάρακτον, οἵ τ’ ὑπνωθέν.  
ἄλὸς ὕσπερ ἐν διαύλοις  
τὸ παλίρροπόν ποθ’ ὕδωρ,  
βαθέων γεγὼς ἀπείρων,  
ἀνέκαμψεν οἴκαδ’ αὐθις.

Τάχα μὲν βραδεῖα κώδων  
 κνέφας ἀγγελεῖ πρόσερπον  
 νύχιον, τὰ δ' ἐνθεν ὄρφνὴ  
 πόλον οὐρανοῦ καλύψει.  
 τότε δ', ὡς φίλοι, βλέποντές μ'  
 ἀκάπτου πιβάντ' ἐρεμνῆς,  
 γοεροῖσι μή μ' ἀπαιροντ'  
 ὀλολύγμασιν προπέμψητ'.  
 ἀπὸ μὲν γὰρ ἐρκέων τῶνδ',  
 ὑπόχων χρόνου τε γαίας θ',  
 ἔκας, οἰδ', ἀναρπάσει με  
 πελάγους ἄτερμον ὕδωρ.  
 λιμένος δ' ὅμως ὅταν περ  
 κρυερὸν στόμ' ἐκπεράσω,  
 Φίλον ἐλπὶς εἰσαθρῆσαι  
 σκάφος ἀμὸν δος κυβερνᾶ.

...θάνατος δέ μοι ἐξ ἀλὸς αὐτῷ  
ἀβληχρὸς μάλα τοῖος ἐλεύσεται, ὃς κέ με πέφνῃ,  
γῆρα' ὑπὸ λιπαρῷ ἀρημένον· ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ  
οἰλβιοὶ ἔσσονται.

*Odyssey.*

## XX

*Felix cui tranquilla datur post dura senectus,  
Obrepitque silens ipsa suprema dies,  
Dum patriae nomen crescit crescentibus annis,  
Nec queritur natos degenerasse pater.*

Δύσετ' ἄρ' ἡέλιος, ἐπὶ δ' ἥλυθεν "Ἐσπερος ἀστήρ·  
νῦν δὲ τάχ' οὐρανόθεν καλέει Θεὸς, οὐδέ ἔ φημι  
δίσ με καλέσσεσθαι, μία δ' οἴη γίγνετ' ἐφετμή.  
ἄλλα μοι ἐν προχοῇς λιμένος μή που στόνος εἴη  
ἡματι τῷ, ὅτε μέλλω ἐνήσεμεν εὐρέῃ πόντῳ.  
ἡρέμα δ' εὔκηλος ἔρποι ρόος, ὕδατι πλήθων,  
ἀφροῦ ἄτερ κελάδου θ', ὑπνῳ ἄγχιστα ἐοικώς,  
ώς ὅτ' ἀν ἐκπρορέοντ' ἀπ' ἀπείρονος Ὁκεανοῖο  
κύματ' ἀνακλινθέντα πάλιν οἰκόνδε νέηται.

"Ηδη μὲν κνέφας ἥλυθ' ἐπὶ χθόνα, ἐκ δ' ἄρα κώδων  
ἐσπερίη κέκληγε τελεσφόρος, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα  
νὺξ ἔσετ· ἀλλά μοι αἴθε νεὸς ἀλίης ἐπιβάντι  
μήτις ἐπιστενάχοιτο φίλων, κατὰ δάκρυον εἴβων  
ἀχνύμενος· αἱ γάρ κεν ὑπὲρ μέγα λαῖτμα θαλάσσης  
τῆσδ' αἵης μάλα πολλὸν ἀπόπροθι τῆλε φέρωμαι,  
τηλόσ' ἀπ' ἡελίοιο καὶ οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόεντος,  
ἐλπωρή μοι ἔσαντα Κυβερνήτης ἐσιδέσθαι  
όππότε κεν λιμένος κρυερὸν στόμα νηὶ περίσω.

*“And goodbye to the bar and its moaning.”*

C. KINGSLEY.

## XXI

*Portus amice, vale! tu meque meosque tot annos  
Fovisti; nunc te linquere iussus eo.  
Sis proficiscenti clemens, absiste minari;  
A! nimium a multis portus amate, Vale!*

"Εσται τάδ', ἔσται· δύσεται μὲν ἥλιος,  
πόλω δ' ἄνεισιν "Εσπερος· κάπειτ' ἐμοὶ  
δομφή τις ἥξει θεόθεν, εὐμαθὴς, ἅπαξ,  
πλεῦσαι κελεύοντος λιμένος ἐμποδὼν βρέμοι,  
ἀλλ' ἡρέμ' ἔρποι πόντος, ώς εὔδειν δοκῶν,  
πλήρης, ἀφροῦ τε καὶ βοῆς ἀναίτιος,  
βάθους ὁποῖον κῦμ' ἀπείρονος γεγών  
ἔπειτ' ἔκαμψε πάλιν ἐπ' οἰκεῖον βάθος.  
ἡδη κυνεφαίας ἐσπέρας σεμνόστομός  
κώδων φανεῖ φθινάσματ'· εἰθ' ἔξει τὸ πᾶν  
ὅρφνη κελαινῆς νυκτός· ἀλλ' ὑμεῖς, φίλοι,  
μὴ δῆτα μή μ' οἰκτροῖσιν ἐμβάντα σκάφους  
δάκρυσι προπέμψητ· ἦν γὰρ ἔρκεων ἄπο  
τούτων, χρόνου τε γῆς θ' ὄροις πεφραγμένων,  
τὸ τηλέπομπον πέλαγος ἀρπάζη μ' ἔκας,  
ἀλλ' ἐλπὶς ἐσιδεῦν τὸν ἐμὸν Οἰακοστρόφον  
λιμένος περαιωθέντι δύστονον στόμα.

## XXII

## ON THE EXPECTED DEATH OF MR FOX, 1806

*“Such ebb and flow must ever be.”*

And many thousands now are sad—  
Wait the fulfilment of their fear;  
For he must die who is their stay,  
Their glory disappear.

A Power is passing from the earth  
To breathless Nature's dark abyss:  
But when the great and good depart,  
What is it more than this—

That Man, who is from God sent forth,  
Doth yet again to God return?—  
Such ebb and flow must ever be,  
Then wherefore should we mourn?

WORDSWORTH.

## XXII

*Aestus in humanis rebus; nunc vita profundo  
Affluit e vasto, nunc revoluta redit.*

Et nunc mille dolent anxia pectora,  
Expectantque metus, quam citus, exitum :  
Nam quem dulce decus, quem columen, vocant,  
    Morti debitus interit,  
Terraque exit iners quod fuerat potens,  
Naturae exanimis cedit in abdita :  
Sed matura bonos mors quoties rapit,  
    Quid praeter solitum facit ?  
Magnas quippe animas, quas dedit interim,  
Funetas officio nunc revocat Deus :  
Sic mortale fluit, sic refluit, mare ;—  
    Nos quid vana dolebimus ?

1887.

*“She lived unknown, and few could know  
 When Lucy ceased to be:  
 But she is in her grave, and, oh !  
 The difference to me !”*

WORDSWORTH.

## XXIII

*“Sunt lacrimae rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.”* VIRGIL.

A slumber did my spirit seal,  
 I had no human fears ;  
 She seemed a thing that could not feel  
 The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force,  
 She neither hears nor sees,  
 Rolled round in earth’s diurnal course  
 With rocks, and stones, and trees.

WORDSWORTH.

## XXIII

Δάκρυα δακρύουσιν ὁφεῖλομεν· Αὐτὸς Ἰησοῦς  
δάκρυσεν, Μάρθαν δακρυχέουσαν ἰδών.

Caecus eram, mentemque sopor, eeu nocte, premebat,  
Nec causam sensi stultus adesse metus:  
Nec mala, quae tangunt alias, mortalia quivi  
Credere Nausicaen tangere posse meam.  
“Nausicae non est aevo violabile,” rebar,  
“Terra nihil tali quod minitetur habet.”  
Nunc ubi Nausicae? Nec vis nec motus in illa est;  
Nil capit illa oculis, auribus illa nihil:  
Exanimem exanimis, cursu revoluta diurno,  
Cum saxis tellus arboribusque rapit.

*September, 1887.*

## XXIV

*"She died, and left to me  
This heath, this calm and quiet scene,  
The memory of what has been,  
And never more will be."*

WORDSWORTH.

I travelled among unknown men,  
In lands beyond the sea;  
Nor, England, did I know till then  
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream !  
Nor will I quit thy shore  
A second time; for still I seem  
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel  
The joy of my desire;  
And she I cherished turned her wheel  
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed  
The bowers where Lucy played;  
And thine is too the last green field  
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

WORDSWORTH.

## 1

*Exsul invitus.*

*Sunt loca quae sociis sociorum vita sacravit,*  
*Sunt loca quae viduis mors quoque sacra facit.*

Inter ignotos homines et ultra  
 Terminos nostri maris evagabar,  
 Nec prius quam tu mihi dulcis esses,  
 Patria, noram.

Somnium fugit grave quo premebar,  
 Nec tuos fines iterum relinquam,  
 Singulis O quae fieri videris

Carior annis.

Nam tui montes calido iuventa  
 Spiritum primi dederant amoris,  
 Et tuis devota focus trahebat

Lucia pensum.

Sol tuus pulchras, tua Luna, tinxit  
 Arbores, nostrae latebras puellae,  
 Quae tua aspexit moriens supremo  
 Pascua visu.

ST ENOGAT, NORMANDY, September 21, 1896.

## 2

Ignotos homines inter peregrinus in oris  
*tu*      Dum vagor exterhis, dissociante mari,  
 Tum primum sensi quam tu mihi cara fuisses,  
 Terra parens, patriam quid sit amare suam.  
 Sonnia fuderunt, veteris monumenta doloris;  
 Non iterum ex isto cogar abire sinu:  
 Nam, quot eunt anni, tu gratior esse videris,  
 Mater, et amplector te pietate nova.  
 Quippe tui montes, quorum puer incola vixi,  
 Securae dederant gaudia nosse fide:  
 Tuque focum dederas quem propter amata sedebat  
     Lucia, cum traheret lanea pensa colo.  
 Tu noctesque diesque dabas qui dulce puellae  
     Vel nitidum facerent occulerentve nemus;  
 Tu virides agros nisu quos illa supremo  
     Iam moriens oculo deficiente petit.

STEAMER FROM ST MALO TO SOUTHAMPTON.  
*September 21, 1896.*

## 3

Ignotos homines inter in exteris  
 Erravi populis trans maris aequora,  
 Nec te, patria, noram  
     Quanti cor faceret meum.  
 Fugerunt pueri somnia tristia,  
 Nec iam causa tuo est cur vager e sinu;  
 Nam tu, cara, videris  
     Cultu dignior indies.  
 Montes quippe tui gaudia copulae  
 Optatae dederant; tu dederas focum  
     Qua dilecta trahebat  
         Pensum Lucia laneum.  
 Ostendit tua lux, nox tua condidit  
 Lucos illa quibus ludere gestiit;  
     Campos illa virentes  
         Respexit moriens tuos.

WHITTESFORD, *September 28, 1896.*

## XXV

## THE FOUNTAIN

*“Thus fares it still in our decay;  
And yet the wiser mind  
Mourns less for what age takes away  
Than what it leaves behind.”*

We lay beneath a spreading oak,  
Beside a mossy seat;  
And from the turf a fountain broke,  
And gurgled at our feet.

\*       \*       \*       \*

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed  
The spring beneath the tree;  
And thus the dear old man replied,  
The gray-hair'd man of glee:—

“Down to the vale this water steers;  
How merrily it goes!  
’Twill murmur on a thousand years,  
And flow as now it flows.

“And here, on this delightful day,  
I cannot choose but think  
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay  
Beside this fountain's brink.

## XXV

Ίώ βρότεια πράγμαθ'· ώς τὰ μὲν καλὰ,  
 ήβης ἀγάλμαθ' ἵρ', οὐ συλήτωρ χρόνος  
 ἀφήρπαστ· εἴ τι δ' αἰσχρὸν ἢ λυπηρὸν ἦν,  
 οὐκ ἡφάνισται ταῦθ' ὑπ' αἰῶνος μακροῦ,  
 ἀλλ' ἐντέτηκε τάνδρὶ, συγκεκραμένα,  
 δύσνιπτα, δυσκάθαρτα, σύντροφον μύσος·  
 καὶ ταῦτ' ἔκείνων μᾶλλον οἰκτείρω πολύ.

Cf. AESCH. *Ag.* 1327—1330.

Quercu sub patula membra reponimus,  
 Praebet museus ubi viva sedilia;  
 Subter de viridi caespite fons scatens  
 Argutum sonat ad pedes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Et primum ille silet, qui comes assidet,  
 Fontem despiciens; tum loquitur senex  
 Quo non ullus erat promptior ad iocos,  
 Quo non ullus amatior.

“Ad vallem,” inquit, “iter lympha regit suum;  
 Laetanti similem currere crederes:  
 Anni quotquot eunt, murmure garrulo,  
 Quo nunc more fluit, fluet.  
 Atque hic, luce dies dum nitet aurea  
 Tam dulcis, nequeo non meditarier  
 Primaevō quoties flore quieverim  
 Fontanum hunc prope marginēin:

“My eyes are dim with childish tears,  
 My heart is idly stirr’d,  
 For the same sound is in my ears  
 Which in those days I heard.

“Thus fares it still in our decay;  
 And yet the wiser mind  
 Mourns less for what age takes away  
 Than what it leaves behind.

“The blackbird in the summer trees,  
 The lark upon the hill,  
 Let loose their carols when they please,  
 Are quiet when they will.

“With Nature never do *they* wage  
 A foolish strife: they see  
 A happy youth, and their old age  
 Is beautiful and free:

“But we are press’d by heavy laws,  
 And often, glad no more,  
 We wear a face of joy because  
 We have been glad of yore.

“If there is one who need bemoan  
 His kindred laid in earth,  
 The household hearts that were his own,  
 It is the man of mirth.

“My days, my friend, are almost gone,  
 My life has been approved,  
 And many love me; but by none  
 Am I enough beloved.”

WORDSWORTH.

Spectantisque oculi stant puerilibus  
 Suffusi lacrimis; pectus inaniter  
 Turbat, dum sonitus auribus haurio  
 Quos olim puer audii.

Haec fractis senio sors data, nec tamen  
 Tam lugere volet mens sapientior  
 Quae tempus fugiens abstulerit bona  
 Quam quae prava reliquerit.

Contemplator aves, sive per arbores  
 Aestivae aut viridi colle super volant:  
 Hae cantare vacant ut lubet, ut lubet  
 Indulgere silentio:

Hae non indocili vana superbia  
 Naturae arma movent: lenia tempora  
 Sic ducunt iuvenes, nec sine simplici  
 Libertate senescitur.

Nos parere iugo dura necessitas  
 Cogit, iamque vacans lactitia senex  
 Laetantis faciem saepe gerit, quia  
 Laetari est solitus puer.

A! cum terra tegit quos quis amaverit,  
 Consortes animas, corda domestica,  
 Quem non flere decet? Sed flet amarius  
 Quo quis lusibus aptior.

Nos iam meta vocat, Postume, nec queror  
 Quod se nostra parum vita probaverit;  
 Nam me multa fovent corda sodalium,  
 Sed non ulla fovent satis."

## XXVI

*"Prospice!"* R. BROWNING.

## THE SILENT VOICES

When the dumb Hour, clothed in black,  
Brings the Dreams about my bed,  
Call me not so often back,  
Silent Voices of the dead,  
Toward the lowland ways behind me,  
And the sunlight that is gone !  
Call me rather, silent Voices,  
Forward to the starry track  
Glimmering up the heights beyond me  
On, and always on !

TENNYSON, 1892.

## XXVI

*O tacitae voces alta docete loqui.*

Cum venit hora silens, pullo circumdata velo,  
Circumstantque torum somnia nigra meum,  
O tacitae voces, longa iam morte sepultae,  
Ne retro totiens me revocate, precor !  
Ima repraesentare piget : cur hic morer infra,  
Elanguescentes sole premente faces ?  
Quin potius, tacitae voces, tacita ora, silentum  
Sidereos tractus cogitis ire super,  
Ut tuear summos scandentia lumina montes,  
Altius et stellas altius usque sequar !

## IN MEMORIAM FRANKLIN

## INTRODUCTION TO "VERSUS TENNYSONIANI"

In 1882 Canon Arthur Wright published numerous translations of Tennyson's Epitaph on Sir John Franklin.

My own Translations and Paraphrases are here given.

H. M. B.

Not here: the white North has thy bones; and thou,  
    Heroic sailor soul,  
Art passing on thine happier voyage now  
    Toward no earthly pole.

TENNYSON.

## I

Οὐ τῆδε· οὐ τάφος ἐστίν· ἔκας, μεγάθυμε, κέχωσαι·  
 ὀστέα δ' ἀμφιχυθεὶς λευκὸς ἔχει βορέας·  
 ψυχὴ δ' ἡ μακαρῖτις ἀκύμονα πόντου ἀλάται,  
 ἡρέμ' ἐρεσσομένη πρὸς πόλον οὐρανιδῶν.

## II

Τῆδε μὲν οὐ κεῖσαι· βορέας νέκυν ἀμφεκάλυψε  
 χιόνεος· σὺ δὲ, ναῦτα, θεῷ φίλε, φαίδιμος ἥρως,  
 οἶος, γῆς ἀπάνευθεν, ἀπέιρονα κύματα τάμνων,  
 πρὸς πόλον ἡμετέρου μέγ' ἀμείνονα ποντοπορεύεις.

## III

Κενὸν τόδ' ἄγγος· βορεὰς ἀμφέπει χιὼν  
 νέκυν· σὺ δ', ἥρως, ναυτίλων ἀγνὸν σέβας,  
 εὐημερῶν τὸ λοιπὸν, οὐρίᾳ πνοῇ  
 πόλον ματεύεις τῆσδε γῆς ὑπέρτερον.

## IV

Non hic, magne, iaces : Boreas habet ossa nivalis,  
 Ause polum titulis addere, nauta, tuis.  
 Carpe serenus iter ; nunc te polus attrahit alter,  
 Et freta terrenae non adeunda rati.

## V

Hic legitur nomen : Boreas habet ossa, sed Ipse,  
 Probate nauta tot laboribus, novum  
 Carpis iter, non iam terrena per aequora vectus,  
 Sereniore sed mari sequens polum.

## VI

Hinc abes ; ossa procul Boreas habet algidus. Ipse  
 Non nostrum adveheris, nauta beate, polum.

## VII

*Idem per periphrasin.*

Non hac quiescis sede<sup>1</sup>: Trionibus  
 Subter nivosis ossa rigent tua,  
 Dux magne nautarum, gelatas  
 Ause poli reserare fauces.  
 Nunc puriorem, sancte, sub aethera  
 Praesentiori numine navigas,  
 Tractusque caelestes, polique  
 Claustra novi meliora nostris.

## VIII

*Idem aliter per periphrasin.*

Hinc abes: longe Boreas sepulcro  
 Ossa candenti tumulata servat,  
 Nauta, nautarum decus, et petita  
 Nobilis Arcto.  
 Tu tamen, cursu potiore felix,  
 Sancte, mortales fugitura visus  
 Astra jam metire, polumque nostra  
 Nocte carentem.

<sup>1</sup> .....non hac in sede quiescent  
 Tam sacri cineres.—Lucan, *Pharsalia*, VIII. 769.

## FLEBILIS ARBOR

## INTRODUCTION

In 1870 I was visiting the late Earl Spencer, my old Harrow schoolfellow, at the Vice-regal Lodge, Dublin. Walking in the gardens one morning I noticed a Memorial Stone with an Inscription.

The Inscription was written by the Earl of Carlisle to commemorate a touching incident, namely the planting of a Tree (*Pinus Insignis*) by the Countess of St Germans, while her Husband was Lord Lieutenant. Within a year the Tree withered and died, and the Lady died in the same month.

Many translations in many languages were the result of this pathetic coincidence, at the invitation of kind Sir J. Bernard Burke, Ulster King of Arms.

My own contributions are subjoined.

H. M. B.

## AD LIBELLUM PROFECTURUM

Vade, liber, mea cura diu ! pete fortiter altum ;  
 Vaðe, nec in portu te retinere velim.

I pete lectores, queis commenderis, amicos :  
 Si tibi diffidis, causa det ipsa fidem.

Te Dominae memisisse iuvet ; quae gratia vivae  
 Contigit, hanc spera te quoque posse sequi.

Nec famae premat aegra sitis ; sat honoris habeto,  
 Si modo, cui placeas, unus et alter erit.

Vade, bonis placiture ! bonis mandata resuba :  
 Obvia si fuerit turba maligna, tace.

Effuge plebeios, vel parcus utere, coetus ;  
 Est ubi iudicibus non placuisse placet.

Virginis in collo lucet pretiosa smaragdus,  
 Nec viret, immundas si iacis ante sues.

Tu quoque vulgari tua munera subtrahe visu :  
 Sacra vehis ; trutina merx eget ista sua.

Si tamen illustres animas et Apolline dignas  
 Reppereris, totos pande, libelle, sinus.

Cui pietatis amor, cui corda experta dolendi,  
 Pectoraque immeritis incalitura malis,

Hunc cape censorem ; sed ne notet acrius, ora ;  
 Hic erit, oblatas qui tueatur opes.

Si quis erit, tumidum qui quo duce carpseris aequor,  
 Quaeve ministerii sit tibi causa, roget,  
 Omnia fac memores; qui fons, quae meta, laboris:  
 Quo pia ludebat Silvia, pinge nemus.  
 Dic Pinum, properamque necem: tum plura petenti  
     Haec quoque, nec timido, signifer, ore refer:  
 “Ulsterus, Armorum cui Regia iure potestas,  
     “Haec mihi pro Domina signa ferenda dedit.  
 “Scilicet humanis vicibus mansuescere doctus  
     “Viderat hic propriae quod foret artis opus.  
 “Nec voluit crista clypeove carere tuentis  
     “Casus femineos arboreamque fidem.”

MDCCCLXX.

## THE INSCRIPTION

Poor tree! a gentle mistress placed thee here,  
To be the glory of the glade around:  
Thy life has not survived one fleeting year,  
And she too sleeps beneath another mound.

But mark what diff'reng terms your fates allow,  
Tho' like the period of your swift decay:  
Thine are the sapless root and withered bough;  
Her's the green mem'ry and immortal day.

CARLISLE.

VICE-REGAL LODGE, 1856.

## 1

Hic ubi te posuit pia Silvia, flebilis arbor !  
“ Tu nemoris nostri gloria,” dixit, “ eris.”  
Vix unum tibi vita fugax superavit in annum ;  
Silvia sub tumulo dormit et ipsa suo.

Tabe pari tamen usa pari non uteris aevo,  
Nec similis vitae limes utramque manet.  
Est tibi truncus iners, tibi membra carentia succo ;  
Illi amor usque virens, et sine morte dies.

HARROW, June 9, 1870.

## 2

Flebilis,—nam te generosa frustra  
 Silvia umbrosae dedit esse plebi  
 Principem, fluxos dolitaram honores—

Flebilis arbor !

Te brevem cursum fugientis anni  
 Invidiae nolunt superasse Parcae :  
 Ipsa longinquo tumulata busto  
Silvia dormit.

Sed licet velox utriusque eadem  
 Falce cervicem Libitina caedat,  
 Non pari meta Dea terminandum  
Destinat aevum.

Sicca te radix dedit, arbor, Orco et  
 Marcidae frondes : viret Illa nostris  
 Cordibus, lucemque tuetur atra  
Nocte carentem.

HARROW, 1870.

## 3

O quam nefasto constituit die  
 Regina reginam, ut decus adderes  
 Silvis, et umbroso vireres  
 Imperio, miseranda Pinus !  
 Sceptro potitae quam brevis avolat  
 Uno vel anno vita fugacior !  
 Quin Ipsa, non lapsae superstes,  
 Sub patria iacet exsul herba.  
 Atqui procellae par licet impetus  
 Vastarit ambas, non parili tamen  
 Fuso, nec aequatis honores  
 Staminibus tribuere Parcae.  
 Tu marcidarum funera frondium  
 Stirpemque demptis ingemis aridam  
 Succis, at immortalis Illi  
 Laus viret, et sine nube soles.

HARROW, 1870.

Ἐλεαιρομέν σε, δένδρον,  
 ὅτι δεῦρ' ἔθηκέ σ' ἀβρὰ  
 βασίλεια, γειτονούντων  
 ἵνα δὴ φυτῶν ἀνάσσοις.  
 ἐνιαυτὸς εἰς ἀπέπτη,  
 σὺ δὲ, δένδρον, οὐκ ἔτι ζῆς,  
 βασίλεια δ' ἡ σ' ἔθηκεν  
 ἑκὰς ἐν τάφῳ καθεύδει.  
 ταχύποτμον ἥσθα, δένδρον,  
 ταχύποτμος ἡ ποθεινή,  
 τὸ δὲ κεῖθεν οὐκ ἀδελφὸν  
 ἐπέκλωσεν αἷσα τέκμωρ.  
 σὺ γὰρ, ὁ τάλαν, σέσηπας  
 προθέλυμνον ἡδ' ἄφυλλον.  
 βασίλεια δ', ἐν φίλοισι  
 κλέος ἐκλαχοῦσ' ἀγήρων,  
 ἀμάραντον ἐν μακαίραις  
 φάος ἡλίου θεᾶται.

## 5

"Εθηκέ σ', ὡς τάλαινα, δεσπότις φίλη  
 χλωρὸν πρέπειν ἄγαλμα τοῦ πέριξ νάπους·  
 σοὶ δ' οὐδὲ ἔτειος ἐξεπληρώθη κύκλος,  
 κείνη θ' ὑπ' ἄλλῳ ξυνθανοῦσ' εὔδει τάφῳ.  
 ἄλλ' οὐ γὰρ ὑμῖν κοινὸν εἴμαρται τέλος,  
 κοινὴ περ ἀμφοῖν ξυμμετρουμέναιν φθορᾶ·  
 σοὶ μὲν γὰρ αὕη ρίζα καὶ κλῶνες σαπροὶ,  
 τῇ δὲ εὐθαλής τε δόξα καῦθιτον φάιος.

HARROW, 1870.

## AD PINUM INSIGNEM.

SILVIAE MANU IN HORTO POSITAM  
 CUM IPSA DOMINA PARITER EXSTINCTAM,  
 POST DAPHNIDIS ET PASTORUM STUDIO  
 IMMORTALITATE DONATAM.

*“Fies Nobilium Tu quoque.” HOR.*

Arbor, quam nemori eredit extero  
 Non oblita domus Silvia patriae,  
 Caecis credula fatis,  
 Nec casus metuens sui,  
 Te raptam spatio flevimus annuo,  
 Aequali dominae funere regiae:  
 Lapsum frondis honorem et  
 Stirpem flevimus aridam.  
 Sed te Pieridum non levis arbiter  
 Telluri eripuit Daphnis inhospitae,  
 Parnassoque fovendam et  
 Auritis Dryasin dedit,  
 Pinum non humili vindice sospitem.  
 Fies nobilium tu soror arborum,  
 Hoe dicente renatas  
 Frondes et capitis decus.

HARROW, 1870.

*“Optavi quoties arida facta mori!” OVID.*

Arbor, honorati quam tot cecinere poetae,  
 Tot linguis hominum, tot memorata modis,  
 Quis tua fata gemat? Quis te iam ploret ademptam?  
 Tu nihil in casu, cur miseremur, habes.  
 Dignior invidia, cultu celebrabere nostro;  
 Iam veteres questus dedidicisse iuvat.  
 Scilicet arentem te fleverat unus et alter:  
 “Sicca tibi radix, frons tua marceret,” ait.  
 En quot ab arenti succos traxere Camenae,  
 Quot foliis nuper frons viduata viret!  
 Debita Parnasso nova gloria, sume triumphos!  
 Nympha, ministerium tempus inire tuum est.  
 Scimus ut annosa quercu Dodona columbis  
 Ediderit magni iussa verenda Iovis.  
 Laurus Apollineos sine fine loquetur amores,  
 Stabit oliva ferax, Pallas, in arce tua.  
 Populus Alcidae testabitur ausa vagantis,  
 Uva racemiferi tempora tinget heri.  
 Tu quoque in arboribus, Pinus, numerabere sacris,  
 Utque aliis crevit, sic tibi crescat honor.  
 Atque ita pastores, medio dum taedia fallunt  
 Sole lyra, de te, Pane docente, canent:  
 “*SILVIA* quam posuit, propero quam funere raptam  
 “*DAPHNIS* inexstincta laude iugavit herae,  
 “*Anglia* Te venerans, vatum te mater Ierne  
 “Sistit in Aonio colle, vetatque mori.”

## 8

"*Υστερον αὐτὸν ζώοντι, καὶ εἰς ἔτος ἄλλο φύοντι.*" MOSCH.

*Μηκέτι μοι μύρεσθε κατ' ἄλσεα, μηκέτι, Μοῖσαι,  
 ξῆ γὰρ ἔθ' ἄδε Πίτυς καὶ μάλ' ἀποφθιμένα.  
 οὐκ ἐτὸς ἐξεχύθη τόσα δάκρυα· δάκρυσι Μοισᾶν  
 ἔηρὰ τέθηλε πάλιν καὶ πετάλοισι βρύει.*

HARROW, 1870.

## 9

*“Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;  
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,  
In thy large recompense.”*

MILTON.

“Poor tree”! nay, happy tree! “poor tree” no more:  
“Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore.”  
“Large recompense” the kindly Muse hath paid  
For thy brief wrongs, thou seeming-injured shade.  
Mourn not the “withered bough,” the “sapless root;”  
Thy limbs are laden with Hesperian fruit;  
And rival lands in divers tongues proclaim  
The deathless glories of thy radiant name.  
Eclipsed awhile, now falls its mystic sheen  
On Spencer’s Court and Spencer’s Faery Queene;  
One with those stars that guard the Emerald Isle,  
The “gentle” Countess and the good Carlisle.

HARROW, 1870.

“SEQUELAE”  
OR  
THE RESULTS OF A COLLEGE  
EXAMINATION

EASTER, 1898.

## TO MY FELLOW-EXAMINER

G. A. D.

You little thought, when you were led to choose  
 That dainty sprig from Herrick's sylvan Muse,  
 What retribution, what *sequelae* dread  
 Your happy choice would bring upon your head.  
 I could not help it! Whether in the train,  
 Or on the mountain, still the tender strain,  
 Day after day, and e'en in hours of night,  
 Haunted my heart with pity and delight.  
 E'en here, where Cheviot's watch-tower, streak'd with  
 snow,  
 Looks down on border feuds of long ago;  
 Here, where the rush of knight and tramp of steed  
 Still thunder echoing from the banks of Tweed;  
 Here, where the Douglas and the Percy strove,  
 And every hill-top tells of hate or love;  
 Where Flodden's shadow'd slopes attest the day  
 When "a" the forest "flowers" were "wede away,"  
 And Ford's<sup>1</sup> grey turret from on high proclaims,  
 "Here was the last soft couch of Royal James";  
 Or, holier record, where on Bamburgh's shore  
 Grace Darling sleeps beside her sculptured oar:—

<sup>1</sup> At Ford Castle, close to Flodden, a bed-room in the Tower is shown, with an inscription to the effect that "here King James IV. did lye in September, 1513." The battle was fought on September 9th.

E'en here, my friend, where old o'er-tops the new,  
 And legend half obstructs the nearer view,  
 E'en here my thoughts have turn'd to Herrick and to you;  
 So quaint the threnody on love's decay,  
 So sweet, so sad, the lilt of Herrick's lay.

And now I send you, from these whispering pines,  
 A score of versions of a dozen lines!  
 Take them, kind Friend, and call them what you will—  
 Disputed titles swell a lawyer's bill—  
 Translation? Paraphrase? A *tour de force*?  
 A *jeu d'esprit*? A “folly”?—that of course—  
 A “string of *bagatelles*”? To me they seem  
 Like variations on a single theme;  
 No two the same, or, scarcely less absurd,  
 The same in all but just a change of word;  
 But each a nascent personality,  
 A little infant individual I,  
 Born just to live, and lisp, and certainly to die.

Such was the thought; not mine to see or guess  
 The coming doom; 'tis yours to ban or bless.  
 My highest praise, if any praise be due,  
 Would be to win from such a judge as you  
 The recognition that each separate piece  
 Owes more to Nature than to mere caprice;  
 That each bright metre, like a fairy elf,  
 Has subtle laws peculiar to itself,  
 Which gently guide th' half conscious poet's hand,  
 Suggest, persuade, less audibly command.

And choose, with silent but imperious claim,  
 Each word, each cadence, and each pastoral name.  
 For “rustic Phidyle” and urban Phyllis  
 Are not the same as sylvan Amaryllis;  
 And if poor Cymon half provokes the jeer,  
 “Amice Valgi<sup>1</sup>” justifies a tear.

This was my faith, but theory and fact  
 Sometimes, we know, prefer to break their pact;  
 And gulfs may sunder, sages are agreed,  
 The hard performance and the easy creed.

Deign, then, to take this little Easter egg,  
 And—if a donor may presume to beg—  
 Break it alone—or, if a friend be by,  
 Let him be one nor critical nor dry,  
 A man of genial soul too large for irony.

Read the contents, in private duty bound;  
 Each feature note, as from Anchises’ mound<sup>2</sup>—  
 The phrase, the sentiment, the sense, the sound.  
 Read them *together*—’tis the fairest test;  
 Synoptic judgments are the only best;  
 If first and last be read in different moods,  
 And alien thought between the parts intrudes,  
 Such broken lights may strange results reveal,  
 As Tripos Candidates are said to feel.

<sup>1</sup> Tu semper urges flebilibus modis  
 Myster ademptum. *Od.* II. 9.

<sup>2</sup> Et *tumulum* capit, unde omnes longo ordine possit  
 Adversos legere, et venientum discere vultus.

Read them *in order*—not by chance, I trust,  
 Asclepiad trails in proud Alcaic's dust,  
 And laughter-loving Sapphic ambles near,  
 To dry the latest Elegiac tear.

Read them *awake*—one half at least, and then,  
 After siesta, try the other ten;  
 Or, if too stern the inevitable doze,  
 As Herrick counsels, “lull asleep thy woes.”

\* \* \* \*

At last, at last, the anxious silence breaks,  
 “The pleas are ended<sup>1</sup>,” and the Judge awakes;  
 The gracious Sun emerges from eclipse,  
 And the rich vapour clouds your sovran lips;  
 Puff after puff the fragrant wreath up-curls,  
 And round your chair prophetic eddies whirls.  
 And then—and then—methinks I hear you say—  
 Or is it hope that drives pale fear away?—  
 “Yes, he is right: however wild the dream,  
 “The work is not a medley, but a scheme;  
 “No dull mechanic lifeless repetition,  
 “But change of garb to suit a changed position.  
 “He's right! Those twenty parts, upon my soul,  
   Are more than parts, each item is a whole;  
 “Each little metre sobs its separate tale,  
 “A sigh, a groan, a lullaby, a wail.  
 “The faults, no doubt, are neither few nor small;  
 “Some day I'll polish and correct them all.

<sup>1</sup> “Causa perorata est.” PROPERTIUS, Lib. v. xi. 99.

“But, as they stand, each version may be said  
“To do what no one else could do instead.  
“Whate'er their worth, whichever take the prize,  
“Each is (or rather, obviously tries  
“To be) a Latin poem—in disguise;  
“And be they bad or good—or bad alone,  
“Each has a something some might call its own.”

EWART PARK, WOOLER,  
NORTHUMBERLAND.  
*April, 1898.*

*“Cur me querelis exanimas tuis?” Od. II. 17.*

*“...Desine mollium  
Tandem querelarum.” Od. II. 9.*

What needs complaints,  
When she a place  
Has with the race  
Of saints?

In endless mirth,  
She thinks not on  
What's said or done  
In earth.

She sees no tears,  
Nor any tone  
Of thy deep groan  
She hears;

Nor does she mind,  
Or think on't now,  
That ever thou  
Wast kind:

But, changed above,  
She likes not there,  
As she did here,  
Thy love.

Forbear, therefore,  
And lull asleep  
Thy woes, and weep  
No more.

HERRICK.

*Examination for the Trinity College Scholarships, March, 1898.*

*“Devenere locos laetos et amoena vireta  
Fortunatorum nemorum sedesque beatas.”*

*Aen.* vi. 638.

Fair Child, of whom half-pagan Herrick sings,  
Where shall we rank you with departed things?  
Not with the souls that pious fancy paints—  
He meant but “shepherds” when he call’d them “saints”—  
No, we must feign some cold Elysium, where  
Joy freezes love, and love is deaf to prayer;  
Where honour sleeps, and pity hides her face,  
And only apathy is deem’d a grace.

In “endless mirth” you revel, we are told,  
Without a thought for all you prized of old;  
In “endless mirth” you revel, and forget  
That human cheeks, which once you kiss’d, are wet.  
For kindness shown, for faithful love outpour’d,  
Love that entreated, worshipp’d, knelt, adored,  
You have no memory, no look, no word.  
Blind mute indifference and “endless mirth”—  
Strange nurselings, sure, to boast a heav’nly birth!—  
Such is your sainthood, such the stony skies  
To which your lover lifts his hopeless eyes;  
Such worth th’ Immortals crown, such souls they canonize!  
Inhuman Saint, if saintliness be this,  
We envy not, we rather blame, thy bliss:  
Less nobly spent an age in heav’n with thee  
Than one brief hour on earth with duteous Phidyle<sup>1</sup>.

And yet, fair Child—such glamour lives in song,  
Such charm to vanish’d beauty doth belong—  
While Herrick sings, we love thee scarce the less  
For all thy languor and lethargicness<sup>2</sup>:  
A Saint, in heav’n? Ah no—a Dorian Shepherdess!

<sup>1</sup> Caelo supinas si tuleris manus,  
Nascente luna, rustica Phidyle... *Od.* III. 23.

<sup>2</sup> “forgetfulness”? But see George Herbert, *The Church Porch*:  
A grain of glorie mixt with humblenesse  
Cures both a fever and lethargicknesse.

## I

*“Sunt aliquid Manes: letum non omnia finit,  
Luridaque evictos effugit umbra rogos.”*

PROPERT. v. 7.

Quid iuvat adscriptam Superis lugere Neaeram?  
 Caelicolum comites nulla querela decet.  
 Laetitia sine fine fruens, securior aevum  
 Quid faciant homines, quidve loquantur, agit.  
 Non lacrimas videt illa tuas; surgentis ab imo  
 Pectore non gemitus percipit illa sonum.  
 Si bene quid de se merito tibi rettulit unquam  
 Acceptum, oblita est, nec meminisse valet.  
 Elysio iam sueta tuum dediscit amorem,  
 Quem tamen haud vivae displicuisse putas.  
 Parce queri, somno miseros compone tumultus  
 Mentis, et amissam desine flere fidem.

## II

*“Integer vitae scelerisque purus...” Od. i. 22.*

Quid doles, Valgi, Superum choreis  
 Redditam Lyden? Ibi sempiternis  
 Gaudiis intenta fugit labores  
 Cernere nostros.

Non tuos fletus gemitusque sentit:  
 Si quid acceptum tibi demerenti  
 Rettulit, cessat meminisse, nec se  
 Scire fatetur.

Diva iam mutata tuos amores  
 Reicit, quandam placitos puellae:  
 Mitte singultus, querulasque somno  
 Dilue curas.

## III

*“Quem tu, Melpomene, semel  
Nascentem placido lumine videris...”*

*Od. iv. 3.*

Quid prodest, Lycida, queri  
 Caelestum Euphrosynen sedibus additam?  
 Illic, perpetuo fruens  
 Lusu, res hominum dictaque neglegit.  
 Non cernit lacrimas tuas,  
 Non audit gemitus: si tua virginis  
 Movit corda benignitas  
 Vivae, nunc nihil est, nec movet amplius.  
 Arsit quae face mutua,  
 Nunc mutata riget: tu miserabiles  
 Sopito querimonias,  
 Nec perstes, Lycida, flere diutius.

## IV

*“Solvitur acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni,  
Trahuntque siccas machinae carinas...”*

*Od. I. 4.*

Quid iuvat Asterien terrestribus insequi querelis  
 Ipsos loco inter Caelites potitam ?  
 Illam laetitiae nil iam sine fine destinatam  
 Quid nos agamus vel loquamur angit.  
 Non lacrimas cernit, non te, puer, intimis profundi  
 Cordis medullis audit ingementem ;  
 Nec meminisse potest, nec, credule, cogitare curat  
 Quod tu benignus non semel fuisti ;  
 Sed mutata nova dulcedine nunc tuos amores,  
 Olim placentes, aestimat minoris.  
 Tu sapias igitur; somno mala trade blandienti,  
 Tandemque fletu fessus abstineto.

## V

*“Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,  
Ut prisca gens mortalium...”*

*Epod. II.*

Quid est, Menalca, cur querare Deliam  
 Caelestium adscriptam choro,  
 Quae, sempiternis iam potita gaudiis,  
 Terrena nosque neglegit?  
 Non illa gemitus, non ab imo pectore  
 Suspiria audit quae trahis;  
 Benignitati debuit si quid tuae,  
 Id prorsus obliviscitur.  
 Mutata supra non tuis amoribus,  
 Ut arsit, ardet: tu cave  
 Querare; somno conde quot curae premunt  
 Inutilesque lacrimas.

## VI

*“Eheu! fugaces, Postume, Postume,  
Labuntur anni.”* Od. II. 14.

Quid fles, Amynta, quam Superum chori  
Iam iam beatis sedibus inserunt?  
Non illa nunc humana curat,  
Gaudia non peritura carpit.

Non illa luctum, non gemitus tuos  
Ductos ab imo pectore percipit;  
Oblivioni, si quid olim  
Largus eras, benefacta tradit.

Dignata caelo spernit imaginem  
Terreni amoris: tu nihil increpa:  
Compesce curas, neu graveris  
Immodicos cohibere fletus.

## VII

*“Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus  
Tam cari capit is?”* Od. i. 24.

Quid ploras, Lycida, quam Superi choro  
Transcripsere suo? Nunc dea gaudiis  
In caelo fruitur fine carentibus,  
Nec terrestria cogitat.

Non cernit lacrimas, non gemitus tui  
Persentit sonitum: si quid amicior  
Olim visus eras, hoc nihil amplius  
Curat, nec reminiscitur.

Non est qualis erat: qui placuit tuus  
Illuc sordet amor: tu querimonias  
Somno trade, puer, neve diutius  
Indulge lacrimis tuis.

## VIII

*“Diffugere nives; redeunt iam gramina campis,  
Arboribusque comae.”* Od. iv. 7.

Tityre, quid prodest deflere Lycorida nactam  
 Iam super astra locum?  
 Deliciis vacat illa novis, secura quid orent,  
 Quid faciant, homines.  
 Non lacrimas sentit, gemitum non audit ab imo  
 Pectore qui trahitur:  
 Si bene quid de se meritum te norat, id ipsum  
 Excidit<sup>1</sup> ex animo.  
 Caelicolis adscripta tuos dimisit amores  
 Qui placuere prius.  
 Parce queri, somno luctus compesce, nec ultra  
 Funde, puer, lacrimas.

<sup>1</sup> Vanuit?

## IX

*“Nox erat, et caelo fulgebat luna sereno  
Inter minora sidera.”*                            *Epod. xv.*

Quid lamenta iuvant? Quid opus, Torquate, querelis,  
Caelo potita Phidyle?  
Nacta voluptates proprias lusumque perennem  
Terrena nostra neglegit.  
Flere tuum nihil est illi, non audit ab imo  
Gemitus scatentes pectore;  
Nec, si dulce tuum quicquam fuit ante puellae,  
Absentis in mentem venit.  
Est alia, est mutata, tuam quam rere, nec igni,  
Quo tum calebat, nunc calet:  
Disce, puer, patiens cessatum ducere curas  
Et temperare lacrimis.

## X

*“Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,  
Now est perpetua una dormienda.”*

CATULL. v.

Albi<sup>1</sup>, cur lacrimis Lycorida urges  
 Inter Caelicolum choros nitentem,  
 Quae nunc, laetitia fruens perenni,  
 Quid dicant homines agantve nescit;  
 Nescit te lacrimare, nescit imis  
 Tot suspiria ducere e medullis?  
 Si quid te meruisse fassa quondam est,  
 Nunc nec scit meruisse nec fatetur.  
 Non est qualis erat Lycoris, Albi:  
 Non iam, crede, tui placent amores  
 Qui vivae placuere! Tu querelis  
 Finem pone tuis, gravesque curas  
 Somno trade, miselle, sopiendas.  
 Sat flesti; decet abstinere flendo.

<sup>1</sup> Albi, ne doleas plus nimio... Od. l. 33.

## XI

*“Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon, aut Mitylenen,  
 Aut Epheson, bimarisve Corinthi  
 Moenia...”*

*Od. I. 7.*

Cur obitum, Meliboee, doles Amaryllidis inter  
 Caelicolas iam sede potitae?  
 Gaudia nunc sine fine rapit, nec libera curat  
 Res hominum perituraque vota.  
 Caeca videt lacrimas, gemitus quos pectore ab alto  
 Saepe trahis nihil amplius audit.  
 Si bene demerito quicquam tibi rettulit unquam  
 Acceptum, meminisse refugit.  
 Iam Superis adscripta tuos, quibus ante calebat,  
 Ignorat, si credis, amores.  
 Tu querere? Extremas hodie, puer, ede querelas;  
 Cras ultra lacrimare pudebit.

## XII

*Septimi, Gades aditure mecum...” Od. II. 6.*

Quis locus flendo? Quid opus querelis,  
 Phyllide adscripta Superum beatis  
 Sedibus, quae nunc sine fine parta  
 Pace tumultus

Neglegit nostros; lacrimas, et imo  
 Corde luctantes gemitus, et ipsas  
 Debitas propter benefacta grates  
 Neglegit absens?

“Nacta iam caelum calet igne prisco?”  
 Non calet, Sexti. Querimoniarum  
 Desine, aerumnasque remitte somno, et  
 Comprime fletus.

## XIII

*“Lethaei ad fluminis undam  
Securos latices et longa oblivia potant.”*

*Aen.* vi. 714.

Vis Lyden lugere? decent non tristia Lyden,  
 Quae, Superum transcripta choris, lusuque potita  
 Perpetuo, non res hominum aut terrestria curat.  
 Non lacrimas, non illa tuos, quos ducis ab imo  
 Pectore, persentit gemitus; si quid tibi quondam  
 Debuit, obtusa est, nec se meminisse fatetur—  
 Heu, quam dissimilis, quantum mutata!—nec isto,  
 Quo fuerat gavisa diu, nunc gaudet amore.  
 Sat questus! Tu disce, puer, componere somno  
 Tristitiam, et lacrimas tandem retinere fluentes.

## XIV

*“Exegi monumentum aere perennius.” Od. iii. 30.*

Quis plorat Phloen, ordinibus suis  
 Quam poseunt Superi? Perpetuis ibi  
 Circumfusa choris ludit, et incola  
 Caeli res hominum dictaque neglegit.  
 Non sentit lacrimas, non gemitus tuos,  
 Maesti cordis onus; si tua virginis  
 Calfecisse cor est visa benignitas,  
 Friget nunc, Lycida, nec reminiscitur.  
 Mutata est, Lycida: quae placuit Venus  
 Mortali, Superis non placet additae:  
 Plorasne? Ut melius sollicitudines  
 Sopire atque modum figere lacrimis!

## XV

*“Altera iam teritur bellis civilibus aetas,  
Suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit.” Epop. xvi.*

Quid Lalagen ploras? Lalage non tristia poseit,  
 Locum assecuta Caelitum inter ordines:  
 Diva super terras—nec iam terrestria tangunt—  
 Sedet, potita gaudiis perennibus.  
 Non lacrimas, non ista, puer, suspiria sentit  
 Refusa cordis intimis recessibus,  
 Nec meminisse potest, si quid tibi debuit olim  
 Benignitate perfruens, miser, tua.  
 A! quantum mutata supra sedet astra, nec isto  
 Amore, quo calebat antea, calet.  
 Durum! disce tamen sapiens compescere luctus  
 Inutilesque continere lacrimas.

## XVI

*“Tu ne quaesieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi  
Finem Di dederint, Leuconoe.”* Od. I. 11.

Quid fles Leuconoen Caelicolum sedibus additam,  
 Quae nunc res hominum, perpetuis dedita gaudiis,  
 Nil curat, lacrimas et gemitus luctisonos tuos  
 Persentire nequit? Si quid eras ante benignior,  
 Nil debere tibi se reputat, nec reminiscitur.  
 Eheu! non eadem est Leuconoe, nec, Lycida, tuis,  
 Terrenae placitis, Diva recens ardet amoribus:  
 Tu compesce tamen tristitiam, et desine lacrimas.

## XVII

*“Miserarum est neque amori dolore ludum, neque dulci  
Mala vino lavere.”* Od. III. 12.

Quid ademptam Neobulen gemis, Albi ? Radiantes  
Requiem inter Superorum choreas nacta perennem  
Neque turbas neque voces avet ultra reminisci.  
Nihil haec te lacrimantem videt, Albi, nihil audit  
Gemitus quos trahis aegros: benefactis quod amatam  
Cumulabas puer olim, neque curat neque sentit.  
Alia est iam Neobule, nec eodem calet igni:  
Age somno mala laxa; satis istam lacrimasti.

## XVIII

*“Lydia, dic, per omnes  
Te Deos oro, Sybarin cur properas amando  
Perdere?”* Od. I. 8.

Telephe, quid Neaeram  
Plangis adscriptam Superum sedibus? Illa tandem  
Gaudia pura carpit,  
Turbidas nec res hominum iam meminisse curat.  
Tu gemis, atque luges;  
Illa non sentit gemitus aut lacrimam cadentem.  
Si quid eras benignus,  
Debitum oblita, iuvenis, ne, miser, imputaris.  
Non eadem est Neaerae  
Quae fuit mens aut animus; non calet igne prisco.  
Parce tamen querelis;  
Da malis somnum, et lacrimis, si sapis, abstineto.

## XIX

*“Non ebur neque aureum  
Mea renidet in domo lacunar.”*

*Od. II 18.*

Quis dolet Lycorida  
 Deum quietis sedibus locatam ?  
 Gaudiis perennibus  
 Potita fugit cogitare terras.  
 Te graves ab intimo  
 Trahente gemitus corde, non movetur,  
 Nec benignitas tua,  
 Quae placuit olim, nunc placet beatae.  
 Diva respuit tuos  
 Non ante visos sordidos amores :  
 Parce conqueri ; mala  
 Sopore leni, lacrimasque sicca.

## XX

*“Quid fles, Asterie, quem tibi candidi  
Primo restituent vere Favonii?” Od. III. 7.*

Quid raptam quereris cui Superi locum  
Inter se dederint? Illa perennium  
Fontem nacta leporum  
Nos terrenaque neglegit.

Tu fundis lacrimas, tu gemitus trahis;  
Illa immota manet: si qua placentia  
Vivae dona dedisti,  
Surdae nunc, miser, imputas.

Caelo admissa suo non dea, quo prius,  
Terreno igne calet: desine questuum;  
Somno trade dolores,  
Neu semper lacrimae fluant.

“SEQUELAE SEQUELARUM”

*“Miserarum est neque amori dare ludum, neque dulci  
Mala vino lavere.”*

*Od. III. 12.*

The translation at page 390 requires some apology. It was composed when the writer had only the text of Horace before him. He was familiar with the so-called “Meineke’s Canon,” in accordance with which the number of lines in almost all the Odes is a multiple of four, and thus his own version in this instance was compressed into eight lines. But he failed to observe that in Horace’s only Ode in this metre, **III. 12**, there are ten lines not eight, if each line is made up of four feet, and he was ignorant of the elaborate note of Bentley on the subject, as well as of that of Kirchner quoted by Orelli.

Bentley holds that poems in this metre must consist of stanzas of ten feet, each foot being the same, *Ionicus a minore*, i.e.  $\text{--} \text{--} \text{--}$ . These feet may be arranged as you please—in three lines, two lines, or even one long line—but there must be no serious break or pause between the first and the tenth foot, “*cum nulla pauca aut incisio sit ante decimum pedem.*” The number of these ten-footed stanzas he regards as immaterial, though in this particular Ode Horace has four.

As to the arrangement which Bentley finally adopts, and in which he has been followed by most later editors — “*priores duos scripsimus tetrametros, tertium autem dimetrum*”—he says characteristically, though the italics are not his, “*neque aliter ab Horatii manu profectum esse quovis pignore contenderim.* Illud tamen semper memineris, utecumque scriptoris commodo versus dividatur, unicum tamen revera esse, et continuato cursu properare usque ad decimum pedem.”

He adds, what few will question, least of all a rash translator, “*in primis dulce est metrum, et longe omnium operosissimum.* Geminas enim breves et geminas longas, repetita identidem vice, paucissima verba suppeditabunt; *ut agnoscat si quis Musarum cliens in hoc metro periculum sui fecerit*;” a prophecy all the more certain to be verified if Herrick is chosen as the subject of the experiment. For the characteristic note of the Latin metre is a continuous flow for ten long feet together, whereas the charm of Herrick’s lines consists largely in their being short, broken up, and even, as one young scholar has dared to call them, “jerky.”

It is under these hard conditions that a substitute is submitted on page 396 for the perhaps hardly orthodox rendering on page 390.

*June, 1898.*

## XXI

*“Miserarum est neque amori dare ludum, neque dulci  
Mala vino lavere.”*

*Od. III. 12.*

Quid ademptam Neobulen gemis, Albi, placidorum  
Superum inter comitatum comitem ipsam diurna  
Requie perfruituram?

Procul aestu populari, procul a pulvere terrae,  
Nihil hic te lacrimantem miseratur, nihil alto  
Gemitus corde trahentem.

Benefactis quod amatam puer olim cumulabas,  
Neque curat neque sentit, nova sensu, nova curis,  
Tibi vere **NEOBULE!**

Sed enim si fugit ignes quibus arsit tua quondam,  
Querulos abice planetus, mala sopi, et salientum  
Preme fontes lacrimarum.

## XXII

*“Collis O Heliconiei...” CATULL. LXI.*

Quo tibi querimonias  
 Quod locum in Superis habet  
 Chloris? Illa perennibus  
 Tota dedita gaudiis  
 Nil terrestria curat.

Illa non lacrimas tuas,  
 Non sonum gemitus gravem  
 Percipit, neque computat  
 Si quid ante benignior  
 Tu, miselle, fuisti.

Caelitum comes haud tuis,  
 Queis calebat, amoribus  
 Nunc calet; patiens tamen  
 Sopias mala; \*neu scatat  
Usque fons lacrimarum.

\* iam satis  
 Fons scatit lacrimarum.

LEUCONOE

---

COLLEGAE NOSTRO

C. E. S.

EXAMINATION FOR SENIOR  
SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS.

TRINITY COLLEGE. WEDNESDAY, *March 22, 1911.* 9—11.30.

Translate into LATIN ELEGIACS or LYRICS:

It is not, Celia, in our power  
To say how long our love will last;  
It may be we within this hour  
May lose those joys we now do taste:  
The Blessedèd, that immortal be,  
From change in love are only free.

Then since we mortal lovers are,  
Ask not how long our love will last;  
But while it does, let us take care  
Each minute be with pleasure past.  
Were it not madness to deny  
To live because we're sure to die?

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

*“Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus  
Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore.”*

*Georg.* III.

*“Stat sua cuique dies; breve et irreparabile tempus  
Omnibus est vitae.”*

*Aen.* X.

*“Nec, si forte roges, possim tibi dicere quot sint.”*

OVID.

Ne pete, Leuconoe, non fas est scire, quot annos  
Quotve dies noster vivere possit amor.  
Quis scit an hac ipsa, dum basia carpinus, hora  
Gaudia corripiant, non redditura, fugam?  
Non nisi Caelicolum est, mortali labe carentum,  
Imperturbato semper amore frui.  
Quare age, mortali cum stirpe creemur amantes,  
Parce quot aestates quaerere duret amor.  
Tu modo, dum duret (sit et haec mihi cura) caveto  
Ne qua voluptatem non ferat hora suam.  
Demens qui vitae fructus gustare recusat  
Vivere praemetuens sors quia certa mori.

*“Dona praesentis cape laetus horae et*

*Lingue severa.”*

*Carm. III. 8.*

Cur dies nostri numerare amoris,  
 Pyrrha, festinas, metuens futuri, et  
 Gaudia hac ipsa fugitura vento  
 Forsitan hora ?

Semper a ! gaudere et amare semper,  
 Seis, licet tantum superis ; creatis  
 Stirpe mortali veniat necesse est  
 Finis amorum.

Donec hic distat, caveamus ambo  
 Ne voluptatem ferat hora nullam :  
 Quis furor, mortis quia certa sors est,  
 Perdere vitam ?

*“Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quaerere, et  
Quem Fors dierum cunque dabit, luero  
Appone.”*

*Carm. i. 9.*

Quae meta nostris detur amoribus  
Non scire fas est, Delia; forsitan  
Hac ipsa quae gustamus hora  
Gaudia diffugiant in auras.

Amare semper non nisi Caelitum est,  
Nobis negatum: tu sapiens cave  
Ne, nata mortalis, preceris  
Noster amor sine fine duret.

Illud precandum est, ne qua fugacium  
Lusu dierum perpetuo vacet:  
Quam turpe, quam servile, vita  
Nolle frui quia certa mors est!

*“ Felices ter et amplius  
 Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis  
 Divulsus querimonias  
 Suprema citius solvet amor die.”*

*Carm. I. 13.*

Noli quaerere, Cynthia,  
 Praesens noster amor quot numeret dies:  
 Ipsa hac, dum loquimur, die  
 Forsan, queis fruimur, gaudia fugerint.  
 Solis Caelicolis datur  
 Immortalis amor: nos nihil attinet  
 Mortales meditarier,  
 Qui nunc ardet amor, quam maneat diu.  
 Haec fas poscere, dum manet,  
 Ne pars ulla die deliciis vacet:  
 Demens qui metuit frui  
 Vita quod rapido mors properat pede.

*“Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem*

*Sperat.”*

*Carm. I. 5.*

Ne tu quaeſieris, Delia, quamdiu  
 Duraturus amor sit meus et tuus :  
 Una forsitan hora  
 Tota haec gaudia corruant.

Tantum Caelicolis, non aliiſ, datur  
 Immortalis amor ; tu fuge quaerere  
 Quot mortale per annos  
 Cor servare queat fidem.

Haec sit cura magis, ne qua fugacium  
 Horarum propriis deliciis vacet :  
 Demens qui bona vitae  
 Perdit mors quia certior.

*“Nigrorumque memor, dum licet, ignium  
Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem.”*

*Carm. iv. 12.*

Tu ne quaesieris (scire nefas) dies  
 Quot mansurus amor sit meus et tuus:  
 Hac ipsa, Lalage, dum loquimur, die  
 Forsan gaudia fugerint.

Mortales sumus hic; Caelicolis datur  
 Immortalis amor; tu fuge quaerere  
 Venturusne aliqua sit vice mutuis  
 Ecquis finis amoribus.

Tu cura, Lalage, ne qua fugacibus  
 Ex horis careat laetitia et iocis:  
 Demens qui dubitat vivere mors quia  
 Non tardo properat pede.

*“Dum loquimur, fugerit invida  
Aetas. Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.”*

*Carm. I. 11.*

Tu ne quaesieris (scire nefas), Cynthia, quamdiu  
Noster duret amor. Quis seit an hae, dum loquimur, die  
Cuncta haec, queis fruimur, Di superi gaudia dissipent?  
Immortalis amor Caelicolis, non aliis, datur:  
Mortales igitur quae veniant quaerere non decet  
Metirive suis quam cito sit finis amoribus,  
Sed curare nova ne qua dies laetitia vacet.  
Demens quem, quia sors certa mori, vivere poenitet.

*“Quis scit an adiciant hodiernae crastina summae  
Tempora Di superi?”*                   Carm. iv. 7.

Ne numerare velis, Lalage, quot noster in annos  
     Vivere possit amor,  
 Quis scit an hac ipsa, dum basia iungimus, hora  
     Gaudia dispereant?  
 Non nisi Caelicolis licitum est super astra beatis  
     Semper amore frui.  
 Tu vero, mortalis enim es, ne quaere doceri  
     Sitne perennis amor:  
 Quot sint cunque, cave ne forte vel una dierum  
     Sit sine deliciis.  
 Demens qui vitae bona delibare recusat  
     Mors quia certa subit.

*“Arva, beata  
Petamus arva dirites et insulas.”*

*Epop. xvi.*

Non penes est homines, nec fas est, scire quot annos  
 Manere, Pyrrha, debeat fugax amor:  
 Forsitan hac ipsa Superis videatur in hora  
 Iubere nostra disperire gaudia.  
 Non nisi Caelicolis, obita iam morte beatis,  
 Amore semper integro datum est frui:  
 Tu, mortalis enim es, ne caveris anxia ne sit  
 Propinqua meta mutuis amoribus;  
 Hoc studeas, dum finis abest vel abesse videtur,  
 Caverè ne qua gaudiis vacet dies.  
 Scilicet insanum est vivendi perdere fructus  
 Quod usque mortis imminet necessitas.

*“Sed omnes una manet nox  
Et calcanda semel via leti.”*

*Carm. i. 28.*

Cynthia, noster amor quot sit mansurus in annos  
 Non penes est hominem numerare;  
 Forsitan hac ipsa, dum gaudia carpinus, hora  
 Omnia discutiantur in auras.  
 Immortalis amor, nosti, nisi pace potitis  
 Caelicolum superisque negatur:  
 Nos igitur morti quoniam debemur amantes,  
 Cur quereris quia finis amandi  
 Tandem aderit? Melius sectabere ne qua diei  
 Pars fugiat non plena leporum.  
 Demens qui vitae dubitat decerpere florem  
 Quod se saepe monet, *Moriemur.*

*“Comes minore sum futurus in metu,  
Qui maior absentes habet.”*      *Epod. I.*

Rogasne, Pyrrha, quot dies, quot saecula,  
 Durare possit hic amor ?  
 Rogasne ? Forsan omnia hoc ipso die  
     Nostra avolarint gaudia.  
 Amare semper non nisi Immortalium est  
     Aevum beatum agentium :  
 Tu, Pyrrha, nam mortalis es, ne quaere amor  
     Manere possit quamdiu :  
 Immo hoc cavendum ne qua, dum manet, dies  
     Non plena sit dulcissimo  
 Lepore. Demens qui recusat vivere  
     Leti imminentis anxius.

Παλινῳδία.

*“Notum fac mihi, Domine, finem meum, et numerum dierum  
mearum quis est; ut sciam quid desit mihi.”*

PSALM XXXIX. 4.

—Sic cecini, sic me *numerous* *Horatius*, aures  
 Percutiens, plectrum tangere iussit idem.  
 Aures non mentem tenuit; nec fecerit unquam  
 Mens mea Leuconoe spesve metusve meos.  
 Non nostrum est dubiis ventura lassessere votis,  
 Nec querimur, “Quando finis amoris erit?”  
 Nos meliora beant: nos nec simulare timorem  
 Nec spem, qua fruimur, dissimulare decet.  
 Scimus adempturam terrestria gaudia mortem,  
 Ut vigeant alio splendidiora solo.  
 Mortales sumus hic, sed et immortalia restant;  
 Viventum Deus est, vivificatque suos.  
 Quare age, Leuconoe, memet mihi carior ipso,  
 Ne trepida noster sitne perennis amor;  
 Nec tibi sit curae ne sit fugitiva voluptas,  
 Neve suo careat quaeque lepore dies.  
 Quaeque dies pars est vitae sine fine futurae;  
 Digna sit haec tota, conveniatque, roges.

Respice principium; scrutare fideliter annos  
 Quos tibi tam dulces fecit amata domus.  
 Saepe remetiri natalia tempora vitae  
 Et vernoſ flores primitiasque iuvet,  
<sup>1</sup>Lampas ubi divina ſupra caput alta refulſit,  
 Direxitque vagos per loca caeca pedes.  
 Nunc quoque Lampas ibi eſt; ſi quas tibi vita tenebras  
 Afferet, attulerit promptior illa facem:  
 Nec vixiſſe ſat eſt; ipsam ſuper edita vallem  
 Mortis, inextinctae fons tibi lucis erit.  
 Invenies, dilecta, Deum tibi ſemper eundem,  
 Semper amaturum te memoremque tui.  
 Scilicet infantum teneros Qui protegit annos,  
 Qui iuvenum puro corda calore fovet,  
 Qui duo iam noſtras animas coniunxit in unam—  
 Haec etiam in terra dona fruenda dedit.  
 Nec dubita in caelo quin divitiora reservet  
 Munera, perpetua laude ſonanda, Pater.

<sup>1</sup> “Oh! that I were as in the months of old,  
 As in the days when God watched over me;  
 When His lamp shined upon my head,  
 And by His light I walked through darkness!”

TO THE  
 HONOURABLE AND VERY REVEREND  
 THE DEAN OF WINDSOR  
 THIS MEMENTO  
 OF HIS TWO ILLUSTRIOS UNCLEs  
 IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

---

*Alcmena De Hercule et Iphicle*

Εῦδετ', ἐμὰ βρέφεα, γλυκερὸν καὶ ἐγέρσιμον ὕπνον,  
 εῦδετ', ἐμὰ ψυχὰ, δύ' ἀδελφεῶ, εὔσοα τέκνα.  
 ὅλβιοι εὐνάξοισθε, καὶ ὅλβιοι ἀῶ ἵκοισθε.

THEOCRITUS, *Idyll* xxiv. 7.

---

*Etona De Duobus suis Filiis*

Sleep, Brothers, sleep! brave Spirits of my making,  
 Pride of my heart in Europe's troubled day!  
 Sweet be your rest, and blissful your awaking  
 When the Day dawns and shadows flee away!

AN EPITAPH IN THE CHAPEL  
OF ETON COLLEGE

HAEC. IN. IPSIVS. MONVMENTO  
RELIQVIT. INSCRIBENDA  
RICARDVS. COLLEY. MARCHIO. WELLESLEY

Fortunae rerumque vagis exercitus undis  
 In gremium redeo serus, Etona, tuum.  
 Magna sequi, et summae mirari culmina famae,  
 Et purum antiquae lucis adire iubar,  
 Auspice te, didici puer, atque in limine vitae  
 Ingenuas verae laudis amare vias.  
 Si qua meum vitae decursu gloria nomen  
 Auxerit, aut si quis nobilitarit honos,  
 Muneris, alma, tui est: altrix, da, terra, sepulchrum,  
 Supremam lacrimam da, memoremque mei.

VIXIT. ANNOS. LXXXII. MENSES. III. DIES. VI  
 DECESSIT. VI. KAL. SEPT. A.S. CIO. D. CCC. XL. II  
 HOC. MARMOR. IN. EGREGII. VIRI  
 MEMORIAM. POSVIT  
 ARTHVRVS. DVX. DE. WELLINGTON  
 FRATER. SVPERSTES

## A PARAPHRASE

---

Long driv'n by changeful gusts of Time and Fate,  
 An old man broken with the storms of state,  
 To thy calm haven, all my wanderings past,  
 ETON, dear Mother, I return at last.  
 Yet yearns my spirit, ere its journey close,  
 To tell some part of what to Thee it owes.

To follow greatness with supreme desire;  
 The beckoning peaks of glory to admire;  
 In youth's clear dawn to gaze with sober eye  
 On the chaste splendours of the classic sky;  
 True praise to love, false vulgar praise to flee;—  
 Such were the lessons that I learned from Thee.

If laurelled rank, or tributary fame,  
 In life's long lists have graced thy nurseling's name;  
 If any tongues in any lands there be  
 To vouch my acts not all unworthy Thee;  
 Thine, Mother, be the praise: 'twas thine to tend  
 The venturous start, be thine to soothe the end.  
 Grant, kindly earth—the latest boon I crave—  
 Here, on thy fostering breast, a hallowed grave;  
 Nor grudge thy Son, if still thy Son be dear,  
 A Mother's lingering thought, a Mother's parting tear.

HARROVIENSIS.

*December, 1875.*

The admirers of the Latin Epitaph may perhaps not all be aware that the second and third couplets appear also, with a slight difference, in Lord Wellesley's Poem, "Salix Babylonica," which bears date "Fern Hill, Windsor, August 22, 1839," and was printed in the "Primitiae et Reliquiae, MDCCXL." The lines are there thus introduced :

Sit mihi primitiasque meas, tenuesque triumphos,  
 Sit revocare tuos, dulcis Etona, dies.  
 Auspice Te, summae mirari culmina famae,  
 Et purum antiquae lucis adire iubar,  
 Edidici Puer, et iam primo in limine vitae  
 Ingenuas verae laudis amare vias.

Here the sequence of thought and expression is perfect, whereas in the Epitaph it may perhaps be felt that the connection between the first and second couplets is hardly close enough. Lord Wellesley's English paraphrase, not known to "Harroviensis" till his own version was completed, runs as follows: (see page 16 of "Reliquiae"):

Come, parent Eton! turn the stream of time  
 Back to thy sacred fountain crowned with bays!  
 Recall my brightest, sweetest days of Prime,  
 When all was hope, and triumph, joy, and praise.  
*Guided by Thee I raised my youthful sight*  
*To the steep solid heights of lasting fame,*  
*And hailed the beams of clear ethereal light*  
*That brighten round the Greek and Roman name.*

It ought to be added that there is the best authority for stating that the Epitaph, with the exception of the last line, was composed as far back at least as 1827.

VIRO EGREGIO  
 ET DE RE PUBLICA SPLENDIDE MERITO  
**MARCHIONI DE DUFFERIN ET AVA**  
 TAM IN ELOQUENTIA ET LITTERIS  
 QUAM IN IMPERIIS ET LEGATIONIBUS  
 SPECTATISSIMO

Felix Matre pia, proavorum nomine felix  
 Iam puer, et gestis nomen adepte tuum !  
<sup>1</sup> “Omnibus in terris” (THULE nec omittitur) “usque  
 AURORAM et GANGEN” laude potite nova !  
 Otia nunc carpis ; nunc vox silet ista salubris,  
 Pro patria toties cognita digna loqui.  
 Nec requiem, exsilio tantisque laboribus emptam,  
 Deprecor : emeritus, dum vocet hora, vaca !  
 Hoc tamen audemus praedicere : Si fera nostras,  
 Feta minis, gentes sollicitabit hiems ;  
 Si navis iactata tremet, clavumque magister  
 Languidus abiciet deficiente manu ;  
 TE multi Anglorum populi, TE mater Ierne  
 Exciet e latebris, O Palinure, tuis :  
 Nec Te, quae puero nerunt tam splendida Parcae  
 Fila, sinent famam non cumulasse senem.

FRESHWATER, *January*, 1897.

<sup>1</sup> Omnibus in terris quae sunt a Gadibus usque  
 Auroram et Gangen. *Iuvenalis* x. 1.

"*Currite, ducentes subtemina, currite, fusi.*" CATULLUS.

## I

## LETTERS

In countless myriads to and fro  
These fateful missives come and go,  
Weaving, like shuttles, as they fly,  
The web of human destiny :

Letters of business, gossip, love,  
An undistinguishable drove—  
Until you break the seal, and then  
They make or mar the lives of men.

THE MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA, K.P.

*“Sic ferat ac referat tacitas nunc littera voces,  
Et peragant linguae charta manusque vices!”*

OVIDIUS.

## II

Fata ferens hominum, nulla numerabilis arte,  
 Turba frequens tacitas itque reditque vias.  
 Ut Lachesis rapido percurrit pectine telam,  
 Sic regit humanas littera missa vices.  
 Provolut en! mixtum nullo discrimine vulgus—  
 Seria vel nugae, fabula, quaestus, amor:  
 Indiscreta iacet moles; sed solvite ceram,  
 Solvite—sub cera vitaque morsque latent.

FRESHWATER, *January*, 1897.

*“Hunc cecinere diem Parcae fatalia nentes  
Stamina, non ulli dissoluenda deo.”*

TIBULLUS.

*“Felix, i, littera, dixi:  
Iam tibi formosam porriget illa manum.”*

OVIDIUS.

### III

Vita hominum tela est, et habent sua numina Parcae,  
 Et fusum Clotho versat, ut ante, suum.  
 Ter quater ille die fati venit arbiter una:  
     Hei mihi ! quot vitas perdidit una dies !  
 Nec “verbosa” fuit nec “grandis <sup>1</sup>epistola” tantum  
     Quae trepidum erigeret deprimeretve caput.  
 Una satis pueri est, satis est vox una puellae,  
     Seu fuerit “Tua sum,” seu “Ter amata, Vale !”

*January, 1897.*

<sup>1</sup>       ...verbosa et grandis epistola venit  
 A Capreis. *Iuvenalis* x. 71.

*“Sisters, weave the web of death!  
Sisters, cease! the work is done!”* GRAY.

## IV

Still the weird Sisters thrid the loom,  
And still the shuttles fly,  
Weaving the web, through gleam and gloom,  
Of mortal destiny.

And day by day, for woe or weal,  
Some folded fate arrives.

With Heav’n’s high orders under seal  
To hopes and hearts and lives.

Blindly we break the seal, nor shun  
Th’ irrevocable doom,  
That bears to one a crown, to one  
A dungeon or a tomb:

Nor needs the length of labour’d phrase  
That spell’d Sejanus’ fall;  
One little word can crush or raise,  
Rebuild or ruin all.

One word of Youth or Maid may prove  
A paean or a knell,  
Whether it be, “Thine own, dear love,”  
Or, “dearest love, Farewell!”

*January, 1897.*

“ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY  
THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR”

’Tis time this heart should be unmoved,  
Since others it has ceased to move:  
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,  
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;  
The flowers and fruits of love are gone:  
The worm, the canker, and the grief  
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys  
Is lone as some volcanic isle;  
No torch is kindled at its blaze—  
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,  
The exalted portion of the pain  
And power of love, I cannot share,  
But wear the chain.

But ’tis not *thus*, and ’tis not *here*,  
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,  
Where glory decks the hero’s bier,  
Or binds his brow.

*“Death closes all; but something ere the end,  
Some work of noble note, may yet be done.”*

TENNYSON, *Ulysses*.

O cor, o nimis inquies,  
Iam quiescere tempus est:  
Si movere alios nequis  
Amplius, tamen hoc velim  
Nulli amatus amare.

Marcet ut foliis color,  
Marcet aeger amor meus:  
Flore fructibus indigo  
Sola iam superest mihi  
Tabes, vermis, amaror.

Cor meum ignis edax vorat  
Solus, Aetna ut in insula  
Sola: nulla vaporibus  
Fax calet; rogus est flagrans  
Mortui super ossa.

Si quid altum in amore erat,  
Si quid ingenuum et decens,  
Spes, metus, dolor anxius—  
Fugit aurea pars iugi;  
Vincla, vincla supersunt.

Quid loquor? Querimoniis  
Apta nec loca nec dies,  
Pulchra ubi arma frementium  
Palma vel capita impedit  
Vel sepulchra coronat.

The sword, the banner, and the field,  
 Glory and Greece, around me see !  
 The Spartan, borne upon his shield,  
 Was not more free.

Awake ! (not Greece—she *is* awake !)  
 Awake, my spirit ! Think through *whom*  
 Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,  
 And then strike home !

Tread those reviving passions down,  
 Unworthy manhood!—Unto thee  
 Indifferent should the smile or frown  
 Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live?*  
 The land of honourable death  
 Is here :—up to the field, and give  
 Away thy breath !

Seek out—less often sought than found—  
 A soldier's grave, for thee the best ;  
 Then look around, and choose thy ground,  
 And take thy rest.

BYRON.

MISSOLONGHI, *January* 22, 1824.

Graecia en vocat! en vocant  
 Campus, arma, aquilae, decus,  
 Corda libera! non tulit  
 Filium clypeo super  
 Sparta liberiorem.

Surge, surge, anima, et soporem  
 Excute aemula Graeciae!  
 Nosce, nate, lacus sinum  
 Sanguinem unde tuum trahis;  
 Tum feri semel ultior!

Turpe ne redeat iugum!  
 Sperne vilia nec viro  
 Digna! te nihil attinet  
 Frontem si levis explicet  
 Contrahatve Neaera.

Quod iuventa abiit doles,  
 Stulte? Quid prohibet mori?  
 Mortis ecquis honestior  
 Campus hoc? Age<sup>1</sup> prodigus,  
 Venit hora, animam da!

I pete, haud alias petita,  
 Aptæ funera militi:  
 Te decent: tumulo locum  
 Certus elige; tum capesse,  
 Inquiete, quietem!

DEANERY, CANTERBURY, July 4, 1898.

<sup>1</sup> ..... animaeque magnae  
 Prodigum Paullum, superante Poeno.

*"So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves."*

MILTON, *Lycidas*, 172.

In September, 1871, Alexander Sutherland, a lad only thirteen years of age, in company with six other boys, went to sea in a small boat from the shore of Forres, to catch small fish. The boat upset, and the lads were thrown into the sea, at a small distance from the shore. Sutherland, being a good swimmer, set himself to save those of his companions who could not swim, and succeeded in getting all on shore but one. Swimming towards him the poor lad became exhausted, and sank to rise no more, while his drowning companion was got safe to land.

Hark to the cry! Yon fisher-lads  
Have ceased their mirth at last:  
Their tricksy boat has tost them out,  
And six are failing fast.

Their tumbling boat has tost them out,  
And seven are in the deep;  
One only skilled his flickering life  
From quenching waves to keep.

O darling home, in softer hours  
If thou wert menaced aught,  
For thee his burly fist should flash,  
And hold the six at nought.

But now far other thought prevails,  
And masters every breath;  
With brave young arm to fight the flood,  
And snatch the prey from death.

*“Aut quidnam fracta gaudes, Neptune, carina?  
Portabat sanctos alveus ille viros.”*

PROPERT. IV. 7. 15.

Clamor it ex undis: pueri, dum retia tendunt  
Piscibus, en! solitos dedidicere iocos.  
Eiecit modo cymba procax, ludibria ponto;  
In medias cuncti praecipitantur aquas.  
Iam iam bis ternis coepit languescere robur;  
Deficiunt, vires imminuente mari.  
Septimus unus erat qui, nare peritior illis,  
Posset inexstincta vi superesse salo.  
A dilecta domus, si turba protervior olim  
Laeserat insultans te patriosque lares,  
Ille gravi pugno, iustas accensus in iras,  
Unus sex contra fervidus ulti<sup>r</sup> erat.  
Nunc quoque bella vocant, sed quam diversa, volentem:  
Unus agit pectus spiritus, unus amor;  
Seilicet ut pelagi valido domet alta lacerto,  
Et mortem praedam corripuisse vetet.

So five are plucked, in five great acts,  
From all the frowning main;  
Whose might, one other life to guide,  
Their champion dares again.

He dares, and sinks, and dies alone,  
With all the saved in view;  
A Christ among the fisher lads,  
The ransom of his crew!

O great young heart, all goodness fence  
Thy rest by yon rough sea:  
Who says the race is dwindling down  
That owns a lad like thee?

REV. J. W. GRIFFITHS.

Nec mora, continuo velut ordine, quinque natantum  
Traxit ab iratis, victor ovansque, fretis.  
Sextus in ancipiti est: sextum ne devoret unda,  
Impiger aequoreas nunc quoque tentat aquas.  
Unus tentat aquas, unus subit, interit unus;  
Stant pueri, Christum prospiciuntque suum.  
Iure voces Christum; Christo quid dignius ipso  
Quam fratrum propria morte redempta salus?  
At tibi pro tali, iuvenum fortissime, coepo  
Sit requies, tumidum qua tegit ossa mare!  
Aetatem nostram quis degenerasse queretur,  
Cum, Lycida, peperit te similesque tui?

HARROW, April 9, 1879.

“*Infidos agitans discordia fratres.*” *Georg.* II. 496.

Alas! they had been friends in youth,  
But whispering tongues can poison truth,  
And constancy lives in realms above;  
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;  
And to be wroth with one we love  
Doth work like madness in the brain.  
And thus it chanced, as I divine,  
With Roland and Sir Leoline.  
Each spake words of high disdain  
And insult to his heart’s best brother:  
They parted—ne’er to meet again!  
But never either found another  
To free the hollow heart from paining—  
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;  
A dreary sea now flows between,  
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once hath been.

S. T. COLERIDGE, *Christabel*.

*Vulnera sunt animi, quorum monumenta supersunt:  
Saepe cicatrices saucia corda gerunt.*

Digna cano lacrimis : iuvenes duo iunxerat olim  
Dulcis amicitiae foedere verus amor.  
Garrula sed turpi foedat loca casta veneno  
Lingua, nec in terra est, sed super astra, Fides.  
Adde vices rerum ; levis est et vana iuventas,  
Pluribus et spinis obsita vita riget ;  
Nec furiosa magis mentes insania torquet  
Quam socii in carum cum calet ira caput.  
Talis erat Nisi, reor, Euryalique simultas :  
Rixa oritur : fratrem culpat uterque suum.  
Vulnerat opprobriis dictisque procacibus alter  
Alterius pectus, quem tamen intus amat.  
Rumpitur heu ! duplices animas quae fecerat unam  
Copula, nec rursus tempus in omne coit.  
At non Euryalus Niso, non Nisus amicum  
Repperit Euryalo post ea fata parem,  
Qui desiderium consolaretur adempti,  
Impleretque locum quem vacuarat amor.  
Sed velut oppositae rupes, quas discidit aetas,  
Vexantur flabris, fulgure, sole, gelu ;  
Inter utrasque fluunt maris illaetabilis undae—  
Signa tamen prisci foederis usque patent ;  
Sic vetus ista, animae, vos discidit ira, fideles,  
Vos importuni separat unda maris.  
Distatis, sed utroque subest, puto, corde cicatrix,  
Indelebilibus vulnera fassa notis.

*October 17, 1902.*

*"To my little son Benjamin, from the Tower,"  
where the writer was imprisoned for over-bold speech  
in the House of Commons, circa 1610.*

My little Ben, since thou art young,  
And hast not yet the use of tongue,  
Make it thy slave, while thou art free;  
It prison, lest it prison thee.

JOHN HOSKIN.

### I

Parvulus es, vocisque tuae paecluditur usus  
Hactenus, o clausi carcere nate patris.  
Libertate fruens servam tibi subice vocem;  
Vincla para linguae, ne tibi vincla paret.

### II

Fili parvule, dum vocaris infans,  
Dum linguae tibi denegatur usus,  
Servam illam face liber, et catenis,  
Ne te vineiat inquieta, vinci.

### III

Puelle noster, dum "puelle" te vocant,  
Needum usus est vocis tuae,  
Linguam catenis da (licet) servam puer,  
Ne te catenis det virum.

NEW HAILES, October 29, 1891.

## I

<sup>7</sup>Ω βρέφος, ὡς νεογιλόν, ἔως βρέφος εἰ καὶ ἄφωνον,  
οὐ γάρ ἔχεις φωνῆς, παῖ, χρέος οὐδὲ λόγων,  
γλώσσην εὖ δούλωσαι ἐλεύθερος, εὖ τε πέδησον  
δεσμοῖσιν, δεσμοῖς μή σε κακῶς πεδάῃ.

## II

Βρέφος νεογνόν, οὕπω  
γλώσσης ἔχεις σὺ χρείαν·  
ἐλεύθερός σφε δουλοῦ,  
πέδα τε μὴ πεδηθῆς.

## III

Βρέφος νεογενές, δεσμίου τέκνου πατρός,  
γλώσσης ὃς οὕπω στωμύλου χρείαν ἔχεις,  
δούλην νιν εἴρξον αὐτὸς ὡν ἐλεύθερος,  
καὶ δεσμίαν θέσ, μή σε δέσμιον τιθῇ.

## IV

<sup>7</sup>Ω βρέφος, γλώσσης ἀναυδον, ώς ἀν ἥς ἐλεύθερος  
γλῶσσαν εὖ δουλοῦ πεδήσας, μή σε δούλον ὡς, πεδᾶ.

*October, 1891.*

*“...and felt  
The same, but not the same.”*

*In Memoriam, LXXXVII.*

*“Nessun maggior dolore  
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
Nella miseria.” Inferno, v. 121.*

*“This is truth the Poet sings,  
That a sorrow’s crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.”*

TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall.*

Ye banks and braes o’ bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fair!  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I sae fu’ o’ care!

Thou’ll break my heart, thou bonnie bird  
That sings upon the bough;  
Thou minds me o’ the happy days  
When my fause Luve was true.

Thou’ll break my heart, thou bonnie bird  
That sings beside thy mate;  
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,  
And wist na o’ my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon  
To see the woodbine twine,  
And ilka bird sang o’ its love;  
And sae did I o’ mine.

Wi’ lightsome heart I pu’d a rose  
Frae aff its thorny tree;  
And my fause luver staw the rose,  
But left the thorn wi’ me.

R. BURNS.

*"Heu quoties fidem  
Mutatosque deos flebit."*

HOR. Carm. I. 5.

*Omnia sunt eadem, ripae, declivia, flores;  
Idem odor in picto margine, murmur idem.  
Imperturbatum dat turtur ab arbore carmen,  
Indelibata labitur amnis aqua.  
Quicquid ubique oculos, quisquis sonus excitat aurem,  
Gaudia mi revocat praeteritosque dies.  
Omnia sunt eadem; sed quae placuere beatis  
Possunt heu! miseris ultimus esse dolor.*

Dulcia riparum declivia, dulcior amnis,  
Intempestive lux mihi vestra nitet.  
Intempestive canitis, gens parva volantum,  
Nos ubi curarum sarcina tanta premit.  
Turda, super ramo quae ludis amabilis isto,  
Parce levi cantu cor lacerare meum.  
Quippe dies cogis miseram meminisse beatos  
Nondum ubi credideram fallere posse Lycum.  
Tu quoque, quae non sola sedes sed coniuge coniux  
Laeta, maritales siste, columba, modos.  
Sic sedi, sic ipsa Lyco mea carmina feci,  
Nescia quas ferrent perfida fata vices.  
Saepius has ripas olim, loca nota, petebam,  
Lentaque mirabar vimina nexa rosis.  
Vox avium cuiusque suos memorabat amores,  
Nec mea vox potuit non memorare meum.  
Tum male sana rosam spinosa ex arbore carpsi—  
Nemo hilarem admonuit, “credula Pyrrha, cave!”—  
A nimium simplex! Suberat simulator amoris:  
Ille rosam rapuit, spina relicta mihi est.

THORNHILL, DUMFRIES, August, 1899.

## A NEW YEAR'S WISH

What shall I wish you our first New Year,  
     My dearest Wife ?  
 Shall I wish that never a pang or tear  
     May mar your life ?  
 Shall I wish for nothing but sun and blue  
     Without a shower ?  
 An easy path where the stones are few  
     And sweet the flower ?  
 Shall I wish no fancy unfulfilled ?  
     No whim denied ?  
 No ruin of hopes on which you build ?  
     No shock to pride ?  
 Others may wish you these—not I :  
     I hold it vain  
 To ask for what no gold can buy  
     Nor prayer obtain.  
 So, as I dare not hope for bliss  
     Without a thorn,  
 I pray that God may give you this  
     To-morrow morn—  
 To love the best you know and see  
     With love as true  
 As you have felt and feel for me  
     And I for you !

EDMUND WHYTEHEAD HOWSON.

*December 31, 1886.*

*"Iure sollemnis mihi, sanctiorque  
Paene natali proprio."* . . . . . HOR.

Tempus adest votis: quid iam, dilecta, quid optem  
Annus ut incipiens det tibi iure meae?  
Ut lacrimae distent? Ut non mortalia tangant?  
Ut nitidos degas et sine nube dies?  
Floribus ut mediis facilis te semita ducat,  
Neu tenerum offendant aspera saxa pedem?  
Ut quicquid cupias, quiequid temeraria temptes,  
Perfida Fortunae vox sonet aure "Tuum est"?  
Icarus ut nullas det, spe fallente, ruinas  
Neu Phaethon sparsis praecipitetur equis?  
Haec optent alii, non nos; pudet irrita ventis  
Tradere, non auro nec redimenda prece:  
Nec mortale rosam spinis sperare carentem:  
Ipsa, reor, pietas vana rogare vetat.  
Unum oro, si vota Deus, dilecta, secundet,  
Unum, quod tibi lux crastina ferre velit;  
Ut, quoties tecum loqueris per devia vitae,  
"Rectius hoc novi nil, propiusve Deo,"  
Id penitus foveas, et amore sequaris eodem  
Quo tua nos hodie, te mea corda, fovent!

DAVOS-PLATZ, Prid. Kal. Ian. A.S. MDCCCLXXXVII.

## FINGAL'S CAVE AT STAFFA

Here, as to shame the temples decked  
By skill of earthly architect,  
Nature herself, it seemed, would raise  
A Minster to her Maker's praise.  
Not for a meaner use ascend  
Her columns, or her arches bend ;  
Nor of a theme less solemn tells  
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,  
And still, between each awful pause,  
From the high vault an answer draws,  
In varied tone prolonged and high  
That mocks the organ's melody.  
Nor doth its entrance front in vain  
To old Iona's holy fane,  
That Nature's voice might seem to say,  
“ Well hast thou done, frail Child of clay !  
“ Thy humble powers that stately shrine  
“ Tasked high and hard—but witness mine ! ”

*Lord of the Isles*, iv. 10.

*Ipsa Creatori fanum Natura sacravit,  
Et docet e latebris antra sonare Deum.*

Haec loca, mortalem tamquam aspernantia fastum,  
Fana hominum irridens aedificata manu,  
Ipsa Creatoris Natura expromere laudes  
Iusserat, et templum struxerat arte sua.  
Nonne vides altis laquearia fulta columnis?  
Nonne vides arcus? Stant ut in aede Dei.  
Murmura, quae nunc grande tonant, nunc lene silescunt,  
Testantur propria Numen inesse domo.  
Saxa super reboant; iuvat intervalla sonoris  
Expectare sacri, dum pia corda tremunt.  
Carmina quam variant numeros, quam longa morantur!  
Tam caeleste melos tympana nulla creant.  
Nec temere, ut credo, speluncae ante ora marinae  
Stant postes fani, mater Iona, tui.  
Hoc, reor, hoc Natura monet, "Sate pulvere terrae,  
"Hoc tua vis, tua mens, nec male, fecit opus:  
"Istam erexisti vasto conamine molem;  
"Tale tuum specimen, nunc venerare meum."

BAMFF, September 11, 1912.

*“He that leadeth an uncorrupt life.” Ps. xv. 2.*

The man of life upright,  
Whose guileless heart is free  
From all dishonest deeds  
Or thought of vanity;

The man whose silent days  
In harmless joys are spent,  
Whom hopes cannot delude,  
Nor sorrow discontent,

That man needs neither towers  
Nor armour for defence,  
Nor secret vaults to fly  
From thunder's violence.

He only can behold  
With unaffrighted eyes  
The horrors of the deep  
And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares  
That fate or fortune brings,  
He makes the heaven his book,  
His wisdom heavenly things :

Good thoughts his only friends,  
His wealth a well-spent age,  
The earth his sober inn  
And quiet pilgrimage.

THOMAS CAMPION.

*“Integer vitae scelerisque purus.” HOR.*

## I

Si quis moribus est integer, et dolos  
Puro corde fugit, iustitiae tenax,

Si veri simulacra et  
Falsas odit imagines;

Si perstat tacitos, laude carens, dies  
Contentus placidis degere gaudiis,

Nec spe lusus inani,  
Nec luctu domitus nimis;

Non altis eget hic turribus aut caput  
Tectura galea, non elypeo aut specu

Tuto a fulminis ira:  
Huic non ulla pericula

Terrorem incutunt; hic minitantium  
Undarum fremitus et spatium poli,

Quassum voce Tonantis,  
Rectis luminibus videt.

Iam quascunque vices Fors ferat unice  
Securus, Superos hic sapientiam

Poscit, tum bene doctus  
Si secreta Dei leget;

Secum (solus enim est) seria cogitans  
Et virtute mera dives, iter tenet

Terrae sobrius hospes,  
Caelo debitus incola.

LOCH ALVEY, September, 1910.

*"The man of life upright."*

## II

Si quis moribus integer,  
 Omni fraude carens, nec sibi conscius  
 Culpa aut criminis abditi,  
 Nil turpe aut speciosum aut leve cogitans;  
 Si perstat tacitos dies  
 Contentus placidis degere gaudiis,  
 Nec spe lusus inanum,  
 Nec luctus nimium vulneribus dolens;  
 Talis non eget arcibus  
 Altis, non clypeo aut casside, non specu  
 Rubri fulminis ignibus  
 Praebente effugium non penetrabile.  
 Hic solus mare fluctibus  
 Irascentis tumidis, et laquear poli  
 Quassum voce tonitruum,  
 Rectis impavidus luminibus videt.  
 Hic quascunque vices ferant  
 Fors aut fata parum providus, unice  
 Curat si sapientiae  
 Cultor se societ consiliis Dei.  
 Secum sic bona colloquens  
 Solus, mente pia dives, iter tenet,  
 Terrae sobrius et brevis  
 Hospes, tum Superis debitus incola.

LOCH ALVEY, September, 1910.

MS. AT NEW HAILES, IN THE HANDWRITING OF  
 SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE, BART.,  
 AFTERWARDS LORD HAILES, ABOUT 1770.

---

Thou future lord, whoe'er thou art,  
 Of groves, of lawns, which once were mine,  
 O use them with a bounteous heart,  
 With cheerful gratitude resign.

---

*“Cuncta manus avidas fugient heredi<sup>s</sup> amico  
 Quae dederis animo.”*                    HOR. *Od.* IV. 7.

## I

Heres, quisquis eris, cui post mea fata nitebunt  
 Haec nemora, hi saltus, qui nituere mihi,  
 Utet muneribus quae dat Deus, utet large,  
 Nec tibi sit nimium triste “Valete” loqui.

H. M. B.

NEW HAILES, *August*, 1891.

## II

Heres avitae, quisquis eris, domus,  
 Heres mearum, queis fruor, arborum,  
   Cui rura, cui saltus virebunt,  
     Deliciae domini prioris,  
 Tu dote larga, dum licet, utere  
 Large benignus: mox, ubi venerit  
   Tempus recedendi, beatus  
     Nec nimis impatiens resigna.

## III

Heres, quisquis eris, cui viridantia  
 Debentur nemora haec et cava saltuum,  
   Quem mox rura iuvabunt  
     Quae me nunc dominum iuvant,  
 Large muneribus, dum licet, utere  
 Quae large data sunt: tum pius omnia  
   Grata mente resigna,  
     Heredis patiens tui.

## IV

Pronepos, nondum mihi note, saltus  
 Qui meos olim, mea rura, habebis,  
 Ipsius, quo iam fruor, aesculeti  
   Debitus heres,  
 Quae tibi large data sunt, memento  
 Largius donis generosus uti;  
 Tum, nec invitus, domino sequenti  
   Cuncta resigna.

FOUR LINES ON A MONUMENT AT NEW HAILES  
TO FIELD MARSHAL EARL OF STAIR, K.T.,  
AFTER THE BATTLE OF DETTINGEN.

---

Mortales sileant fastus, veterisque tyranni  
Nomina, pyramidum structus in astra labor:  
Nulla fides saxo; propriis virtutibus heros  
Nititur, haud norint haec monumenta mori.

---

No perishable pomp, no Pharaoh's shrine,  
No "star-pointing pyramid" be thine!  
Thy deathless name outlives the crumbling stone,  
Built on the virtues thou didst make thine own.

H. M. B.

*August 11, 1891.*

VIRO INSIGNI ET SUMME REVERENDO  
GUILELMO ALEXANDRO, S.T.P.  
ARCHIEPISCOPO ARMACHANO

---

Carmina qui iuvenis iuveni mihi grata canebas—  
 Veris erant flores primitiaeque tui—  
 Nunc matura seni gravioraque munera mittis,  
     Auctumni segetem, ter venerande Senex!  
 Plena fuere Deo, memini, tua carmina quondam;  
     Sunt quoque quae mittis munera plena Deo.  
 Hinc tua captandi iuvenesque senesque facultas;  
     Friget, divino quae caret igne, chelys.  
 Sunt quibus haec aetas coeptis heroibus impar,  
     Nec sibi commissum ferre videtur onus.  
 Virtutem e terris fugisse queruntur, et ipsam  
     Cur vivant causam vix satis esse super.  
 Pessima quaeque crepant: “sunt haec peiora vetustis;  
     “Si quid erit posthac, his quoque peius erit.”  
 Tu magis alta sonas: tua vox, tua buccina, cives  
     Concitat, et “sursum” tollere “corda” iubet;  
 Ne quid inexpertum, ne quid linquatur inausum,  
     Cum Deus electos rursus “ad arma” vocat.  
 Tu clavum moderante vetas horrescere Christo;  
     “Tuta secat fluctus, quam regit Ille, ratis.  
 “Saepius in puppi Rector dormire putetur;  
     “Illa tamen portum (fidite) sospes init.”  
 Volnera tu sanas animi; tu quanta doloris  
     Purgando affectus sit medecina doces.  
 Tu pacis sapiens inhonesta pericula cernis,  
     Bellaque caelesti posse placere choro.  
 Debita tu patriae recolis; tibi dulee videtur  
     Vivere pro patria pro patriaque mori.  
 Ergo, sancte Senex, grates, precor, accipe nostras,  
     Votaque pro vitis fertilitate tuae.  
 Sit tibi—namque potest, nosti—renovata iuventas,  
     Pomaque praeteritis uberiora ferat.  
 Post folia et frondes crescat sua gloria truncus,  
     Ut fructus vernis fructibus addat hiems.

PERSEY HOTEL, *August 21, 1902.*

## INSOMNIS SOMNO

Somne, veni—non qualis eras puerilibus annis,  
 Cum mihi nil aegrum sollicitumve fuit;  
 Cum, simul ac parvo posuisse colla cubili,  
 Sponte sua adstabat, nec fugitura, quies.  
 Sunt bona, novi equidem, quae, cum semel abstulit aetas,  
 Longius, haud usquam restituenda, volant;  
 Et sperare nefas, aliis quae dona negavit,  
 Haec mihi ab invito numine posse dari.  
 Hoc tamen hoc petimus—nec sint mea vota precamur  
 Irrita—mutata nunc vice, Somne, redi!  
 Nullane debetur senibus reverentia fessis?  
 Nonne pudet puero posthabuisse senem?  
 Terreor his tenebris, haec longa silentia turbant,  
 Nil oculi, nigrum praeter inane, vident.  
 Abde sepulta diu, sint alma oblivia rerum;  
 Sit mihi cor, sit mens non memor usque sui!  
 Quod si iam socium tu te mihi, Somne, recusas,  
 Et feret obscuros nox mihi quaeque metus,  
 Saltem, dum vigilo, lapsosque remetior annos,  
 Multaque vae! memini quae meminisse piget.  
 Surgere conantem si vis terrena gravatur,  
 Nil obstet precibus quominus alta sequar!  
 Sit mihi per tenebras vocem auscultare Paternam,  
 Nec sine Caelesti luce, loquente Deo.

COMRIE, September 21, 1907.

## DEPARTED DAYS

O dear departed cherished days,  
Could Memory's hand restore  
Your morning light, your evening rays  
From Time's grey urn once more;  
Then might this restless heart be still,  
This straining eye might close,  
And Hope her fainting pinions fold  
While the fair phantoms rose.

But, like a child in Ocean's arms,  
We strive against the stream,  
Each moment further from the shore  
Where life's young fountains gleam:  
Each moment fainter wave the fields,  
And wider rolls the sea;  
The mist grows dark—the sun goes down—  
Day breaks—and where are we?

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

*“O mihi praeteritos referat si Iupiter annos!” VIRGIL.*

O si, Mnemosyne, tua dextra reduceret annos  
 Lurida quos cani temporis urna premit;  
 Si iubar Aurorae, si vespertina rediret  
 Gloria, lux animi deliciaeque mei;—  
 Iam requie viduum posset requiescere pectus,  
 Intentos oculos posset adire sopor;  
 Spes etiam posset languentes ponere pennas,  
 Pulchra iuventutis dum simulacra nitent. 4  
 Sed, velut Oceani prensus complexibus infans,  
 Nitimur adversum vim retrahentis aquae;  
 Et magis atque magis iam litora nota recedunt,  
 Qua scatebrae, pueri vitaque fonsque, micant:  
 Iamque minus viret herba, minus seges undat in arvis,  
 Planities ponti vastior usque patet:  
 Nigrescunt nebulae, sol se demittit in aequor,  
 Nox ruit—at nobis quid feret orta dies?

*September 24, 1892.*

*"'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all."*

*In Memoriam, LXXXIV.*

He who for Love hath undergone  
The worst that can befall,  
Is happier thousandfold than one  
Who never loved at all.

A grace within his soul hath reigned  
Which nothing else can bring:  
Thank God for all that I have gained  
From that high suffering.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, LORD HOUGHTON, 1850.

Tὸν πάθει μάθος θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν. AESCH. *Ag.* 177.

Si quis amans laesi iam vulnera sensit amoris  
Pessima, nec peius quod patiatur habet,  
Sit licet infelix, bis terque beatior illo est  
Cui nullus nullo tempore notus amor.  
Est ea nobilitas in amore, ea gratia mentis,  
Quam, nisi perpessis ultima, vita negat:  
Et mihi fas laudare Deum quod contigit olim  
Ultima, queis non sint ulteriora, pati.

CAMBRIDGE, December 16, 1899.

*Kαὶ ταῦτ' ἐκείνων μᾶλλον οἰκτείρω πολύ.* AESCH. *Ag.* 1330.

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds  
 With coldness still returning:  
 Alas! the gratitude of men  
 Hath oftener left me mourning.

WORDSWORTH.

Ingrata, si vis, argue pauperum  
 Tu corda, dives: me potius movent  
 Grate recordantes, meaque  
 Vae! bonitas bonitate maior.

## RIVALS

Of all the torments, all the cares  
With which our lives are curst,  
Of all the plagues a lover bears,  
Sure rivals are the worst !  
By partners in each other kind  
Afflictions easier grow ;  
In love alone we hate to find  
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see  
Are labouring in my breast,  
I beg not you would favour me,  
Would you but slight the rest !  
How great soe'er your rigours are,  
With them alone I'll cope ;  
I can endure my own despair,  
But not another's hope.

WILLIAM WALSH, 1663—1708.

*“Rivalem patienter habe.” OVID.*

## I

*“Sic te Diva potens Cypri.”*

Multis vita doloribus  
 Torquetur, Pholoe, tristis amantium;  
 Mille aegros cruciant mala,  
 Sed rivali animum nil cruciat magis.

Sunt queis febre calentibus  
 Pars angoris abit si socios habent;  
 Sed si quos amor ulcerat,  
 Oderunt gemitus participem sui.

Cernis quot mihi saucium  
 Pectus dilanient vulnera, nec precor  
 Ut me spernere desinas  
 Si dignare procos sperare ceteros.      *ne*

Ut frontem mihi contrahas,  
 Ut sis dura silex, duritiem feram:  
 Desperare queo pati,  
 Sed sperare alios intolerabile.

CAUDEBEC, MAISON BRÛLÉE, April, 1904.

## II

*“Quis multa gracilis te, puer, in rosa.”*

Quae non cura iecur torquet amantium,  
 Quae non cor penetrant spicula? Sed nihil  
     Inter tot cruciatus  
     Rivali penetrat magis.

Morbis quippe aliis, si socios habes,  
 Pars angoris abit; sed quibus est amor  
     Morbus, nill magis horrent  
     Angoris socio sui.

Quae tormenta meum cor lacerent vides  
 Quod me spernis adhuc, Silvia; nec precor  
     Ut me spernere cesses  
     Si vis spernere ceteros.

Sis tu dura mihi, ferrea sis licet,  
 Istam duritiem pertulero, neque  
     Desperare gravabor  
     Si sperare alios vetas.

*April, 1904.*

## III

*“Divis orte bonis, optime Romulae.”*

Quot curis, Helene, quot cruciatibus  
 Torquetur trepidum pectus amantium !  
 Mille aegros laniant vulnera, sed nihil  
 Rivali laniat magis.

Sunt febres aliae queis comes assidens  
 Vultu, voce, manu tristitiam levat ;  
 Sed cui febris amor, nil odiosius  
 Angoris socio sui.

Quae tormenta meum cor lacerent vides  
 Quod me spernis adhuc ferrea, nec tamen  
 Orem te faveas ut mihi, si velis,  
 Ut me, spernere ceteros.

Sed quamvis rigida fronte superbias,  
 Frontis, dura, minas ferre queo miser :  
 Desperare meum fit tolerabile  
 Si sperare alios vetas.

*April, 1904.*

Οὐκ ἔτλας, ω̄ πίστε Λεωνίδα, αὗτις ίκέσθαι  
 Εὔρωταν, χαλεπῷ σπερχόμενος πολέμῳ.  
 ἀλλ' ἐπὶ Θερμοπύλαι τὸ Περσικὸν ἔθνος ἀμύνων  
 ἐδμάθης, πατέρων ἀζόμενος νόμιμα.

RHAENUS, *Anthologia Graeca.*

Non dignatus eras, Vir magne, revisere tutus  
 Eurotam, innumero pressus ab hoste, tuum.  
 Thermopylis Medos voluisti his finibus arcens,  
 Servata patrum religione, mori.

Not thine, brave Chief—to live thou wouldst not deign—  
 Home to Eurotas' bank to turn again.  
 By the Strait Pass, lone Warden, didst thou stand,  
 To bar the stranger from the freeman's land.  
 There didst thou fall; there, loyal, thou wast laid,  
 True Liegeman of the laws thy fathers made.

CAMBRIDGE, November, 1890.

## LION AT CHAERONEIA

Προσιόντων δὲ τῇ πόλει πολυάνδριον Θηβαίων ἐστὶν ἐν τῷ πρὸς Φίλιππον ἀγῶνι ἀποθανόντων. οὐκ ἐπιγέγραπται μὲν δὴ ἐπίγραμμα, ἐπίσημα δ' ἐπεστιν αὐτῷ λέων. φέροι δ' ἂν ἐς τῶν ἀνδρῶν μάλιστα τὸν θυμόν. ἐπίγραμμα δὲ ἄπεστιν, ἐμοὶ δοκεῖν, ὅτι οἱ κειμένα τῇ τόλμῃ σφίσι τὰ ἐκ τοῦ δαιμονος ἡκολούθησε.

PAUSANIAS, *Boeotica*, Lib. ix. Cap. XL. 5.

During my lonely ride to Chaeroneia, November 24, 1857, I thought over this passage and Colonel Mure's comment upon it, and composed the following ἐπίγραμμα.

Λέοντ' ἐσεῖδον μαχόμενον λύκῳ ξένῳ.  
 κὰν ἐκράτησεν ἐγγενὲς πνέων μένος.  
 ἀλλ' ἀσθενοῦντα γάρ νιν ἐξεύρεν λύκος,  
 νόσῳ κακῇ ξυνόντα τηρήσας πάλαι.  
 ὁ δ' οὖν ξυνειδὼς ὄνυχας ἐκκεκαρμένος  
 τοὺς πρόσθ' ἀπλάτους, κούκετ' ἵσχυων, ὅμως  
 οὐδέν τι μᾶλλον τὴν μάχην ἤνηνατο,  
 ἔργων ἀταρβῆ τῶν πάλαι μνήμην τρέφων.  
 εἰθ', ὡς ξυνῆψε, καιρίαν πληγεὶς χαμαὶ<sup>1</sup>  
 ἐκεῖτο, λυπηθεὶς μὲν ἀλλ' ὑπερφρονῶν,  
 δρθαῖς κοραῖσι δεχόμενος τὸ μόρσιμον.

MARATHON, November 27, 1857.

Τὸ ἐν Χαιρωνείᾳ Πολυνάνδριον.

Τί δὴ δακρύεις τόνδ' ὄρῶν, "Ελλην, τάφον;  
ἡμεῖς γε μέντοι χαίρομεν κοιμώμενοι,  
ἐλεύθεροι γάρ εἰσιν οἱ κεκμηκότες.

Doles, Atheniensis, hoc bustum tuens?

Nos nullus attingit dolor.

Iuvat iacere: nunc adempta servitus,

Nunc, nunc, vacamus liberi.

If any Greek should shed a tear  
For fate of Greek that slumbers here,  
Shade of lost Freedom, let him know  
We count it well to slumber so.

When the Macedonian came  
And nought was left but death or shame,  
Athens and Thebes alone were found  
To die on Freedom's holy ground.

Haste thee to Sparta! Speed, and say  
What thou hast seen and heard to-day:  
Athens and Thebes forgot their feud  
To die for Grecian brotherhood.

*Epitaphium Demosthenis*

Si tibi par menti robur, Vir magne, fuisset,  
Graecia non Macedae succubuisset hero.

A. B.

Εἴ σοι λόγοισι δύναμις ἐξ ἵσου παρῆν,  
οὐκ ἂν ποθ' Ἑλλὰς Μακεδόνων ἔδυ ζυγόν.

November 24, 1857.

*Spring hath her own bright days of calm and peace."*

R. BRIDGES.

Come, dear Amanda, quit the town,  
 And to the rural hamlets fly:  
 Behold! the wintry storms are gone,  
 A gentle radiance glads the sky.  
 The birds awake, the flowers appear,  
 Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee,  
 'Tis joy and music all we hear,  
 'Tis love and beauty all we see.  
 Come let us mark the gradual spring,  
 How peep the buds, the blossom blows;  
 Till Philomel begin to sing,  
 And perfect May to swell the rose.

"*Haec anni noritas iure vocanda fuit.*" OVID.

Desere Romulidum, Lalage mea, desere turres,  
 Rura pete et sparsas per loca rara casas.  
 Flamina—nomine vides?—posuere hiemalia rixam,  
 Mitior et coepit sol hilarare polum.

Excutiunt somnos volueres, nova gratia florum est,  
 Terra tibi viridem praestruit alma torum.  
 Quicquid adest oculis decor est et amoena venustas.  
 Quiequid in aure sonat dulce susurrat amor.

Hic mecum, iam vere gradus properante, videbis  
 Pandere se gemmas, fronde virere nemus,  
 Annua dum primos renovet Philomela canores,  
 Explicet et pleno Maius honore rosam.

PERSEY HOTEL, August 6, 1902.

## YOUTH AND AGE

Heaven gives our years of fading strength  
 Indemnifying fleetness,  
 And years of youth a seeming length  
 Proportioned to their sweetness.

T. CAMPBELL.

*"And blessings on the falling out  
 That all the more endears."*

TENNYSON, *The Princess.*

In going to my lonely bed,  
 As one that would have slept,  
 I heard a wife sing to her child  
 That long had moaned and wept.

She sighed sore and sang full sweet,  
 To lull the babe to rest,  
 That would not cease, but cried still  
 Upon its mother's breast.

She was full weary of her watch,  
 And grieved with her child;  
 She rocked it and rated it,  
 Till that on her it smiled.

Then did she say, "Now have I found  
 "This proverb true to prove:  
 "The falling out of faithful friends  
 "Renewing is of love."

R. EDWARDS, 1560.

*Tempora quae iuveni longa et diurna videntur,  
Haec eadem cita sunt et fugitiva seni.*

Hora favet sua cuique; senum languentibus annis  
Compensaturam Di tribuere fugam.

Longa dies iuvenum est, quae longior esse videtur  
Quo plus laetitiae plusque leporis habet.

LOCH ALVEY, September 7, 1910.

“*Amantium irae amoris integratio est.*”

Cum peterem vacuum solus sine compare lectum,  
Ut qui sperarem posse quiete frui,  
Vox subiit matris cantu solantis alumnum;  
Tardus ad obsequium fletque gemitque puer.  
Blandius illa quidem, graviter suspiria ducens,  
Infantem si qua sopiat arte, canit:  
Immiscetque preces, sed inexorabilis infans  
Materno implexus vagit, ut ante, sinu.  
Tum mater, iam taedet enim vigilasse tot horas,  
“Tune mihi aeternum causa doloris?” ait:  
Iactatumque manu castigat, et increpat ultiro,  
Cum subito parvi risus in ore micat.

Illa remollescens, “de me vetus,” inquit, “habetur  
“Fabula; iam nosco quod docuere patres:  
“Ira liceat fidos disiungere possit amantes,  
“Ipsius ex irae vi refovetur amor.””

CAMBRIDGE, December 18, 1894.

*"Fidelity."* WORDSWORTH.

When youthful faith has fled,  
    Of loving take thy leave;  
Be constant to the dead,  
    The dead cannot deceive.

It is an old belief,  
    That on some solemn shore,  
Beyond the sphere of grief,  
    Dear friends will meet once more.

That creed I fain would keep,  
    That hope I'll not forgo;  
Eternal be the sleep,  
    If not to waken so.

LOCKHART.

*"Pindarum quisquis studet aemulari."*

## I

Cum tibi effugit iuvenilis ardor,  
 Paulle, iam finem facias amorum;  
 Mortuis, queis non datur esse falsis,  
 Fidus adhaere.

Inter antiquos, ita fabulantur,  
 Spes erat, hictu procul in sacrato  
 Litoris luco, veteres amicos  
 Posse revisi.

Tale solamen retinere possim et  
 Spe bona certaque frui, sodales:  
 Malim in aeternum, nisi sic resurgam,  
 Ducere somnum.

*"Sic te diva potens Cypri."*

## II

Ergo primus abit amor!  
 Noli, Paulle, novis te dare amoribus:  
 Qui periuria nesciunt

Tu nunquam socios desere mortuos.  
 Prisco tempore creditum est  
 Defunctorum animas litore mystico  
 Coniunctas, lacrimis procul,  
 Dilectos comites posse revisere.  
 Maiorum illa fides mea est;  
 Spes antiqua patrum me quoque sustinet:  
 Si spes illa feffellerit,  
 Praestet iudice me perpetuus sopor.

*January 19, 1912.*

*“Beatus ille qui procul negotiis.”*

## III

Primae iuventae prima cum fugit fides,  
 Novos amores abice !  
 Fidelis esto mortuis sodalibus  
 Qui peierare non queunt.  
 Ni vana tradunt, spes in antiquis erat,  
 Quodam in beato litora  
 Caros amicos, iam dolore liberos,  
 Fratres suos revisere.  
 Quod crediderunt sic patres, credam libens,  
 Spes illa me solabitur :  
 Ni sic resurgam, potius aeternum velim  
 Dormire quam resurgere.

*“Iam iam efficaci do manus scientiae.”*

## IV

Dulcis iuventae primus effluxit calor ?  
 Noli catenis illigare te novis,  
 Nec cessa amicis fidus esse mortuis  
 Iniuriosae fraudis innocentibus.  
 Olim vetustos credidisse traditum est,  
 Ora beatiore quam nostra, procul  
 Luctu doloribusque terrenis sita,  
 Caros amicos posse se revisere.  
 Quod tradiderunt sic patres, servem libens ;  
 Spem, quae patres solata, nunquam abiecero.  
 Ni sic obibo certus expergiscier,  
 Multo magis placebit aeternus sopor.

*January 19, 1912.*

## V

Cum tibi, Paulle, tuae fugit calor ille iuventae,  
 Iam tibi, si sapies, finis amoris erit.  
 Sis, precor, a! sociis qui mortem obiere fidelis;  
 Nunquam illi poterunt destituisse fidem.  
 Spes erat antiquis, procul hinc in litore sacro,  
 Qua lacrimae arescunt nec dolor ullus adit,  
 Esse piis sedes ubi, quos Libitina sodales  
 Abstulerit, rursus se sociare queant.  
 Hoc patribus placuit; placet hoc mihi credere verum:  
 Hanc ego, dum vivam, spem retinere velim:  
 Hac ego post obitum nisi conditione resurgam,  
 Sit mihi sors Lethe perpetuusque sopor!

*January 19, 1912.*

*“Caelo supinas si tuleris manus.”*

## VI

Ergo iuventae prima fides tuae,  
 Torquate, fugit? Ne nova iunxeris,  
 Periurus extinctis amicis,  
 Foedera non tibi peieratis.  
 Olim vetusto tempore creditum est  
 Functos sodales, iam lacrimis procul,  
 Sacra renascentes in ora  
 Posse suis sine fine reddi.  
 Spes illa avorum me quoque roborat;  
 Quod crediderunt crediderim libens:  
 Ni detur hoc sperare, malim  
 Ducere perpetuum soporem.

*BAMFF, April 3, 1912.*

*“Diffugere nires.”*

## VII

Cum tibi prima fides abiit, Torquate, iuventae,  
     Ne nova quaesieris  
 Foedera, ne fidis fallax videaris amicis  
     Quos tibi mors rapuit.  
 Credebant veteres, iterum post funera fratrum  
     Vivere posse animas,  
 Oraque in Elysiis dilecta revisere lucis  
     Illacrimabilibus.  
 Hanc ego, quae solamen avis tam dulce ferebat,  
     Spem retinere velim;  
 Qua nisi perfruerer, mors ipsa optatior esset,  
     Perpetuusque sopor.

BAMFF, April 11, 1912.

## VIII

Ergo prima fides tuae iuventae  
 Fugit! Ne pete tu novos amores,  
 Nec tu desere mortuos amicos  
 Qui nunquam tibi, Paulle, peierarunt.  
 Credebant veteres amicum amico,  
 Post mortem, lacrimis procul relictis,  
 Quodam in litore mystico sacroque  
 Notum rursus, ut antea, futurum.  
 O spes aurea! te meam fovere,  
 Tecum vivere, tecum obire possim!  
 Ni te post obitum fruens resurgam,  
 Malim perpetuo frui sopore.

March 5, 1912.

FRATRI NATU MAXIMO  
 DOMUS NOSTRAE DUCI ET SIGNIFERO  
 PATERNI NOMINIS IMPRIMIS STUDIOSO  
 ET AD IPSIUS MEMORIAM  
 SI OTIUM SUFFECISSET  
 PER LITTERAS CELEBRANDAM  
 PRAETER OMNES IDONEO  
 HOC OPUSCULUM  
 EIUS HORTATU SUSCEPTUM  
 CONSILIIS AUCTUM ATQUE ADIUTUM  
 D. D. D.  
 † FRATER NATU SECUNDUS.

A. S., MCMIII.

H. M. B.

† See the Editor's Note to his "Life and Letters of Bishop Westcott," 1903.

## FRATRI NATU MAXIMO

Haec tibi iure dico magni monumenta Parentis  
     Maiori natu, frater, amore pari.  
 Siquid inest dignum, laetabere; siquid ineptum,  
     Non mihi tu censor sed, scio, frater eris.  
 Seis bene quam duri fuerit res illa laboris,  
     Quae melius per te suscipienda fuit.  
 Tu dux, tu nobis renovati nominis heres,  
     Agminis et nostri signifer unus eras.  
 Scribendo sed enim spatium, tibi sorte negatum,  
     Importuna minus fata dedere mihi:  
 Et levius visum est infabrius arma tulisse  
     Quam Patre pro tanto nil voluisse pati.  
 Iamque opus exactum est quod, te suadente, subivi:  
     Accipe: iudicio stetque cadatque tuo.  
 Lectorum haud dubia est, reor, indulgentia; nato  
     Quod frater fratri tu dabis, illa dabit.  
 Nec petimus laudes: magnam depingere vitam  
     Ingenio fateor grandius esse meo.  
 Hoc erat in votis, ut, nos quod amavimus, illud  
     Serus in externis continuaret amor.  
 Sat mihi si Patris dilecta resurgat imago  
     Qualis erat forma, lumine, fronte, gradu.  
 Sat mihi si, quali vivus, Pater ore loquatur,  
     Perque meas nubes fulgeat igne suo.

H. M. B., 1903.

HUGONI HOWSON  
 ET  
**IACOBO RAMSAY MONTAGU BUTLER**  
 SCHOLARIUM HERGENSIUM ORDINI  
 FELICITER ADSCRIPTIS  
 A. D. VI KAL. APR. A.S. MCMII

---

Nate meae natae, qua vix mihi carior uxor,  
 Tuque, puer, nostri senior agne gregis,  
 Vere novo vitae primos meruistis honores;  
 Herga sua lauru cingit utrumque caput.  
 Pergite magna sequi, memores, dum vivitis, Hergae:  
 Hoc avus, hoc grato praemonet ore pater.  
 Concordes animae generosam extollite Matrem,  
 Quaeque dedit pueris reddite dona viri.

WOBURN SANDS, *April 2, 1902.*

## TO THE REV. F. D. MAURICE

You'll have no scandal while you dine,  
But honest talk and wholesome wine,

And only hear the magpie gossip  
Garrulous under a roof of pine.

For groves of pine on either hand,  
To break the blast of winter, stand;

And further on, the hoary Channel  
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand;

Where, if below the milky steep  
Some ship of battle slowly creep,  
And on thro' zones of light and shadow  
Glimmer away to the lonely deep,

We might discuss the Northern sin  
Which made a selfish war begin;

Dispute the claims, arrange the chances,  
Emperor, Ottoman, which shall win.

TENNYSON.

*"Post nonam venies."* HOR.

Nec mordax aderit lingua bibentibus  
 Sed sermo modicus vinaque mollia,  
 Dum te pica loquax murmure garrulo  
 Mulcet sub trabe pinea.

Aedes servat enim piniferum nemus  
 Hinc illinc, hiemis flatibus obvium;  
 Oras et scopulos subveniens mare  
 Cano gurgite proluit.

Hic, si forte iugis subdita lacteis  
 Tardum navis iter bellica sumpserit,  
 Tractus luciferos inter et illitas  
 Umbras Oceanum petens,

Tecum tangere amem flagitium grave  
 Iniustique avidam Martis originem,  
 Cuinam sors faveat, cui Deus, aestimans  
 Aequali trutina vices.

*Trinity College Fellowship Examination, October, 1855.*

*"A land of settled government,  
A land of just and old renown,  
Where Freedom slowly broadens down  
From precedent to precedent."*

TENNYSON.

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,  
The thunders breaking at her feet:  
Above her shook the starry lights:  
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,  
Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,  
But fragments of her mighty voice  
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field  
To mingle with the human race,  
And part by part to men reveal'd  
The fullness of her face.

TENNYSON.

Oὐ γάρ τι νῦν γε καχθέσ, ἀλλ' ἀεὶ ποτε  
ζῆ ταῦτα, κοὐδεὶς οἶδεν ἐξ ὅτου 'φάνη.

SOPH. *Ant.* 456.

Olim sederat in vertice montium  
Libertas, fremitu cincta tonitruum;  
Sensit summa globos volvere sidera,  
Torrentum audiit impetum.

Illic fulta suo stat Dea gaudio,  
Secum sola gravi mente movens vices;  
Magnae vocis eunt fragmina desuper  
Ventis rapta sonantibus.

Tum delapsa in agros venit et oppida,  
Humano generi iungier appetens,  
Et parce faciem detegit, et viris  
Plenum tarda aperit decus.

CAMBRIDGE, 1858.

*“She is singing an air that is known to me,  
A passionate ballad gallant and gay,  
A martial song like a trumpet’s call!” Maud v.*

---

And here the Singer for his Art  
Not all in vain may plead,  
“The song that nerves a nation’s heart  
Is in itself a deed.”

TENNYSON.

Astra sequi dictis ne sit pudor: est ubi dicta  
 Praeniteant factis, ipsaque facta parent.

Sume, Poëta, tuos—fas est tibi—sume triumphos;  
 Tu quoque per Sacram fer tua signa Viam.  
 Nec nihil est fecisse modis, ut corda tuorum  
 Pro patria caleant fervidiore fide.

Non solus altam quaerit adorem  
 Per tela miles: tu quoque debitos,  
 Poëta, sumpsisti triumphos  
 Arte tua propriamque laurum.  
 Tu succidentum genua Quiritium  
 Virtute firmas; tu eithara cies  
 Ad arma cessantes ad arma  
 Scipiadum potiore signis.

## THE FORLORN HOPE

"Who mans the breach that gapes so wide?"

Stepped forth a boy with kindling eye.

"Too young, too young!" "Not so," he cried,

"Never too young to die.

"No folk will mourn me, should I fall;

"Alone am I; yet not alone;

"From the fresh earth dear voices call,

"And claim me for their own.

"My mother freed my soul from dread,

"So I was true to man and God:

"My dying father bade me tread

"The path himself had trod.

"His sword I wield; he sees me now

"He calls a blessing on his son—

"On; on!" he cries, 'fulfil thy vow;

"Fight, till the day be won!'"

\*       \*       \*       \*

The day was won: the banners wave,

Back rolls the battle's turbid tide;

He lieth in his father's grave

Hard by his mother's side.

EDWARD DANIEL STONE.

*Saepe ex humili vox it patris alta sepulchro ;  
Saepe docet natum vivere, saepe mori.*

“Quis claustra valli scandet hiantia ?  
“Tu primus acri lumine, tu, puer,  
“Exstas ? At immaturus annis  
“Miles eges.” “Moriemur,” inquit,  
“Annis egentes; nec mea, si cadam,  
“Flebunt parentes funera; concidam  
“Solus sed exspectatus; udo  
“De tumulo sonuere voces  
“Natum invocantum; mater amans vetat  
“Timere mortem qui timeat Deum,  
“Mortique devotus supremo  
“‘Disce sequi’ pater ore iussit.  
“Ille, ille natum nunc videt, illius  
“Gestamus ensem: ‘Macte nova,’ monet,  
“‘Virtute, tum primum fugatis  
“‘Hostibus hunc posture, victor !’”

\* \* \*

Fugere ! Fulgent signa; retro fluit  
Aestus duelli turbidus; at puer,  
Non matre divellendus unquam,  
Vae ! patrio iacet in sepulchro.

CAMBRIDGE, November 4, 1894.

*“Mens abit, et morior, quoties pugnantis imago  
Me subit.”*

OVID, *Fasti*, II. 753.

Thy Voice is heard thro' rolling drums,  
That beat to battle where he stands;  
Thy face across his fancy comes,  
And gives the battle to his hands:  
A moment, while the trumpets blow,  
He sees his brood about thy knee;  
The next, like fire, he meets the foe,  
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

TENNYSON.

*“Subiit deserta Creusa.”* VIRGIL.

Vox tua per raucum clamantia cornua Martem  
Coniugis armati lapsa sub aure cadit;  
Tum tua per sensus carissima serpit imago,  
Vimque parit dextrae, spesque dat esse rata.  
Ergo ante ora brevi, dum buccina perstrepit agmen,  
Te videt, obsessos prole tenente pedes;  
Fulgure tum citior ruit indignatus in hostem,  
Et ferit, inque ictum teque tuosque vocat.

CAMBRIDGE, 1859.

*“Aut Caesar aut nihil.”*

As Alexander I will reign  
 And I will reign alone :  
 My thoughts did evermore disdain  
 A rival on my throne.

He either fears his fate too much,  
 Or his deserts are small,  
 Who dares not put it to the touch  
 To gain or lose it all.

MONTROSE.

*Αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν.*

Solus Alexandri victricia munera sector ;  
 Hic sine rivali sceptrum tenere volo :  
 Mens mea dimidios iamduclum spernit honores,  
 Nec socium solii dignor habere mei.

Quippe virum credo nimium diffidere fatis,  
 Aut meruisse parum fata secunda dari,  
 Qui timet ancipiti sortem committere talo.  
 Seu Venus audaci subsiliatve Canis.

CAMBRIDGE, 1859.

## LOYALTY

Constant still in danger's hour  
 Princes owned our fathers' aid :  
 Lands and honours, wealth and power,  
     Well their loyalty repaid.  
 Perish wealth, and power, and pride,  
     Mortal boons by mortals given !  
 But let Constancy abide—  
     Constancy's the gift of Heaven.

SCOTT, *Rokeby*.

*Divina Fides.*

Tempus erat patrum cum Princeps unus et alter  
 Sollicitus dubio Marte rogabat opem :  
 Praedia, divitiae, titulis ornata potestas,  
     Pro meritis pretium persoluere suum.  
 Divitiae pereant vanoque potentia fastu,  
     Donaque terrenae quot tribuere manus :  
 At divina Fides maneat vitalis in aevum ;  
     Cetera dant homines, dat Deus Ipse Fidem.

CAMBRIDGE, 1859.

Οἶκος Ἀχαιμενίδου γενόμην ποτε, νῦν δὲ Μενίππου.  
 καὶ πάλιν ἐξ ἑτέρου βήσομαι εἰς ἑτερον.  
 καὶ γὰρ ἐκεῖνος ἔχειν μέ ποτ' φέτο, καὶ πάλιν οὗτος  
 οἴεται· εἰμὶ δ' ὅλως οὐδενὸς ἀλλὰ τύχης.

*Anthologia.*

“Vitaque mancipio nulli datur, omnibus usu.” LUCRETIUS.

Olim ego Achaemenidis fueram domus, ille Menippo  
 Tradidit; hinc domino deferar usque novo.  
 Scilicet ille suam me credidit, hic quoque credit:  
 Nil faciunt; me Fors vindicat una suam.

### ULYSSES

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:  
 The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep  
 Moans round with many voices.

TENNYSON.

“Cras ingens iterabimus aequor.” HOR.

Ἄλλὰ γὰρ πετρῶν ὑπερθε λαμπάδων στιλβουν' ἀκμαῖ,  
 ἥλιον δ' ὁδῷ καρόντος φλὸξ μαραίνεται μακρᾶ.  
 τὴν δ' ἄνω βραδυστολοῦσαν αἰπὺν οὐρανὸν βλέπω  
 ἐξακρίζουσαν σελήνην, καὶ βυθῶν πολύστονα  
 πελαγίων βρέμοντ' ἀκούω κυμάτων προσφθέγματα.

PLACE FELL, PATTERDALE, August 29, 1887.

*"To him, as to the burning levin,  
Short, bright, resistless course was given."*

*Marmion.*

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife !  
To all the sensual world proclaim,  
One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name.

SCOTT.

*“Tyrtaeusque mares animos in martia bella  
Versibus exacuit.”*

HOR.

### I

Da, tuba, da strepitum! spiret cava buccina martem!  
Accipe, gens, monitus, luxuriosa, mares!  
Arma vocant; unam vixisse viriliter horam  
Dulcius est, saeculo quam sine laude frui.

---

### II

Nunc aera martem, nunc lituus strepat!  
Audi, veterno gens reses! Inclutae  
Lux una vitae plus beabit  
Quam solidum sine laude saeclum.

---

### III

Spirent arma tubae, buccina concinat!  
Mersi luxuria, discite! Fervidae  
Vitae plena dies una beatior  
Quam saeclum sine gloria.

ISLE OF ARRAN, April 23, 1907.

## THE SECOND DEATH

In vain we supplicate the Powers above:  
There is no resurrection for a love  
That, nursed with tenderest care, yet fades away  
In the chilled heart, by gradual self-decay.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

*“Miserrimus!”*

Vana petis, vana Superum prece Numina tentas,  
Vivus ut e tali morte resurgat amor.  
Fomite vita alitur; proprio si frigida torpent  
Corda gelu, exstincto fomite vita perit.

LOCH RANNOCH, *August 31, 1901.*

## WE OURSELVES

O Lady, we receive but what we give,  
And in our life alone doth Nature live:  
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

“*Deus est in pectore nostro.*” OVID.

Nil externa dabunt nisi quod concepimus intus;  
Naturae vitam dat tua vita suam.  
Nupta vel exanimis, pullo vestita vel albo,  
Ipsa nihil variat; tegmen utrumque tuum est.

PERSEY HOTEL, *September 3, 1902.*

In the earliest edition of the *Princess* that contained the Songs, this beautiful song consisted of only two verses, the first and the third as now printed. The second verse was subsequently added. If it was to be attempted at all in the style of Catullus, I felt that it could only come at the end, not in the middle, of the Poem.

*“Amantium irae amoris integratio est.” TERENTIUS.*

As thro' the land at eve we went,  
 And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,  
 We fell out, my wife and I,  
 O we fell out, I know not why,  
 And kiss'd again with tears.

And blessings on the falling out  
 That all the more endears,  
 When we fall out with those we love  
 And kiss again with tears !

For when we came where lies the child  
 We lost in other years,  
 There above the little grave,  
 O there above the little grave,  
 We kiss'd again with tears.

TENNYSON.

*Quas non corda rices variant ! Brevis ira parentum est ;  
Praeterit, et tamquam cote novatur amor.*

Olim (vesper erat) per arva laeta,  
Flavescentia messibus propinquis,  
Concors coniuge cum bona vagabar  
Maturas manibus legens aristas.  
Surgit rixae aliquid (nec unde natum  
Vel quare scio) ; mox uterque utriusque  
Mixtis oscula lacrimis dabamus.  
Nam cum filia qua sepulta ventum est  
Parvula illa, aliis adempta in annis,  
Illuc ad tumulum iacentis infra,  
Parvulum a ! tumulum iacentis infra,  
Mixtis oscula lacrimis dabamus.

O quae gaudia amoris integrati,  
Fletus, suavia, basiationes !  
O rixae bene pace terminatae,  
Quae, cum pax bene terminavit, ipsos  
Rixatos faciunt amantiores !

LOCH ALVEY, *September*, 1909.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath ;  
 And stars to set ;—but all,  
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death.

FELICIA HEMANS.

*Oīη περ φύλλων γενεῖ, τοίη δὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν.* HOMER.

I

Labendi foliis sua est  
 Afflatisque Noto floribus, est sua  
 Stellis hora cadentibus ;  
 Nullas non tibi, Mors, tu proprias facis.

—  
II

Labendi foliis tempus adest suum  
 Demessisque Noto floribus ; est suum  
 Stellis mane ; sed, O Mors,  
 Quae non tempora tu rapis ?

—  
III

Labendi foliis certa dies, rosis  
 Exustis Borea certa ; sua die  
 Condunt astra faces ; Tu tibi, Mors, diem  
 Nullam non propriam dicas.

## IV

Tempus cadendi stat foliis suum  
 Euroque tactis floribus; est suum  
 Stellaë recessurae; sed, O Mors,  
 Tempore tu dominaris omni.

---

## V

Est suum tempus foliis cadendi et  
 Floribus tactis Borea, nec astra  
 Non suo cedunt: Tibi nulla non, Mors,  
 Tempora parent.

THE ELLERS, LOUGHRIFF, AMBLESIDE, *August 9, 1909.*

---

It is a pleasure to me to add here the Translation written by my son in the Examination for the Classical Tripos, 1909, if only to show how much better the Greek Elegiac lends itself to a pathetic epigram of this kind than the Latin Elegiae or Lyrics.

*Καιρὸς μὲν φύλλοισι σαλευομένοισιν ἔραξε,  
 καιρὸς δ' αὖ βορέου πνεύματι καρφομένοις  
 ἄνθεσιν, ἄστρα δὲ καιρὸς ἐκοίμισεν, ἀλλὰ σὺ πάντων  
 καιρῶν, εἰς περ ἐών, κοίρανος, ὡς Θάνατε.*

J. R. M. B.

Classical Tripos, Part I. 1909.

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE. ACT III, SCENE 1

*Claudio.*    *Duke*

*Claud.* The miserable have no other medicine  
But only hope:

I have hope to live, and am prepared to die.

*Duke.* Be absolute for death; either death or life  
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:  
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing  
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,  
Servile to all the skyey influences,  
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,  
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;  
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,  
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;  
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st  
Are nursed by baseness. Thou'rt by no means valiant;  
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork  
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,  
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st  
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;  
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains  
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;  
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,  
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;  
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,

## ΚΛΑΤΔΙΟΣ. ΑΝΑΞ

ΚΛΑΤΔ. Τοῖς ἀθλίοισιν ἐλπὶς ἵασις μόνη·

κάμοὶ βίου μὲν ἐλπὶς, οὐδὲ ὁκνῶ θανεῦν.

AN. Σὺ δὲ οὖν ἀραρὼς πᾶς ἔχ’ ως θαυούμενος·

ἔσται γὰρ ὡδὸς ἥδιον ὄπότερ’ ἀν πάθης.

καὶ μὴν τοιούσδ’ ἔλθοις ἀν εἰς λόγους βίῳ·

σοῦ μὲν στερηθεὶς κτήματος στερήσομαι

μωροῖς ποθεινοῦ· πνεῦμα ἐπεὶ κοῦφον πρέπεις,

πάντων κλύνον κίνυγμα τῶν κατ’ αἰθέρα,

καθ’ ἡμέραν δὲ αἴκιζον ἦν ἔχεις ἔδραν.

ἀπλῶς δὲ θανάτῳ δῆλος εἰ τιθεὶς γέλων·

σπεύδων γὰρ αὐτὸν λιπαρῶς ὑπεκφυγεῖν

όρμᾶς ἐκεῖσ’ οὐχ ἥσσον. οὐ γενναῖος εἰ·

γαυρώμασιν γὰρ πᾶσιν οἷς εὐδαιμονεῖς

αἰσχρᾶς τροφῆς μέτεστιν. οὐδὲ εὔψυχος εἰ·

ὅστις τὸ φαῦλον καὶ ταπεινὸν ἐρπετοῦ

κέντημα ταρβεῖς. εἰτ’ ἔχεις μὲν ἐκ πόνων

ὕπνον κρατίστην παῦλαν, ἡρεθισμένον

καὶ τόνδε πολλὰ πολλάκις σέθεν χάριν,

τὸν δὲ οὐ τι μᾶλλον δύσφορον τρέμεις μόρον.

οὐδὲ αὖ ξυνεστῶς αὐτὸς ἐκ σαυτοῦ κυρεῖς·

ἀλλ’ ως ἀληθῶς σ’ ἔκτισεν τρισμύρια

μέρη ξυνελθόντ’ ἐκ σποδοῦ πεφυκότα.

οὐ μὴν ἔχεις οὐδὲ δλβον· ως ἀπόντα μὲν

θηρᾶς, παρόντος δὲ αἴψα τέρψις οὐχεται.

οὐδὲ εἰ βέβαιος· αἰόλαισι γὰρ στρέφει,

After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;  
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,  
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
And death unloads thee. Thou hast nor youth nor age,  
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,  
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth  
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms  
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,  
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,  
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this  
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life  
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,  
That makes these odds all even.

*Claud.*

I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find I seek to die;  
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

δίκην σελήνης, ἄλλοτ' ἄλλος ἐν τροπαῖς.  
 καὶ μὴν πένης εἰ, πλούσιός περ ὁν, ὅμως·  
 ὃς γ', ώς ὄνος τις ἀργύρου σεσαγμένος  
 διπλῆν ἄκανθαν, πλοῦτον οὐκ εὐάγκαλον<sup>1</sup>  
 ἄπαξ κομίζεις, εἰτ' ἀπεξύγης θαυών.  
 σοὶ δ' οὔτε γῆρας ἐστιν οὐθ' ἥβη νέα,  
 διείρασιν δὲ πλαστὸν, ώς οἰνωμένου,  
 ἀμφοῖν τύπωμα δυσκρίτοις· ἥβη τε γὰρ  
 ξυνῶν γλυκείᾳ τὰς γέρουσι προσφόρους  
 δειλοῖς ἀνάρθροις πτυχικὰς αἴτεις τροφάς.  
 ἥδη τε γήρως πλουσίῳ τυχόντι σοι  
 ἀλκὴ, τὸ θερμὸν, καλλονὴ, προθυμία,  
 καὶ πάνθ' ὄσοισι πλοῦτος ἵσχύει, φθίνει.  
 πῶς οὖν τοιούτου, πῶς τις ώς ζῶντος λόγον  
 ποιοῖτ' ἄν; ἀλλὰ μυρίοι τῷδ' ἐν βίῳ  
 κεύθουσι θάνατοι· τὸ δὲ θανέν φοβούμεθα  
 τὸ πᾶσιν ὀρθοῦν πάντ' ἵσορρόπως ἔχειν.

ΚΛ. Καὶ μὴν χάριν σοι τῶνδ' ἔχω· νῦν γὰρ βίον  
 αἴτοῦντι θάνατος, ώς ἔοικ', αἰτητὸς ἦν,  
 βίος δὲ θάνατον· τάμ', ὄπηπερ εἰσ', ἵτω<sup>2</sup>.

HARROW, July 1850.

<sup>1</sup> Eur. *El.* 491.

<sup>2</sup> Soph. *Oed.* *Tyr.* 1458.

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, ACT IV, SCENE 1

*Leonato. Friar*

*Leon.* I know not; if they speak but truth of her,  
 These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,  
 The proudest of them shall well hear of it.  
 Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,  
 Nor age so eat up my invention,  
 Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,  
 Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,  
 But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,  
 Both strength of limb and policy of mind,  
 Ability in means, and choice of friends,  
 To quit me of them throughly.

*Friar.* Pause awhile,  
 And let my counsel sway you in this case.  
 Your daughter here the princes left for dead:  
 Let her awhile be secretly kept in,  
 And publish it that she is dead indeed;  
 Maintain a mourning ostentation  
 And on your family's old monument  
 Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites  
 That appertain unto a burial.

*Leon.* What shall become of this? What will this do?  
*Friar.* Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf  
 Change slander to remorse; that is some good:  
 But not for that dream I on this strange course,  
 But on this travail look for greater birth.  
 She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,  
 Upon the instant that she was accused,

## ΛΕΟΝΑΤΟΣ. ΙΕΡΕΤΣ

ΛΕΟΝ. Οὐκ οἶδ' ἔγωγ'· ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν εἰρήκασί νιν  
τάληθες, αἴδε σφ' ἀρταμήσουσιν χέρες·  
εἰ δ' αὖ μάτην λέγουσιν, οὕτις ἔσθ' ὃς οὐ,  
κεὶ δεινός ἐστιν, ἀξίαν δώσει δίκην.  
οὕπω γὰρ οὔτε τούμὸν αὐάνας ἔχει  
χρόνος ξυνδὼν αἷμ', οὕτε νοῦν γήρως γνάθος,  
οὕθ' ή βαρεῖα τάμ' ἀνήρπακεν τύχη,  
οὕτ' ἐσπάνισμαι, φαῦλος ὡς τις ὁν, φίλων,  
ώς μὴ κμαθεῦν τιν', ὁδέ γ' ἡρεθισμένην  
ἰσχύν τε γυίων, καὶ φρενῶν εὐβουλίαν,  
φίλων τε πλῆθος, χρημάτων θ' ἄλις πόρον  
ἴν' ἔξισωθῇ τῷ παθεῖν τό γ' ἀντιδρᾶν.

ΙΕΡ. Ἐπίσχεις ἥδη· κάμε σύμβουλον δέχου·  
ἐπεὶ γὰρ ως θανοῦσαν οἴχονται κόρην  
λιπόντες ἐν δόμοισιν οἱ νεανίαι,  
τέως μὲν ἔνδον τῶν θυρῶν φύλασσέ νιν,  
κήρυσσέ τ' ὅντως ως θανοῦσ' ἀπώλετο·  
καὶ σχῆμα λύπης φαῖνε, καπιτυμβίους  
μνήματι πατρῷῳ, πένθιμον χάριν, γραφὰς  
προσπῆξον, ἄλλα θ' ἢ 'ν ταφαῖς νομίζεται.

ΛΕΟΝ. Ως πρὸς τί χρείας; ποῖ τάδ' ἀν τύχης φέροι;

ΙΕΡ. Κείνη γὰρ, ἦν ξυμβῆ τάδ', ἀνταλλάξεται  
τοῦ νῦν ὄνείδους οἰκτον, οὐ σμικρὸν χρέος·  
οὐ μὴν δι' αὐτὸ ταῦτα ποικίλας κυρῶ,  
μείζω τιν' ἔξων τῆσδ' ἀπ' ὡδῖνος γόνον.  
πᾶς γάρ τις αὐτὴν, οἵ τοις ἀρμόσαι λέγειν,  
κλύων θανοῦσαν ἄμα κακορροθουμένην,

Shall be lamented, pitied and excused  
Of every hearer; for it so falls out,  
That what we have we prize not to the worth  
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,  
Why, then we rack the value, then we find  
The virtue that possession would not show us  
Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:  
When he shall hear she died upon his words,  
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep  
Into his study of imagination,  
And every lovely organ of her life  
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,  
More moving-delicate and full of life,  
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,  
Than when she lived indeed; then shall he mourn,  
If ever love had interest in his liver,  
And wish he had not so accused her,  
No, though he thought his accusation true.  
Let this be so, and doubt not but success  
Will fashion the event in better shape  
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.  
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,  
The supposition of the lady's death  
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:  
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her,  
As best befits her wounded reputation,  
In some reclusive and religious life,  
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

ἐποικτεῖ τε καὶ στένων ξυγγνώσεται.  
 οὕτω γὰρ ἀεὶ τὰν βροτοῦ πίπτειν φιλεῖ·  
 ὃν ἀν κρατῆ τις, ταῦτ' ἔχων μὲν οὐκ ἄγει  
 τιμῆς ἐς ὄρθόν, ἔξολωλότων δέ που  
 τοτηνίκ' αἴρει τάξιόν τοις οὐρανοῖς,  
 καὶ οὖτις ἔχων ἐλάνθαν' εύρισκει στερείς.  
 τοιαῦτα καὶ νῦν Κλαυδίῳ ξυμβήσεται·  
 κλύοντα δ' ὡς νιν αὐτὸς ἔκτανεν λόγοις  
 εἴκασμ' ὑφέρψει τοῦ ποτ' ὅντος ἐν βίῳ,  
 τὴν ψυχαγωγὸν ἡδέως θέλγον φρένα·  
 καὶ πάνθ' ὅσ' εἶχε ζῶσ' ἔτ' εὐπρεπῆ κόρη  
 ἐσθῆτι λάμψει νῦν ἐν εὐπρεπεστέρᾳ,  
 καὶ ζῶντα μᾶλλον, χάπαλωτέραν βάσιν  
 φέροιτ', ἵδεσθαι τῷδ' ἐν ὄφθαλμοῖς φρενῶν.  
 τότ' ἄλγος ἔξει σφ', εἴ ποτ' ἵσχυεν γέ τι  
 ἔρως ὑφ' ἥπαρ, καὶ τότ' αἰτιάματα  
 βουλήσεται τοι μὴ τάδ' ἔξειρηκέναι,  
 κεὶ πρόσθ' ἔδοξε πάντ' ἐτήτυμα ψέγειν.  
 ἵτω μὲν οὖν ταῦθ'· ὡς κατορθωθὲν τὸ δρᾶν,  
 εῦ ἵσθ', ἀμεινόν σοι καταστήσει τάδε  
 λόγων προσημαίνοντος οὗτος εἰκὸς πιτυεῖν.  
 καν σοι τά γ' ἀλλὰ πάντα τοξευθῆ μάτην,  
 ἀλλ' ἡ γυναικὸς ὡς τεθνηκίας φάτις  
 κατασβέσει τὸ θαῦμα τῆς ἀτιμίας.  
 ἦν δ' οὖν σφαλῆ τάδ', εἰτά νιν κρύψον λαβὼν,  
 ὡς ἐστι φήμης τῆς κακοστόμου πρέπον,  
 ἵν' εὐσεβήσει, μονάδ' ἔχουσ' ἐρημίαν,  
 βλαβῶν ἄνατος, διμάτων, γλωσσῶν, φρενῶν.

HARROW, July, 1851.

## ALL WELL THAT ENDS WELL. ACT I, SCENE 1

*Helena*

I am undone: there is no living, none,  
 If Bertram be away. "Twere all one  
 That I should love a bright particular star  
 And think to wed it, he is so above me:  
 In his bright radiance and collateral light  
 Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.  
 The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:  
 The hind that would be mated by the lion  
 Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,  
 To see him every hour; to sit and draw  
 His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,  
 In our heart's table; heart too capable  
 Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:  
 But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy  
 Must sanctify his relics.

"Ολωλ' ἐγὼ δύστηνος· οὐ βιωτὸν, οὐ  
 κείνου γ' ἀπαλλαχθέντος· ἀλλ' ὅμοιον ἦν  
 ἄστρον τις εἰ λαβούσα λαμπρὸν, ἐκπρεπὲς,  
 γάμων ὀριγνῷθ', οἷα τοῦδε λείπομαι.  
 νῦν δ' ἀστερώπω πλησιάζουσαν φάει  
 στέργειν μ' ἀνάγκη, τοῦ κύκλου γ' οὐδὲν μετόν.  
 οἴμοι. ἔρως ἄγαν τολμηρὸς ώς αὐτῷ βαρύς.  
 ἐλάφῳ γὰρ, εἰ λέοντα σύζυγον ποθεῖ,  
 θανεῖν πέπρωται, τοῦ ποθεῖν ἡσσωμένη.  
 καίτοι καλόν γ' ἦν, καίπερ οὐδὲ ἄλγους ἄτερ,  
 κείνον θεᾶσθαι, καὶ φίλην θεωρίαν  
 πανημερέυειν, καὶ κόμας παρημένη,  
 ὁφρὺς τε κοίλας, ὅμμα θ' ὕσπερ ἀετοῦ,  
 πάντ' ἐγγράφεσθαι μνήμοσιν δέλτοις φρενῶν,  
 φεῦ τῆς γλυκείας μνήμοσιν μορφῆς ἄγαν,  
 χαρίτων ἄπαντας ὥστ' ἐρευνῆσαι μυχούς.  
 νῦν δ', οἴχεται γὰρ φροῦδος, εὐσεβεῖ φρενὶ,  
 ώς θεὸν, προσήκει προσκυνεῖν τὰ λείψανα.

HARROW, 1851.

## FOR SIR WILLIAM BROWNE'S MEDAL

CARMEN GRAECUM  
COMITIIS MAXIMIS RECITATUM

A.D. M.DCCC.LIII

## ΟΙΝΩΝΗ

Παγκρατὲς βρέφος, φίλε παῖ Κυθήρης,  
δὸν γέλως ἔτερψε, παρηϊστίν τε  
μαλθακαῖς νεάνιδος <sup>1</sup> ἐννυχεύειν,  
στήθεσι δ' ἀνδρῶν

ἐμβαλεῦν βέλη δακέθυμ' ἀφαυρῶν,  
χρυσοχαῖτ' Ἔρως, πόκα μοι πεπαύσει,  
σχέτλι', ὁργᾶς δυσμένεος; τί σ' εἴπω;  
ποιά μ' ἔօργας;

ποι' ἀεικίζεις, Θεός; οἵ ἔδωκας  
ἄλγε' ἀντλεῦν· ἀλλὰ φάος πίφανσκε.  
δὸς τέλος παῦλάν τε πόνων, ταλαίνᾳ θ'  
ἴλαθι, δαῖμον.

φεῦ βροτῶν εὐκταῖα μάταν ρέοντα.  
τᾶς ἐμᾶς οὐ θεοί γ' ἀτουσιν αὐδᾶς.  
κωφός ἐσθ' ὁ Ζεὺς, ἀμελεῖ δ' ὁ Λάτους  
Φοῖβος, ἐγὼ δὲ

τάκομαι τλάμων· τὸ δ' ἄωτον ἥβας,  
ώς ρόδον, μαραίνεται· οὐδέ μοι νὺξ  
πημονᾶν λάθαν φέρει, οὐδὲ λαμπτὴρ  
Ἡελίοιο.

<sup>1</sup> Soph. Ant. 783.

ἀδύ τοι γραίας πτελέας ἐν ώραις  
εἴαρος νεαῖς ψιθύρισμα, λώτω δ'  
ὑγρὸν εὐόδμω γάνος, ἀδέως δ' ἐν  
εἰαμεναῖσι

κλάγξεν ὄρνιθων χαρίεσσα φωνά·  
πολλὰ δ' ἐν βάσσαις, πάϊς οὖσ', ἀλώμην  
ἐνθα ματρῷαι κελαδοῦσιν ἀγναὶ<sup>1</sup>  
πίδακες Ἰδας.

νῦν δέ μοι τῶνδ' ἐκ πραπίδων βέβακεν,  
ώς ὅναρ, πρόπασα χάρις· φθίνουσαν δ'  
οὕτις οἰκτέίρει· θάνατον δ' ἀρώμαι  
σύμμαχον ἐλθῆν.

πᾶ πόκ' εἰμ'; ὥμοι· τί λέγω, τί σιγῶ;  
ὦ Πάρις, δόλων πάτερ, ὦ μέλημα  
καρδίας ἐμᾶς Πάρις, οἷος ὡν μ' ἐξ-  
ήπαφες ἐλθών.

ἥλθες ἀβρῶς μειδιόων, πρόσωπον  
ἀδὺ μαρμαίρων, θεὸς ὡς, κόμαι δὲ,  
βοτρύων δίκαν, ὑακίνθιναι φαι-  
δροῖσιν ἐπ' ὥμοις

ἀμφιμαρύονθ<sup>1</sup> ἐλίκεσσι πλεκταῖς.  
ὅμμα δ' ἔστραψεν βλεφάρων ὑπ' αἴγλα,  
ἥκα δ' εὐλύρω γλυκίων κέρατος  
ἔρεεν αὐδά.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Theocr. *Id.* I. 29 :

τῶ περὶ μὲν χεῖλη μαρύεται ὕψοθι κίσσος.

“φιλτάτα”—τὸν δὲ ὅν τότε γένος οὐκ ἐμίσεις—  
 “φιλτάτα Νυμφᾶν, χαρίτων ὅμαιμε,  
 τίς σε θεῶν Ὄρείασι συγχορεύειν  
 ὡδὸν ἐδίδαξε;

τίς σε μάτηρ ἀθανάτων ἔτικτεν;  
 ἦρά τις μιχθεῖσα Διὸς Κρατίστω,  
 ἦσα σε Κώρῳ<sup>1</sup> κρυπτάδιον λόχευσε  
 δῆλα Σελάνα;

μή μέν ἀποστραφῆς τὸν ἐρῶντα, Νυμφὰ,  
 ἀλλὰ προσδέχου φιλότατος ὄρκον  
 ὃν φέρω νῦν· μήποτε χωρὶς ἀλλή-  
 λων ἀπίοιμεν”

τοῖα μὴν ἔειπας, ἐγὼ δὲ αἰδρις  
 αἴμιλων μύθων ἐδόκουν σ' ἔρασθαι,  
 κῆχάρην τάλαινα γάμοις, τὰ μέλλοντα  
 οὐ νοέοισα.

νῦν δέ μέν ἔχθισται στυγέουσιν αἱ θεοὶ,  
 καξανηρπάκασι πόσιν τὸν ἀμόν·  
 ὁ θεὰ, σοὶ δὲ ἀμφέρομεν τὰ πάνθ', ἀ-  
 χρύσεον ἥκας

μᾶλον ἐν μέσοισιν, ἔριν θεάων,  
 εὗτέ μοι δολοπλόκος Ἀφροδίτα  
 τῷ νεανίεω νόον ἐξέκλεψε  
 ποικιλόμητις.

<sup>1</sup> Endymion.

παγκακῶς ὅλοι', 'Ελένα Λάκαινα·  
 πρόσθε μὲν τοὺς ἄνδρας ἔφην ἀπίστους  
 ἔμμεν, οὐχ ἡμᾶς· τὸ δὲ καὶ γυναιξὶν  
 αἰσχος ἔκρανας.

κλῦθί μεν, φίλα τροφὲ, μᾶτερ "Ιδα  
 τᾶς θανουμένας ὅπα, κλῦθι μᾶτερ·  
 ἐς σ' ὄρῳ· δαίμων βαρέως μ' ἐλαύνει·  
 κούκετι σωκῷ

βαστάσαι τοῦτ' ἄχθος ἐρῆμος, εῦνις·  
 ἐλθὲ τυῖδ', ω μᾶτερ, ἐμοὶ βοηθός·  
 αἱ δὲ μὴ θέλεις, θάνατόν γε δὸς λυ-  
 τῆρα μεριμνᾶν.

CAMBRIDGE, June, 1853.

## FOR SIR WILLIAM BROWNE'S MEDAL

CARMEN GRAECUM

COMITIIS MAXIMIS RECITATUM

A.D. M.DCCC.LIV

NEMEΣΙΣ

Παιδες ὑπνω, νυκτερόφοιτ' ὄνειρα,  
 χαίρεθ', ώς ὑμᾶς σέβομαι· βροτοῖς γὰρ  
 πολλὰ τάληθες φέρεθ' ὡν κέκευθεν  
 αίμύλον ἀμαρ,

ἐλπίδων ἄγαν δολερῶν ὀπαδόν.  
 φάσμασιν δ' ἀνδρῶν πραπίδας πινύσκετ'  
 αἰὲν ἀσκεῦν σωφροσύναν τε καὶ τὸ  
 μηδὲν ἀσεπτεῖν.

φάσμα κοιμαθέντι πέφηνε κάμοὶ  
 ἔμφοβον, φρικῶδες· ἐδοξάτην γὰρ  
 παρθένω λέχει δύο παρστατῆσαι·  
 χά μὲν ἀπ' ὄσσων

φαιδρὰ δή μ' ἔσαινεν, ἅπερ τι κεδνὸν  
 φημιοῖσ', ἐσθῆτι πρέποισα λευκᾶ,  
 κράτα δ' ώς δάφνας στέφος ἐσκίαζεν·  
 ἀ δὲ μάραγναν<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Flagellum habent Nemesis statuae.

σφῆνά<sup>1</sup> τ' ἐν χεροῖν ἔχε καὶ μόλυβδον,  
φαιὰ δὲ ἦν ὄρῆν βλέφαρ', ἐκ δὲ σεμνῶν  
δείματ' ὄμμάτων βάλεν, ὥσπερ ἄτας  
μάντις, ἐμοὶ δὲ

καρδίαν ψυχρὸς τρόμος ἐπτόασεν·  
εἶπε δὲ ἀ κόρα, “Γενέāς μὲν ἄμφω  
ἐκ μιᾶς ἔφυμεν, οὐ δέ ἐν μελάθροις  
οὐρανίοισιν

αὐτάδελφον ὑψιμέδων ἐγείνατ'  
ἐν βροτοῖς σέβας· καλέουσι δέ ἄνδρες  
ἐν λιταῖς Τύχαν Νέμεσίν τε· δεινὰν δέ  
ἄρχομεν ἀρχάν.

ἄδε μὲν γὰρ πλοῦτον ἀεξίπυργον  
ῳπασεν θνατοῖς, χλιδανοσφύρω τε  
τερπνὸν ἀδονᾶς γάνος, ἀνθεμῶδές τ'  
ῳπασεν ἄβας

φύλλον, εὔθρονόν τε κράτος τυράννων·  
ἀλλ' ὑπερπλησθεὶς<sup>2</sup> ὅπόταν ματαιᾶς  
νέβρεως ὄλβος σφαδάσῃ, χαλινῷ  
μηκέτ' ἀκούων,

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Hor. *Od.* I. xxxv. 18, de Necessitate,  
\* \* \* “Cuneos manu  
Gestans aena, nec severus

Uncus abest liquidumque plumbum.”

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Soph. *Oed.* *Tyr.* 874 :

“νέβρις εἰ πολλῶν ὑπερπλησθῆ μάταν,” κ.τ.λ.

δὴ τότ’ αἰχμάζω χέρα ποίνιμον, τᾶς  
δήριος λιλαιομένα, κολάζω δ’  
ἐγκότῳ μάστιγι τὸν ὑψίκομπον,  
αἴ τις, ὑπερβὰς

ιερᾶς νόμους Θέμιδος, βιαίως  
λακτίσει Δίκας ἔδος· ἐκ δ’ ἐγείρω  
ποτνίας Ἐρινύας ἀς Πατήρ μοι  
δῶκεν ἐπεσθαι·

δῶκε δ’ ἀγγέλους Θάνατον Νόσους τε  
πράκτορας βουλᾶς φονίους· ἐγὼ δὲ  
τέρμ’ ἔθηκ’ εὐδαιμονίας ἐκάστῳ·  
τοῦτο δ’ ἀτιμῆν

οὐθέμις· φωνᾶ γάρ ἐμεῦ λεγοίσης  
‘οὐχὶ παύσει, μηδὲ πρόσω προβάσει;’  
χάζεται δ’ ὕβρις πάλιν, ὡς πέλωρον  
κῦμα θαλάσσης.

ἄρ’ ἐμᾶς οὐκ οἶσθα πόναμα χειρός;  
οὐ πάλαι κλύεις ὅσ’ ἐγὼ δέδρακα<sup>1</sup>;”—  
Οἶδα μὰν, εὖ γ’ οἶδα, θεὰ, τὸν αἶνον,  
οὐδέ με λήθεις

σκῆπτρον αἴροισ’ ἀδάματον· τὸν γάρ τοι  
Κροῖσον ἔσφηλας Πριάμω τε παιδας,  
τὰν δ’ ἐμὰν Πέρσαις κοτέοισ’ ἔσωσας  
‘Ελλάδος αἶαν.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Isaiah xxxvii. 26: “Hast thou not heard long ago, how I have done it, and of ancient times, that I have formed it?”

λευκὸν εἴη καὶ περίφαντον ἄμαρ  
κῆν' ὁ τὰς Ἐλευθερίας ὑπῆρξεν,  
εὗτε τὸν παιᾶν ἀλία βρέμοισ' ἀντ-  
ήχεε νᾶσος.

ὅρθρος ἦν εὐάνεμος, "Ἄλιος δὲ  
φαιδρὸς αὔγαζεν Σαλαμῖνος ἀκτὰς,  
κύματ' εὐφραίνων· βασιλεὺς<sup>1</sup> δ' ὑπερθεν  
ἡμενος ἀνδρῶν

ἔθνε' ἡρίθμασε νεῶν τε πλῆθος  
ἀπλετον δεινόν τε, θεώμενος δὲ  
ὅλβιος φῦναι δόκεεν, τὸ μέλλον δ'  
οὐκ ἐνόασεν,

οὐδ' ἐδέρχθη τὰν Νέμεσιν στίχοισιν  
ἐν μέσοις τάλαντα μάχας ἔχοισαν.  
ὦ θεὰ, τυφλοὺς δὲ ποιεῦς ὅσους θέ-  
λεις ἀλαπάζειν.

ἢ μάλ' ἀτρεκῆς φάτις, 'Εκ πανόλβω  
βλαστάνει τύχας ἀκόρεστος οἰζύς<sup>2</sup>.  
αἰνέω θεσμὸν, πότνι', ἀλλ' ὅταν μοι  
πῆμα τελέσσῃς,

εὐμενῶς ἐλθοις δέομαι, τεὰν δὲ  
χεῖρ' ἐμοὶ κούφως ἐπίβαλλ'. ἐγὼ γὰρ  
ἄ σθένεις ἔγνωκα παθὼν, παθὼν ἔ-  
γνωκα φαρέτραν

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Byron :

"A king sat on the rocky brow,  
That looks on sea-born Salamis," &c.

<sup>2</sup> Aesch. *Ag.* 756.

σχετλίαν· τοίω τὸ βέλει μ' ἔπαισας  
κρᾶτ', ἐν ἡρινῇ νεότατος ὥρᾳ  
ἀρπάσασα τὰν γαμετὰν, ἐμῶ τὰ  
φίλτατα θυμῷ,

πικρὸν ἀλλάσσοισα βίον· τὸ δ' οὐ σοι  
μέμφομαι καὶ μεμψάμενός περ, εὖ γὰρ  
οἵδ' ὅπως ταῦτ' ἐν Θεῷ ἐστὶν, ὃς τὰ  
λῷστ' ἐπινωμᾶ.

πάντα τὰν βροτοῖσι βρύει ταραγμῷ.  
τρὶς μάκαρ καὶ τετράκις ὄσπερ εἴλεθ'  
ἀσύχως ζῆν, τῶν μετρίων ἐρασθείσ.  
ἢ μάλα πολλοὶ

πλοῦτον ἐν λιταῖσι σέβουσι, παῦροι δ'  
ἀμφέπουσ' Αἰδῶ· τὸ δ' ἐμοὶ δέδοκται  
μηδέν' ὀλβίζειν, βιότῳ πρὶν ἀν τὸ  
τέρμα περάσῃ<sup>1</sup>.

CAMBRIDGE, June, 1854.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Soph. *Oed. Tyr.* 1530.

## FOR THE CAMDEN MEDAL, 1854

## BRENNUS IN CAPITOLIO

Labitur interea rapidis obnoxia flammis  
 Vietrix Roma diu, desolatasque ruina  
 Una tegit plateas tetricima; nec patet usquam  
 Hostes pellendi ratio. Moestissimus arce  
 Despectans stragem summa sedet unus et alter,  
 Antiqui decoris memores: "Hic scilicet urbis  
 Exitus, aeternam quam vota ac fata monebant?  
 Hoc adeo reges depellere, sanguine campos  
 Mercari decretum Italos, ut barbarus aras  
 Sterneret, infensoque lares exureret igne?  
 Immo instat; proceres foeda obsidione coeret:  
 Unus<sup>1</sup> qui potuit servare eiecimus ultro.  
 Haec propter Fabii<sup>2</sup> cecidere? haec probra videbat  
 Quintius<sup>3</sup>, Herminiusque<sup>4</sup> ferox? Si fata negabant  
 Imperium Latio, prolem aversata Quirini,  
 (Quanquam aliud longe, dum fas, speravimus omen)  
 At saltem Italicae cuperemus cedere legi,  
 Nec vetera heroium tabularia tradere Gallis.  
 Quid valuit coluisse Deos, servataque Vestae<sup>5</sup>  
 Religio, et precibus Capitoli invadere templum,  
 Si Pater ipse preces infensaque numina rident,  
 Nec mors illa senum poterit compescere Ditem?"  
 Haec secum multi reputant; nec fortia fallit

<sup>1</sup> Camillus.<sup>2</sup> Ad Cremeram flumen.<sup>3</sup> P. Quintius Cincinnatus.<sup>4</sup> Proelii apud lacum Regillum acti antistes.<sup>5</sup> Adventantibus Gallis Virgines Vestales sacra Deae in urbem Agyllam deportaverunt.

Verba fides, nec pubem hostes impune lacerunt.  
 Saepe ausos pedibus praeruptum scandere montem  
 Deturbare manu certant, vel trudere contis.  
 Nec te, Marce<sup>1</sup>, decus pugnae, aut tua gesta silebo.  
 Testor fana Iovis caecis erepta periclis,  
 Et piceae noctis tenebras, ubi callidus arcem  
 Tentavit miles scopulos amplexus acutos.  
 Hunc tu fraude nova tumidum et iam summa tenentem.  
 Anseris admonitus stridore, umbone repulsum  
 Praecipitas :—ne quaere annos ne quaere futuros,  
 Mutatamque fidem, versasque in funera laudes!  
 Infelix! uteunque tui nunc solvere grates  
 Deproperant; casu mox ipse peribis eodem.

Et iam finis adest: neque enim sese ulla salutis  
 Dat via, nec cladem Fortuna diutius arcet  
 Romulidis. Adeo quos non mortalia tela,  
 Nocturnive doli, aut nisus domuere furentum,  
 Iam natura domat, serpensque severior aegra  
 Obsidione fames. Stat tandem admittere Gallos  
 Victores, pacemque (nefas) mercede pacisci.

Illi exultantes adsunt fulgentibus armis,  
 Caesariem torvi rutilam proceraque membra;  
 Perque Sacrum Clivum properant, et proxima colli  
 Dumeta<sup>2</sup>. O utinam venientia fata viderent,  
 Quaesitumque Viae decus, et te, maxime Caesar,  
 Gallosque et populo tractos plaudente Sygambros!  
 Sed Deus obscuras operit caligine sortes.  
 Iamque intra muros paulatim ipsamque sub arcem  
 Adventare viri, et foedo penetralia passu  
 Tum primum temerata. Atqui non omine tali

<sup>1</sup> M. Manlius.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Virg. *Aen.* VIII. 657 :

“Galli per dumos aderant...”

Tarquinius tibi, magne Pater, devoverat aedem,  
 Quam dicat, haud sobolis defleto funere, Consul<sup>1</sup>.  
 Proh pudor, inversaeque vices! altaribus ergo  
 Excessere suis iam tandem oblita Quiritum  
 Numinia magna Deum. Stetit ingens corpore Brennus  
 Atque insultanti similis. "Quid quaeritis?" inquit.  
 "Ferte citi lances, aurumque imponite, necnon  
 Hunc gladium, regem trutinae: nunc, maxima, rebus.  
 Utet, Roma, tuis; nostris ego: tum decet ultro  
 Lascivire ubi sit dictis superaddita virtus."  
 Haec ait irridens; neque enim, durissime, noras  
 Quae fata Aeneadum, et Romani nominis ordo.  
 Exiguae lancei, non aequo pondere pressae,  
 Gentis<sup>2</sup> inest pretium validis quae regibus olim  
 Iura dabit, totum late regina per orbem,  
 Europamque iugo et partes submittet Eoas!

Quanquam nunc graviora manent. Ducas aspera verba  
 Demisso vultu leviter celante dolorem  
 Accipiunt moesti proceres; movet ipse pudorem  
 Uxorium aspectus, sobolisque haud talia doctae.  
 Ipse inter medios, iam contra adversa superbis,  
 Manlius ingreditur forma spectandus et ore  
 Egregio. Dolet ille silens, et pectore magno  
 Exundantem animum vix continet, et premit iras.  
 Sed manus in capulo est; oculis micat aeribus ardor;  
 Et venit in mentem praeclarae gloria noctis.

Iamque fides pacto fuerat, vetitisque coibant  
 Foederibus, Latiumque alia sub lege caudebat;  
 Sed Pater omnipotens urbem indignatus amatam  
 Auro atque argento redimi, delubraque sancta  
 Barbaricas foedare manus, animoque recondens  
 Caesaribus promissa, et non violabile fatum,

<sup>1</sup> M. Horatius. Vid. Niebühr. *Hist. Rom.* I. 500.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Liv. v. 48: "pretium populi gentibus mox imperaturi."

Surgit in auxilium, desperataeque salutis  
 Invenit ipse viam: nec te tua plurima, Dorso<sup>1</sup>,  
 Fallebat pietas, cultusve receptus Agyllae.

Namque Iovis monitu, famaque vocante, Camillus  
 Ad portas aderat, patriae nec deerat egenti.  
 Illum agmen peditum sequitur, quos Ardea mittit  
 Veiorumque refecta fides: hic frater, et illic  
 Filius obsessum patrem petit; igneus omnes  
 Ardor habet, pugnaeque sitis; furor omnibus idem.  
 Dedecus abluere, et ferro depellere Gallos.  
 Atque ubi iam armatis cinctus Capitolia ductor  
 Intravit, Brennumque videt, trepidosque Quirites,  
 Multa gemens ignominiam, vultuque severus  
 “Aufer,” ait, “lictor, lances; non talibus armis  
 Nunc locus, at gladiis; da mercatoribus aurum!  
 Nos aliud versamus opus: te, barbare praedo,  
 Te petimus coetusque tuos: aut tu mihi poenas  
 Iam dabis, aut—sed enim ferro certabimus; utri  
 Cesserit imperium coelestia numina curent!  
 Ocius arma cie, et validas dispone cohortes!”

Haec ait, et signum pugnae dedit. Illeget hostes  
 Concurrunt sine more, et multa caede subacti  
 Vix rari possunt patrios contingere fines.

CAMBRIDGE, June, 1854.

<sup>1</sup> C. Fabius Dorso sacrificium in Quirinali colle, per hostes egressus, rite perfecit. Vid. Liv. v. 46.

## BEN JONSON

THE FOX. Act III. Scene 1.

## MOSCA

I fear I shall begin to grow in love  
With my dear self and my most prosperous parts,  
They do so spring and burgeon; I can feel  
A whimsy in my blood; I know not how,  
Success hath made me wanton. I could skip  
Out of my skin now, like a subtle snake,  
I am so limber. O! your parasite  
Is a most precious thing, dropt from above,  
Not bred 'mongst clods and clod-poles here on earth.  
I muse the mystery was not made a science,  
It is so liberally profest! Almost  
All the wise world is little else, in nature,  
But parasites or sub-parasites. And yet  
I mean not those that have your bare town-art,  
To know who's fit to feed them; have no house,  
No family, no care, and therefore mould

## FOR THE PORSON PRIZE. 1854

## ΚΟΛΑΞ

Ἐμοῦγε νὴ Δῖ ἐπιτυφήσομαι<sup>1</sup> τάχα  
 τῆς τ' ἀγχινοίας, οἷον εὖ πράξασά μοι  
 ἥνθηκε καξώδηκε· γάργαλος μὲν οὖν  
 ἔκνησε τὰ σφύζοντα<sup>2</sup>, καπ' ἀγαθῇ τύχῃ  
 σφριγᾶν δοκῶ μοι, πτεροφυεῖν, κερουτιάν.  
 ἦ κάρτ' ἀν, ώς ὅφις, ἐκ δέρους ἀπεπλιξάμην,  
 οἵ ἐλαφρός εἰμι· χαῖρε, χαῖρέ μοι, Κόλαξ·  
 δεινὸν λέγω σε θρέμμα, διοπτετὲς σέβας,  
 ἀγρῶν τ'. ἀγροίκων τ' ἄμορον, οὐράνιον πάνυ.  
 ἔθαύμασ' εὶ τῆς κολακικῆς διδάσκαλος  
 μηδεὶς πέφηνεν, ἦν ἄπαντες ἄντικρυς  
 ἀσκοῦσι γ' ὅτι μάλιστα· πάντας γοῦν ὅσοι  
 ἐν τῇ πόλει κλύουσιν ὁξύτατοι φύσιν,  
 ἦ κόλακας ἄν τις ἦ κολάκων κόλακας καλοῖ.  
 οὐ μὴν ἐναριθμῷ τοῦσδ', ὃς ἀν σοφίσματα  
 εὑρῶν βάναυσ', ἄπαις, ἀγύναιξ, ἀνέστιος<sup>3</sup>,  
 σκοπῶν δὲ παρ' ὅτῳ ῥᾶστ' ἀεὶ τῷν πλουσίων  
 κάψει τὸ τέμαχος, εἴτα συμπλάττῃ λόγους

<sup>1</sup> Vid. Aristoph. *Lys.* 221 : ὅπως ἀν ἀνὴρ ἐπιτυφῆ μάλιστά μοι.

<sup>2</sup> Vid. Plat. *Phaedr.* 251 D.

<sup>3</sup> Sophocles *Frugm.* 5.

Tales for men's ears, to bait that sense; or get  
Kitchen-invention, and some stale receipts  
To please the belly and the groin: nor those,  
With their court dog-tricks, that can fawn and fler,  
Make their revenue out of legs and faces,  
Echo my lord, and lick away a moth:  
But your fine elegant rascal, that can rise,  
And stoop, almost together, like an arrow;  
Shoot through the air as nimbly as a star;  
Turn short as doth a swallow; and be here,  
And there, and here, and yonder, all at once;  
Present to any humour, all occasion;  
And change a visor swifter than a thought!  
This is the creature had the art born with him;  
Toils not to learn it, but doth practise it  
Out of most excellent nature: and such sparks  
Are the true parasites, others but their zanis.

δελεάσματ' ἄτων· κὰν σπάσῃ τῇδ', — εἰ δὲ μὴ,  
 ἥδύσματ' ἥδη φιλοσοφῶν, σαπροῖς τισὶ<sup>1</sup>  
 ὑπογλυκαίνει τεχνιδίοις τὰς γαστέρας.  
 ἀναίνομαι δὲ κεῖ τις, ὥσπερ κυνίδιον,  
 σαίνων, σεσηρῶς, ὑποπεσὼν τῷ δεσπότῃ,  
 σκελῶν προσώπων τ' ἀντίμισθ' οἴσει γέρα,  
 λέγοντ' ἐπαινῶν, χλανίδος ἀπολείχων τρίχα.  
 οὗτος, σὲ δ' εὖ ζηλοῦμ' ἀν, ὃ γλαφυρώτατε,  
 ὃ κομψότατ' ἀνδρῶν, ὅστις ἐξ ὄρμῆς μιᾶς  
 κύπτεις τ' ἀνακύπτεις τ' οἰστὸς ὧς, δι' αἰθέρος  
 ἄττων κομήτου θάττον, ἐκ δ' ὑποστροφῆς,  
 ἄπερ χελιδῶν, ἀνάπαλιν κάμπτεις πτερὸν  
 ἐκεῖσε<sup>2</sup>, τῇδε, δεῦρ', ἐπέκειν', ἂν τις ποθῇ  
 ἐκάστοτ' ἔργῳ προφθάσας, πρόσωπά τε  
 ἄλλ' ἄλλοτ' ἐνδὺς ἐν ἀκαρεῖ τῆς φροντίδος.  
 ἢ σύγγονον τήνδ' εἶχες ἐξ ἀρχῆς τέχνην,  
 πόνω μὲν οὐ μαθητὸν, ἄλλ' ἀσκουμένην  
 Φύσεως ἔκατι τῆς χαριεστάτης θεοῦ.  
 Σύ μοι, σὺ μοῦνος, οὐξ ἀληθείας κόλαξ,  
 τοὺς δ' ἀριθμὸν ἄλλως καὶ σκιὰν λογίζομαι.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Aristoph. *Vesp.* 175 : ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔσπασεν ταύτη γε.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Id. *Aves*, 424 : καὶ τὸ τῇδε καὶ τὸ κεῖσε,  
 καὶ τὸ δεῦρο προσβιβᾶ λέγων.

CAMBRIDGE, June, 1854.

## PSALM CXXVII

Except the LORD build the house,  
They labour in vain that build it:  
Except the LORD keep the city,  
The watchman waketh but in vain.  
It is vain for you that ye rise up early,  
    and so late take rest,  
And eat the bread of toil:  
For so He giveth unto His beloved sleep.  
Lo, children are an heritage of the LORD:  
And the fruit of the womb is His reward.  
As arrows in the hand of a mighty man,  
So are the children of youth.  
Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them:  
They shall not be ashamed,  
When they speak with their enemies in the gate.

Ίδον ὁν νυστάξει οὐδὲ ὑπνώσει ὁ φυλάσσων τὸν Ἰσραὴλ.

Ps. cxxi. 4.

Εἰ μὴ τὸν οἶκον αὐτὸς ὀρθώσει Θεός,  
 ἀνωφελής τοι τῶν νιν ὀρθούντων πόνος.  
 εὶ μὴ φυλάξει προστάτης Θεὸς πόλιν,  
 μάτην ἄνπνον περιπολεῖ φρουρὰν φύλαξ.  
 ἄλλως ἅρ' ὑμεῖς πρὸ μὲν ἐξανέστατε,  
 εἰθ' ὑπνον δψ' αἴρεῖτε, καν ἀγωνίᾳ  
 τὰ πρὸς βίον πονεῖτ', ἐπεὶ τῶν φιλτάτων  
 τροφὸς προμηθὴς καὶ καθευδόντων Θεός,  
 παῖδας μὲν οὖν, καρπώματ' εὔτέκνου σπορᾶς,  
 Θεὸς πορίζει, τιμιώτατον γέρας.  
 οἵον γὰρ ίοὶ τοῦ Γίγαντος ἐν χεροῦν  
 τοιοῦτον ἔρκος ἡ νέα παιδῶν τροφή.  
 μάκαρ φαρέτρα τῶνδ' ὅτῳ πληθύεται·  
 ἐχθροῖς γ' ὄμιλῶν οὐδ' ἀν αἰσχύνην λάβοι.

FROM MARATHON TO ATHENS, November 28, 1857.

## HIS POETRY HIS PILLAR

Only a little more  
 I have to write:  
 Then I'll give o'er,  
 And bid the world good-night.

'Tis but a flying minute  
 That I must stay,  
 Or linger in it:  
 And then I must away.

O Time, that cut'st down all,  
 And scarce leav'st here  
 Memorial  
 Of any men that were;  
 How many lie forgot  
 In vaults beneath,  
 And piece-meal rot  
 Without a fame in death!

Behold this living stone  
 I rear for me,  
 Ne'er to be thrown  
 Down, envious Time, by thee.  
 Pillars let some set up  
 If so they please:  
 Here is my hope  
 And my Pyramides.

R. HERRICK.

*“Exegi monumentum aere perennius.” HOR.*

Nox suprema subit: paene nihil manet  
Quod scribam ulterius; sit tamen additum:

Tum dixisse licebit

Et vitae et populo “Vale.”

Festinant tenebrae: pars quota temporis  
Praescripti superest! quam celeris fugit!

Nec fas velle morari;

Cras (scimus) revocabimur.

O quae falce cita demetis omnia,

Quae tot terrigenum vix titulum sinis,

Quot sunt quotque fuerunt,

Aetas, esse superstitem,

Seis quot saecla hominum, mersa silentio,

Putrescentia sub luce parentibus

Condant ossa sepulcris,

Vitae et nominis indiga.

Hac, Aetas, tamen hac en! tumuli manu

Fundamenta mei viva loco; neque

Tu, quae caetera vertis,

Hoc saxum, invida, dirues.

Mausolea alii, queis placet, exstruant,

Et famae memores Pyramidas: mea

Spes (nec corruet) hic est,

Hic et Pyramides meae.

*April, 1900.*

## I

## THE GOOD GREAT MAN

How seldom, Friend, a good great man inherits  
Honour or wealth, with all his work and pains.  
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits  
If any man obtains that which he merits,  
Or any merit that which he obtains.

For shame, dear Friend! Renounce this canting strain!  
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?  
Place, titles, salary, a gilded chain,  
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain?

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends.  
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,  
The good great man? Three treasures, love, and light,  
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath,  
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,  
Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death.

S. T. COLERIDGE, 1809.

## II

## SOME ANSWER

Not for himself—he lives to God alone—

Do we lament that he, the good great man,  
Should live unguerdoned and should die unknown :  
Not for his sake we mourn, but for our own.

“A little while ’tis with you; while ye can,  
“Walk in the light !” So spake the living Way :  
But we have chosen darkness; day by day

The Light was with us, yet we dared to scorn  
The beams of his pure glory; now his ray

Faints in the westward; therefore do we mourn.  
O worse than famine, worse than sword or pest,  
When Prophets cry in vain to the dull ear  
Of dying lands, that murmur “Peace,” and jest.  
And lightly mock the Visions of the Seer !

CAIRO, *March, 1858.*

## III

## GARIBALDI

Our hearts, O Garibaldi, are with thee!

We aid thee not with army or with fleet,  
We did not arm to shield thee from defeat,  
We will not share thy fame that is to be.

The forethought and the wise audacity

Inspired by brooding years of patriot love,  
And passion for long-outraged Italy,  
And faith that there is One that rules above,  
Are thine, not ours. We are but standers by.

Yet think not, noble Warrior that thou art,  
Thy glorious Country hath no lovers here.  
For her own weal, in no ignoble fear,

We sheathed the sword. But He who knows our heart  
Knows if it beat not for the brave and free:  
Our hearts, O Garibaldi, are with thee.

IRELAND, *August, 1860.*

## IV

## ON GUIDO'S PORTRAIT OF BEATRICE CENCI

TAKEN IN THE PRISON  
THE NIGHT BEFORE HER EXECUTION

He saw her there the eve before she died:  
There, in the dungeon, stood the Murderess,  
The slayer of her Father: who shall guess  
What currents thrilled her veins—the mingled tide  
Of horror, anguish, outraged maiden pride,  
With dreams of One, Friend of the fatherless,  
Whose Voice of doom hath yet to ban or bless,  
When Sire and Daughter front Him, side by side?  
How wistfully looks forth each tearless eye  
Beneath her turbaned brow! The soft round cheek,  
So colourless, is blanched with agony,  
But not with terror: calm she is, and meek,  
As one whose lightest trouble were to die:  
Her lips are closed, and yet she seems to speak.

HARROW, *January 22, 1877.*

## V

INSCRIBED  
 REVERENTLY AND AFFECTIONATELY  
 TO  
**RANDALL THOMAS DAVIDSON**  
 LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

*January 10, 1903—January 10, 1913.*

“Ten years ago to-day!” Historic years,  
 Crowded and anxious, solemn gift of God!  
 When I recall where once my young feet trod,  
 Home, Harrow, Oxford, Lambeth, Holy Land  
 With One e'en then a Brother—boyish tears  
 Rush to my eyes: I seem to see a Hand  
 That led me, consecrating hopes and fears,  
 To toil, to love, to serve, and to command.

Whatever months, or years, of strength remain,  
 Whatever billows round the Churches roll,  
 Whatever passions war against the soul  
 Of men or nations, whether Joy or Pain  
 Await us, keep us battling till we rest,  
 And may our latest warfare be our best!

TRINITY LODGE, *January 12, 1913.*

## VI

TO THE WIFE OF  
**COLONEL HENRY JOHN EDWARDS, C.B.**  
 FELLOW OF PETERHOUSE, CAMBRIDGE,  
 AND FORMERLY SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE,  
 IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF  
 THE "OLD TRINITY" DINNER  
 ORGANISED BY HIM  
 ON APRIL 16, 1913

*"Omne solum forti patria est."* OVID.

Thank Him Yourself; from you 'twill please Him best,  
 Doubled and trebled if it comes from you!  
 To-day we thanked and loved Him—"Nothing new,"  
 You smile, "in that! It tallies with the rest  
 "Of all I ever hoped and ever knew."  
 Tell Him we love Him for his generous thought  
 And all the brotherhood it meant and taught;  
 Add praise to praise; the last will still be true.  
 Sure not in vain his gallant Soldier heart  
 Told Him men change not when afar they roam  
 In newer climes, athirst for newer toil:  
 They carry England with them; "*every soil*  
 "*Is country to the brave*"; long leagues apart  
 They breathe the air of England and of Home.

TRINITY LODGE, April 18, 1913.



TO  
THE VICE-MASTER  
AND ALL THE FELLOWS  
OF OUR DEAR COLLEGE  
WHO SO KINDLY JOINED IN  
THE ADDRESS  
ON THE OCCASION OF  
MY EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY,  
JULY 2, 1913,  
THIS VERY INADEQUATE REPLY  
IS MOST GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATED,

*“Ecce quam bonum et quam iucundum, habitare Fratres in unum!”*

## PSALM CXXXIII.

## I

Friends of my life, Friends some of long-tried years,  
 Some freshly found, all linked by one dear tie  
 Of love and service to our Trinity,  
 I long to tell you how your kindness cheers  
 My inmost heart, but language disappears  
 When needed most. I read the Roll that claims  
 My grateful reverence; your serried names  
 Move me to wonderment, almost to tears.

You know it, and I know, “in me there dwells  
 “No greatness,” no, nor “touch of greatness,” nought  
 T’ illume the Future or recall the Past.

If oft in our grand Courts my spirit swells  
 With joy and pride, soon comes th’ all-hallowing thought,  
 “My gift how scant, my debt unpaid how vast!”

*“Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.”*

## II

Learning I could not give, it was not mine,  
 Nor range of thought, nor grasp of Nature's laws,  
 Nor, what our Cambridge crowns with chief applause,  
 The Lamp to pierce some yet unfathomed mine,  
 Bidding its darkest ore arise and shine;  
 Nor Critic's art to frame a realm anew,  
 Drive out th' Usurper and enthrone the true;  
 Nor Prophet's glimpses into things Divine.

These heights, these depths, for me were out of sight;  
 Only I honoured, almost worshipped, those  
 To whom such plenitude of<sup>1</sup> joy was given:  
 Each seemed in turn a Messenger from Heaven  
 To bless our Earth: as each fair Day-Star rose,  
 Again was heard the Voice, “Let there be Light!”

<sup>1</sup> Since the above was written, I have come by chance on the noble prayer of KEPLER which I did not know before. “I thank Thee, my Creator and Lord, that Thou hast given me *these joys in Thy Creation, this ecstasy over the works of Thy hands.* I have made known the glory of Thy works to men as far as my finite spirit was able to comprehend Thy infinity. If I have said anything wholly unworthy of Thee, or have aspired after my own glory, graciously forgive me.”

*“Dum domus Aeneae Capitoli immobile saxum  
Accolet, imperiumque Pater Romanus habebit.”*

## III

All this you knew; yet, knowing all, you signed,  
 Resolved to see in one, who dared inherit  
 So high a seat, some legacy of merit,  
 To his own faults magnanimously blind.  
 “Too generous,” I murmur, “all too kind!”

And then, from self and this our fleeting day  
 And all that’s fugitive I turn away,  
 And one fair Image fills and thrills the mind.

Great men shall come and love as we love now,  
 And haply deem they love and serve Her more;  
 Brave Youths shall come, and venerate, and vow  
 She shall be great and greater than before.  
 Such Vision, Friends, be yours, when we depart!  
 Old Friends, Young Friends, I thank you from my heart.

KINLOCH-RANNOCH, SCOTLAND, *August, 1913.*

TO THE MANY  
DEAR HARROW FRIENDS  
WHO ON THE EVENING OF JULY 9TH,  
DINED TOGETHER AT THE SAVOY,  
AND TO THOSE  
WHO SENT KIND MESSAGES OF REGRET  
OR OF SYMPATHY  
FROM MANY ENGLISH HOMES  
AND DISTANT LANDS,  
SIMLA, LAHORE, CEYLON, PERSIA,  
CAPETOWN, BLOEMFONTEIN, SIERRA LEONE,  
NEW ZEALAND,  
CHRISTIANIA, ST PETERSBURG, CONSTANTINOPLE,  
THESE TWO SONNETS  
ARE VERY GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATED

## I

*“And this was yet a small thing in Thy sight, O Lord God; but Thou hast spoken also of Thy servant’s House for a great while to come.”*

2 SAM. VII. 19.

Text of Dr Vaughan’s Sermon on  
“The Blessing of Permanence,” preached in the  
Harrow Chapel at the Commemoration of the  
Founder of Harrow School, 1853.

*“For my brethren and companions’ sakes I will wish Thee prosperity.”*

PSALM CXXII. 8.

Dear Friends, who sat together yesternight  
 For love of Harrow and for “auld lang syne,”  
 For all your tender thoughts of me and mine  
 I thank you from my heart; ’twas sheer delight  
 To count the crowded heads—some grey, but all  
 The heads of Brothers whom the years unite  
 In one great passion—and in dreams recall  
 Boyhood’s best hours, hope-kindled, brave and bright.  
 If there be One who humbly dares to claim  
 A debt to Harrow deeper than the rest,  
 For <sup>1</sup>Parents, <sup>2</sup>Brothers, Sons, his very name,  
 As Husband, Father, Son supremely blest—  
 Think of him sometimes on the dear old Hill,  
 And, when he’s gone, think kindly of him still.

TRINITY LODGE, July 10, 1913.

<sup>1</sup> George Butler, D.D. Born at Chelsea, July 5, 1774, died at the Deanery, Peterborough, April 30, 1853. Head Master of Harrow, Easter 1805—Easter 1829.

Sarah Maria, daughter of John Gray of Wembley Park, a Governor of Harrow. Died at Julian Hill, Harrow, Feb. 24, 1872, and buried in the Church Yard of Harrow.

<sup>2</sup> George Butler, M.A., Hon. D.D. Born at Harrow, June 11, 1819; in the School 1831—1838. Principal of Liverpool College, 1866—1882. Died March 14, 1890.

## II

*Stet Fortuna Domus*

*"Antiquam exquirite matrem.  
Hic domus Aeneae cunctis dominabitur oris,  
Et nati natorum et qui nascentur ab illis."*

*Aen.* III. 96.

"Great men have been among us; hands that penned  
 "And tongues that uttered wisdom—better none."  
 So Wordsworth lauds his England, loyal son  
 Of glorious Mother, zealous to defend  
 Her sacred coasts from insult, and commend  
 To latest times what Saints and Heroes won,  
 Faith, Freedom, Daring, silent Duties done  
 By Man to Country and by Friend to Friend.

We too have had our Great ones, Men of Light,  
 Rulers of nations, Statesmen high and pure,  
 Poets and Prelates, Chiefs renowned in fight,  
 Planters of Churches, Champions of the Poor.  
 Oh may we tread where erst our Great ones trod,  
 And live and die for Country and for God!

TRINITY LODGE, July 14, 1913.

TO  
THE DEAR TEN  
WHOSE NAMES ARE ENGRAVED ON  
THE SILVER BOWL  
GIVEN TO US  
ON THE DAY OF OUR  
SILVER WEDDING,  
AUGUST 9, 1913,  
THIS SONNET IS GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATED

*Ambassadors, we know, can always claim  
 A Private Audience in their Masters' Name ;  
 And, if they've said but half of what they meant,  
 They crave th' indulgence due to good Intent.*

---

### THE AMBASSADOR

Dear People, of Three Families at least,  
 Whose loving act makes One most gracious Whole  
 By sending us your Monumental BOWL  
 To gild and consecrate our "Silver" Feast,  
 How can we thank you ? *Words* long since have ceased  
 To make fit Envoys of a Heart that's full :  
 They stare, and stammer, murmur "Beautiful,"  
 Then quit the Presence, glad to be released.

But though, kind Friends, no memorable *word*  
 Attest the grateful love we deeply feel,  
 We trust that Something *inward* may reveal  
 Our longing wish Your goodness to record :  
 The HEART may beat its thanks, if nothing more,  
 A faithful, though a mute, Ambassador.

KINLOCH-RANNOCH, August 22, 1913.

TO ALL THE DEAR  
FIFTY NEPHEWS AND NIECES  
GREAT NEPHEWS AND GREAT NIECES  
WHO SO KINDLY  
SIGNED THE LOVING ADDRESS  
FOR THE DAY OF OUR  
SILVER WEDDING,  
AUGUST 9, 1913,  
THESE SONNETS ARE AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATED

*"One Family we dwell in Him."*

## I

From this fair Loch<sup>1</sup>, and yon o'ershadowing Mount,  
 SCHIEHALLION, high 'mid Scotia's lordliest peaks,  
 We, spending here our sunny summer weeks,  
 Greet you with love. With wonderment we count  
 Each name, each infant rill, each Parent fount,  
 Nephews and Nieces, some expressly "Grand,"  
 Late ornaments of "India's coral strand,"  
 The treasured Item, the superb Amount.

Your hearts, we know, are with us, and we joy  
 To think, from three sweet words in your Address,  
 That this *our* day of love and happiness  
 Is held in kind remembrance by you all,  
 And hallowed as a loving Festival  
 By Girl and Womanhood, by Man and Boy.

*August 9, 1913.*

<sup>1</sup> Loch Rannoch, Scotland.

*“Land of brown Heath and shaggy Wood,  
Land of the Mountain and the Flood.”*

## II

O could you all, on this our “Silver” day  
Of bridal memories, bridal once again,  
Swoop down upon us in an Aeroplane,  
Fain would we charm you, thro’ a lengthened stay,  
With Scotland’s fare and Scotland’s sprightly play,  
Salmon, and jewelled Trout, and Ham and Eggs.  
Apt converse welcome both to grave and gay,  
And stiff Schiehallion for the lustier legs.

But tho’ we cannot be in body near,  
Tho’ leagues and furlongs keep our hands apart,  
Your Fifty Signatures, dear Friends, attest  
There may be love in many an absent breast:  
Still, severed, we may hold each other dear;  
There are no leagues or furlongs in the heart.

*August 9, 10, 1913.*

*“The old Order changeth, yielding place to new.”*

### III

And now a word of loving last farewell  
 From Uncle and Great Uncle both in one.  
 His earthly race, he knows, is nearly run;  
 If yet again the sound of marriage bell  
 Float to his ear, 'twill haply—who can tell?  
 Ring for the wedding morn of one of you.

“The old Order changeth, yielding place to New”:  
 May your fair Sons their Fathers' worth excel,  
 But not forget them. Seventy years have flown  
 Since my dear Parents kept *their “Silver”*<sup>1</sup> day.  
 You, young and old alike, their lineage own;  
 May you be happy, good, and kind as they.  
*There* is the Cradle, *there* the Parent stem;  
 Would you remember us, remember them.

KINLOCH-RANNOCH, August 11, 12, 1913.

<sup>1</sup> George Butler, D.D. and Sarah Maria Gray  
 were married March 18, 1818.

## A WIFE'S DISILLUSION

(After Pope.)

O when a Wife at last begins to see  
Her Husband's not the man he seemed to be,  
Brave, tender, chivalrous, heroic, pure,  
But half a tyrant, half an epicure;  
Sharp-tongued if thwarted in his pettiest whim,  
As if the world were all arranged for him;  
In converse commonplace, in habits gross,  
Luxurious, idle, querulous, morose;—  
As this blurred portrait proves itself the Real,  
Effacing, flouting, her adored Ideal—  
What wonder if, in dear defeat of hope,  
She turns an atheist or a misanthrope;  
Arraigns the Powers that mocked her maiden prayer.  
And e'en in motherhood finds fresh despair;  
Still, as she feels her own poor life undone,  
Fears to revive the Father in the Son;  
With wistful terror scans the baby face,  
And dreads to read th' hereditary grace;  
Marks his sweet eyes, those eyes of heavenly blue,  
Which seem to say, "If false, there's nothing true,"  
Then murmurs, "Gracious God, will *he* be traitor too?"

---

Who but must weep if such a Wife there be?  
Who would not shudder if his own were she?

SCOTLAND, March 29, 1913.

Most of the following pieces represent an attempt to find passages suitable for the stately but difficult metre of Gray's *Elegy*, a metre of which he seems to be the one perfect master.

*Georgic II. 458—494.*

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,  
 Agricolas, quibus ipsa procul discordibus armis  
 Fundit humo facilem victum iustissima tellus !  
 Si non ingentem foribus domus alta superbis  
 Mane salutantum totis vomit aedibus undam.  
 Nec varios inhiant pulchra testudine postis  
 Inlusasque auro vestis Ephyreiaque aera,  
 Alba neque Assyrio fucatur lana veneno,  
 Nec casia liquidi corrumpitur usus olivi ;  
 At secura quies et nescia fallere vita,  
 Dives opum variarum, at latis otia fundis,  
 Speluncae vivique lacus et frigida Tempe,  
 Mugitusque boum mollesque sub arbore somni,  
 Non absunt; illic saltus ac lustra ferarum,  
 Et patiens operum exiguoque adsueta inventus,  
 Sacra deum sanctique patres; extrema per illos  
 Iustitia excedens terris vestigia fecit.

*“O fortunatos nimium...”*

Ah! blest indeed—*how* blest they little ween—

The simple swains that ply their peaceful toil!  
True to her sons, Earth, far from battle scene,  
Unlocks the easy garner of her soil.

Not theirs the palace, with its portals proud,

Disgorging still, from storey high and low,  
The seething tide of early client-crowd;

Not theirs to gape at Splendour's vulgar show—

Its doors inlaid with tortoise' varied hue,

Its Isthmian bronze, and gold-embroider'd vest,  
Its fleeces tainted with the Tyrian blue,

And oil with odours ne'er from olive press'd.

Their's the calm peace that care hath never known,

The life that never learn'd the glozing lie,  
Not rich, but dower'd with treasures all its own—

Broad reach of meadow 'neath the slumbrous sky,

Deep cavern'd grot, fresh mere in mirror'd glade,

Vales cool as Tempe and as Tempe fair,  
The low of kine, soft sleep in chestnut shade,

The upland lawn, the shaggy forest lair.

Here, fain to toil, spare Youth and reverend Age

In pious faith their simple gods revere:  
When Justice fled the world's polluted stage,

Her latest sigh, her foot's last print, was here.

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musae,  
 Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,  
 Accipiant, caelique vias et sidera monstrent,  
 Defectus solis varios lunaeque labores;  
 Unde tremor terris, qua vi maria alta tumescant,  
 Obicibus ruptis, rursusque in se ipsa residant;  
 Quid tantum Oceano properent se tingere soles  
 Hiberni, vel quae tardis mora noctibus obstet.  
 Sin has ne possim naturae accedere partis  
 Frigidus obstiterit circum praecordia sanguis,  
 Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,  
 Flumina amem silvasque inglorius. O ubi campi  
 Spercheusque et virginibus bacchata Lacaenis  
 Taygeta! O qui me gelidis convallis Haemi  
 Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra!  
 Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,  
 Atque metus omnis et inexorable fatum  
 Subiecit pedibus strepitumque Acherontis avari.  
 Fortunatus et ille deos qui novit agrestis,  
 Panaque Silvanumque senem Nymphasque sorores.

O might I breathe my first, my fondest, prayer—  
 She whom I serve, with perfect love possess'd,  
 The sacred Muse whose hallowed signs I bear  
 Should school this heart and show it of her best—

The starry companies, the paths of heaven,  
 How fails the sun, how waning moons decrease,  
 How earthquakes shock, and seas on high are driven,  
 Each barrier burst, to sleep again in peace;—

Why post the suns at close of winter's day  
 To slake their flame 'neath Ocean's watery floor,  
 Why laggard nights their long slow march delay—  
 So should she teach, and I would learn her lore.

But if to stand in Nature's holiest shrine  
 Demand a loftier pulse, a priestlier heart,  
 Be mine the meads, the vale's sweet brooklets mine!  
 Loved Woods and Rivers, grant me humbler part!

O for the fields where swift Spercheus flows,  
 The mountain-revel of the Spartan maid,  
 The valleys fann'd by breath of Haemus' snows,  
 His giant boughs, his kindly shelt'ring shade!

Thrice blest the Sage whose soul, serenely great,  
 From cause to cause hath track'd the Truth, and won,  
 And laughs at phantom fears, and grisly Fate,  
 And roaring gulf of ravening Acheron!

Nor yet unblest the Swain who, homelier bred,  
 His rural deities hath learn'd to love—  
 Kind Pan, and good Silvanus' hoary head,  
 And fairy sisterhood of Fount and Grove.

ATHENS, April 6, 1892.

*Aeneid vi. 264—281.*

Di, quibus imperium est animarum, Umbraeque silentes,  
Et Chaos et Phlegethon, loca nocte tacentia late,  
Sit mihi fas audita loqui, sit numine vestro  
Pandere res alta terra et caligine mersas.  
Iabant obscuri sola sub nocte per umbram,  
Perque domos Ditis vacuas et inania regna :  
Quale per incertam lunam sub luce maligna  
Est iter in silvis, ubi caelum condidit umbra  
Iuppiter, et rebus nox abstulit atra colorem.  
Vestibulum ante ipsum primisque in faucibus Orci  
Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curae ;  
Pallentesque habitant Morbi tristisque Senectus,  
Et Metus et malesuada Fames ac turpis Egestas.  
Terribiles visu formae, Letumque Labosque ;  
Tum consanguineus Leti Sopor, et mala mentis  
Gaudia, mortiferumque adverso in limine Bellum,  
Ferreique Eumenidum thalami, et Discordia demens  
Vipereum crinem vittis innexa cruentis.

*“Di, quibus imperium est...”*

Ye Powers, whose realm is with the ghostly dead,  
 Ye voiceless Shades, that never knew the light,  
 And Phlegethon, and Chaos, regions dread,  
 For ever silent in the vasty night,

Your pardon grant if, wonders to unseal,  
 By mortal heard, these mortal lips presume,  
 And, by your grace, the secret things reveal  
 Long whelm'd in earth's impenetrable gloom.

On thro' the night, the lonesome night, alone,  
 In thickest shade the darkling travellers press,  
 Mid homes and realms that Pluto calls his own,  
 Realms never peopled, homes of nothingness:

Darkling they move, as oft in forest track,  
 When Heav'n's great Lord hath shrouded all the sky.  
 The niggard moon scarce glints the cloudy wrack,  
 And earth is dimm'd, and all her colours die.

Lo! at the porch, the very jaws of Hell,  
 Sorrow hath laid her couch, and vengeful Care,  
 And pallid forms of wasting Sickness dwell,  
 And dolorous Age, and Terror, and Despair:

Here Hunger haunts, that ever tempts to sin,  
 And loathly Want, terrific Spectres twain,  
 And Death, and Toil, and Sleep to Death akin,  
 And wicked Joys that rack the fever'd brain.

And there, across the threshold, slaughterous War,  
 And iron chambers where the Furies bide,  
 And frenzied Strife, her tresses streaming far,  
 A Viper each, in gory fillets tied.

GREECE, 1892.

## LUCRETIUS II. 1—19.

Suave, mari magno turbantibus aequora ventis,  
 E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem;  
 Non quia vexari quemquamst iucunda voluptas,  
 Sed quibus ipse malis careas quia cernere suave est.  
 Suave etiam belli certamina magna tueri  
 Per campos instructa tua sine parte pericli.  
 Sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere  
 Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena,  
 Despicere unde queas alios passimque videre  
 Errare atque viam palantis quaerere vitæ,  
 Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,  
 Noctes atque dies niti praestante labore  
 Ad summas emergere opes rerumque potiri.  
 O miseras hominum mentes, o pectora caeca!  
 Qualibus in tenebris vitae quantisque periclis  
 Degitur hoc aevi quodecumquest! nonne videre  
 Nil aliud sibi naturam latrare, nisi ut, cui  
 Corpore seiunctus dolor absit, mente fruatur  
 Iucundo sensu cura semotu' metuque?

*“Suave, mari magno...”*

How sweet, when angry tempests lash the main,  
 To watch the labouring vessel from the shore !  
 Not that we joy at thought of others' pain,  
 But ills we see, and share not, charm the more.

How sweet again, in safety, from afar,  
 When marshal'd legions throng the banner'd field,  
 To view the mighty tournament of war,  
 The rush of squadron and the clash of shield !

But sweeter still to hold each fortress proud,  
 Reared by the Wise, each temple-height serene,  
 The while, below, the dim and straggling crowd  
 Grope for a path in life's bewild'ring scene,

Match brain with brain, birth's jostling claims compare,  
 Toil weary nights and days, from hour to hour,  
 To stand at last on Fortune's crowning stair,  
 And scale the lonely pinnacle of power.

Ah ! wretched man ! how frail his circumstance !  
 How <sup>1</sup>“ blindly with his blessedness at strife ” !  
 How dark the gloom, how perilous the chance  
 That girds the little round he calls his life !

Fool, not to see how plain is Nature's meat !  
 “ Give me,” she cries, “ a body free from pain,  
 “ A mind at ease that feels its life is sweet,  
 “ A fearless bosom and a tranquil brain ! ”

GREECE, 1892.

<sup>1</sup> Wordsworth, *Intimations of Immortality*.

HORACE, *Carm.* I. vii.

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon, aut Mytilenen,  
 Aut Epheson, bimarisse Corinthi  
 Moenia, vel Baccho Thebas vel Apolline Delphos  
 Insignes, aut Thessala Tempe.

Sunt quibus unum opus est, intactae Palladis urbem  
 Carmine perpetuo celebrare et

Undique decerptam fronti praeponere olivam.  
 Plurimus in Iunonis honorem

Aptum dicet equis Argos ditesque Mycenias.

Me nec tam patiens Lacedaemon  
 Nec tam Larissae percussit campus opimae,  
 Quam domus Albuneae resonantis

Et praeceps Anio ac Tiburni lucus et uda  
 Mobilibus pomaria rivis.

Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila caelo  
 Saepe Notus, nec parturit imbres

Perpetuo, sic tu sapiens finire memento  
 Tristitiam vitaeque labores  
 Molli, Plance, mero, seu te fulgentia signis  
 Castra tenent seu densa tenebit

*“Laudabunt alii...”*

- Of other lands let others hymn the praise,  
 Bright Rhodes, or Ephesus, or Mytilene,  
 Or Corinth thron'd amid her double bays,  
 Or sweetest Tempe, fair Peneian Queen ;
- Or Thebes and Delphi, each a God's delight,  
 Or Her, the Virgin Warrior's guarded town,  
 Whose glory bards in epic song indite,  
 A life's long theme, an old but fadeless crown :
- A thousand lips in Juno's praise shall sing  
 Of Argos' steeds and hoar Mycenae's gold :—  
 To *me* no joy Larissa's cornfields bring,  
 Or Spartan hardihood in days of old.
- More homely, Plancus, are the scenes I love—  
 Our own Albunea's echo-haunted cave,  
 Our Anio's plunge, our dark Tiburnus' grove,  
 Our orchards water'd by the wand'ring wave.
- Fear not ! the storm may sweep the black'ning height,  
 But look again—the face of Heav'n is clear :  
 Clouds come and go, the darkness yields to light,  
 Nor falls the rain unchequ'red through the year.
- Thou too, my Friend, wise Nature wise to note,  
 With mellow wine bid toil and trouble flee—  
 Now, where, encamp'd, thy glitt'ring eagles float,  
 And, home return'd, at bowery Tivoli.

Tiburis umbra tui. Teucer Salamina patremque

Cum fugeret, tamen uda Lyaeo

Tempora populea fertur vinxisse corona,

Sic tristes adfatus amicos :

“ Quo nos cumque feret melior fortuna parente,

“ Ibimus, o socii comitesque !

“ Nil desperandum Teuero duce et auspice Teuero :

“ Certus enim promisit Apollo,

“ Ambiguam tellure nova Salamina futuram.

“ O fortis peioraque passi

“ Mecum saepe viri, nunc vino pellite curas ;

“ Cras ingens iterabimus aequor.”

So banish'd Teucer, ere he left behind  
 His wrathful father and his island home,  
 Round his flush'd brow the poplar wreath entwin'd,  
 And bade his trusty feres forget their gloom.

“Wherever Fate, more gentle than my Sire,  
 “Shall waft us, comrades, thither will we fare:  
 “By Teucer led, with Teucer to inspire,  
 “Ye fear no peril, and ye scorn despair.

“A country yet awaits us, all our own,—  
 “The God hath said it, and he cannot lie—  
 “Some second Salamis, all else unknown,  
 “Another harbour and an alien sky.

“Come, gallant hearts, that ever joy'd to share  
 “With soul of Teucer darker ills than these;  
 “To-night the wine cup! Drink, and banish care—  
 “To-morrow, friends, again the untravell'd Seas!”

MILAN, *March*, 1892.

HORACE, *Carm.* III. xxiii.

Caelo supinas si tuleris manus  
 Nascente Luna, rustica Phidyle,  
 Si ture placaris et horna  
 Fruge Lares avidaque porca;

Nec pestilentem sentiet Africum  
 Fecunda vitis nec sterilem seges  
 Robiginem aut dulces alumni  
 Pomifero grave tempus anno.

Nam quae nivali pascitur Algido  
 Devota quercus inter et ilices  
 Aut crescit Albanis in herbis  
 Victima Pontificum secures

Cervice tinguet: te nihil attinet  
 Temptare multa caede bidentium  
 Parvos coronantem marino  
 Rore deos fragilique myrto.

Inmunis aram si tetigit manus,  
 Non sumptuosa blandior hostia,  
 Mollivit aversos Penates  
 Farre pio et saliente mica.

*“Caelo supinas si tuleris manus...”*

If, lowly Maiden, at the moon's fair birth  
 Thou lift thy hands in prayer to Powers benign,  
 And offer, for thy frailty, fruits of earth,  
 And incense sweet, and homely flesh of swine,  
 No killing blast shall nip thy tender grape,  
 No blight of mildew taint the mellowing ear;  
 Each cherished nurseling of the fold shall 'scape  
 The poison'd perfume of the fruited year.

The lordly ox that, 'neath the glist'ning snows,  
 Mid oak and holm of Algidus is bred,  
 Or, doom'd to bleed, on Alban herbage grows,  
 To Pontiff's axe shall bend his gory head.

Not thine with slaughter'd flocks and lavish blood  
 To soothe Great Heav'n's insulted majesty:  
 Enough to crown each little household God  
 With sprig of myrtle and of rosemary.

If pure the hand upon the altar laid,  
 The lowliest gift may charm the Powers above:  
 The costliest hecatomb hath ne'er outweigh'd  
 The wheaten cake and crackling salt of love.

MILAN, March 19, 1892.

HORACE, *Carm.* I. xxiv.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus  
 Tam cari capitis? Praecipe lugubres  
 Cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam Pater  
 Vocem cum cithara dedit.

Ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor  
 Urguet! Cui Pudor et Iustitiae soror,  
 Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas  
 Quando ullum inveniet parem?

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,  
 Nulli flebilius, quam tibi, Vergili.  
 Tu frustra pius heu non ita creditum  
 Poscis Quintilium Deos.

Quid si Threicio blandius Orpheo  
 Auditam moderere arboribus fidem?  
 Num vanae redeat sanguis imagini,  
 Quam virga semel horrida,

Non lenis precibus fata recludere,  
 Nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi?  
 Durum: sed levius fit patientia  
 Quidquid corrigere est nefas.

*“Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus...”*

What stint of sorrow for so dear a soul?

Muse of the silver voice and breathing lyre,  
Thy Father's gift, come, mighty to console,  
And in this heart grief's truest notes inspire.

Our good Quintilius sleeps th' eternal sleep!

“Dead ere his prime and hath not left his peer’  
Weep, simple Truth, untarnish'd Honour, weep!  
All sister Virtues, weep around his bier.

Ah, heavy dole to many a loyal breast!

To none, dear Virgil, heavier than to thine!  
On heedless Gods thy pious plaints are press'd,  
Not so they lent him, nor will so resign.

Could'st thou out-tune the Thracian bard of old,

Whose winsome voice the list'ning woods obey'd,  
His grisly wand let Hermes once uphold,  
The blood returns not to the formless shade.

The sable company he troops below

In idle ears against their doom appeal:  
But, courage, Mourner! Time may blunt the blow,  
And Patience soothe the pang she cannot heal.

RAILWAY TO BRINDISI, *March, 1892.*

HORACE, *Carm. I. xxviii.*

Te maris et terrae numeroque carentis harenae  
 Mensorem cohibent, Archyta,  
 Pulveris exigui prope litus parva Matinum  
 Munera, nec quicquam tibi prodest  
  
 Aerias temptasse domos animoque rotundum  
 Percurrisse polum, morituro.  
 Occidit et Pelopis genitor, conviva deorum,  
 Tithonusque remotus in auras  
  
 Et Iovis arcanis Minos admissus, habentque  
 Tartara Panthoiden iterum Orco  
 Demissum, quamvis clipeo Troiana refixo  
 Tempora testatus nihil ultra  
  
 Nervos atque cutem morti concesserat atrae,  
 Iudice te non sordidus auctor  
 Naturae verique. Sed omnes una manet nox  
 Et calcanda semel via leti.  
  
 Dant alios Furiae torvo spectacula Marti,  
 Exitio est avidum mare nautis;  
 Mixta senum ac iuvenum densentur funera, nullum  
 Saeva caput Proserpina fugit.

*“Te maris et terrae...”*

Renown'd Archytas, thou who once could'st weigh  
 Our earth and ocean and the countless sand,  
 A little dust now wraps thy shivering clay,  
 Poor niggard boon, on lone Matinum's strand.

What boots it now that erst, in vent'rous flight,  
 Thine eagle spirit ranged the vaulted sky,  
 Careering free above the starry height,  
 E'en then, frail Mortal, fore-ordained to die?

To die, like him who sat at meat with Gods,  
 Great Pelops' sire, or him whom wifely love  
 Of fond Aurora rapt to Heav'n's abodes,  
 Or Crete's just King who shared the mind of Jove:

Or him whom Orcus holds a second time,  
 Death's proper prey, not fleshly garb alone,  
 As when, sure witness of his hero prime,  
 He loos'd his Trojan shield, and claim'd his own:

No vulgar soul was his, thou know'st it well;  
 Nature and Man—he read their riddle deep:  
 But death awaits us all, one common knell,  
 One path to travel, and one night to sleep.

The Sailor sinks beneath the rav'ning wave,  
 The War-God gloats on Battle's ghastly scene;  
 Age jostles Youth, each hurries to the grave,  
 No mortal 'scapes the fell Tartarean Queen.

Me quoque devexi rapidus comes Orionis  
     Illyricis Notus obruit undis.  
 At tu, nauta, vagae ne parce malignus harenae  
     Ossibus et capiti inhumato  
  
 Particulam dare: sic, quocumque minabitur Eurus  
     Fluctibus Hesperiis, Venusinae  
 Plectantur silvae te sospite, multaque merces,  
     Unde potest, tibi defluat aequo  
  
 Ab Iove Neptunoque sacri custode Tarenti.  
     Neglegis inmeritis nocitaram  
 Postmodo te natis fraudem committere? Fors et  
     Debita iura vicesque superbae  
  
 Te maneant ipsum: precibus non linquar inultis,  
     Teque piacula nulla resolvent.  
 Quamquam festinas, non est mora longa; licebit  
     Iniecto ter pulvere curras.

The scudding storm that dogs Orion's fall  
 Hath whelm'd *me*, stranger, in th' Illyrian brine :  
 Ah ! grudge not, churl, one grain of sand to pall  
 This homeless head and bones that once were mine.

So may the blasts, that over Hadria scour  
 And fling their menace to the Western main,  
 While scourg'd Venusia's oak-lands creak and cower,  
 Bear thee uninjured to thine home again.

So on thy head shall ampler guerdon flow  
 From those high Gods that own the power to bless —  
 Neptune, who shields Tarentum's shrines from woe,  
 And righteous Jove who loveth righteousness !

Thou wilt not hear ? Dost lightly dare a wrong  
 Thy guiltless seed for many an age shall rue ?  
 E'en on thyself, thou haughty soul, ere long  
 The bolt may fall and wreak its vengeance due.

Not all unheard my prayer to Heav'n hath fled,  
 No tardy penance shall that day atone :  
 Stay yet a moment; sprinkle on the dead  
 A little dust—thrice sprinkle—and begone !

NEAR THE AUFIDUS.  
 RAILWAY TO BRINDISI, *March, 1892.*

HORACE, *Carm.* III. xxx.

Exegi monumentum aere perennius  
 Regalique situ Pyramidum altius,  
 Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo inpotens  
 Posset diruere aut innumerabilis

Annorum series et fuga temporum.

Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei  
 Vitabit Libitinam: usque ego postera  
 Crescam laude recens, dum Capitolium

Scandet cum tacita Virgine Pontifex.

Dicar, qua violens obstrepit Aufidus  
 Et qua pauper aquae Daunus agrestium  
 Regnavit populorum, ex humili potens

Princeps Aeolium carmen ad Italos  
 Deduxisse modos. Sume superbiam  
 Quaesitam meritis, et mihi Delphica  
 Lauro cinge volens, Melpomene, comam.

*"Exegi monumentum aere perennius..."*

'Tis finish'd lo! the labour of my hand,  
A Poet's shrine to 'scape the general doom;  
Than ageless bronze more ageless it shall stand,  
Or sceptr'd Pharaoh's star-y-pointing tomb.

Nor rains shall sap, nor storms of winter shock:  
High o'er the blast its placid front it rears:  
Time's weariest wave shall break upon that rock,  
And roll on roll of immemorial years.

Not all I was shall perish; something still,  
My better part, shall triumph undecay'd,  
While that lone Pair yet climb the Sacred Hill,  
The hoary Pontiff and the silent Maid.

Lips yet unborn my crescent praise shall sing:  
"Here was He nurs'd"—methinks I hear them say—  
"Where, poor in water'd meads, the Daunian king  
"Held the rude tribes beneath his rural sway.

"Here, by the roar of Aufid's rocky bed,  
"Proud heir of Fame, he kept his humble home,  
"The first of all Ausonia's sons to wed  
"The strain of Sappho to the harp of Rome."

Take, Queen of Song, the glory that is thine!  
If ours the voicee, the sweet Inspirer Thou:  
Then, of thy royal grace, vouchsafe to twine  
Apollo's garland on thy Poet's brow.

SHANKLIN, January, 1892.

HORACE, *Carm.* IV. iii.

Quem tu, Melpomene, semel  
 Nascentem placido lumine videris,  
 Illum non labor Isthmius  
 Clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger  
  
 Curru ducet Achaico  
 Victorem, neque res bellica Deliis  
 Ornatum foliis ducem,  
 Quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,  
  
 Ostendet Capitolio;  
 Sed quae Tibur aquae fertile praefluunt  
 Et spissae nemorum comae  
 Fingent Aeolio carmine nobilem.  
  
 Romae principis urbium  
 Dignatur suboles inter amabiles  
 Vatum ponere me choros,  
 Et iam dente minus mordeor invido.  
  
 O testudinis aureae  
 Dulcem quae strepitum, Pieri, temperas,  
 O mutis quoque piscibus  
 Donatura cyeni, si libeat, sonum,  
  
 Totum muneris hoc tui est,  
 Quod monstror digito praetereuntium  
 Romanae fidicen lyrae:  
 Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

*“Quem tu, Melpomene, semel...”*

If once on nurseling born of happy star  
 Thou deignest, fair Melpomene, to smile,  
 For him no victor steed in Isthmian car,  
 No sturdy boxer's ivy-guerdon'd toil.

Not his to crush embattl'd monarchs proud,  
 To pluck war's leaflet from the Delian grove,  
 And sweep in triumph through the thund'ring crowd  
 To the hoar gates of Capitolian Jove.

Him rather streams, by Tibur's meads that roll,  
 And waving woods and solemn shades inspire:  
 Their music mingles with his list'ning soul,  
 And moulds the Minstrel of the Lesbian lyre.

Rome, sovran Rome, accords me honour'd place  
 Amid the Poet-priests her youth adore;  
 No rival now arraigns her royal grace,  
 The venom'd fang of envy wounds no more.

Dear Queen of Song, whose hallowing fingers sweep  
 The golden chords that pierce, yet soothe, the heart,  
 Who e'en to voiceless swimmers of the deep  
 Could'st, at thy will, the swan's sweet notes impart.

Thou givest all: if, wheresoe'er I go,  
 They point and whisper—and the name is mine—  
 “Rome's lyric Bard,” all all to Thee I owe;  
 The fire, the charm, if e'er we charm, is Thine.

SHANKLIN, February, 1892.

HORACE, *Carm.* IV. iii.

Quem tu, Melpomene, semel  
     Nascentem placido lumine videris,  
 Illum non labor Isthmius  
     Clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger  
 Curru ducet Achaico  
     Victorem, neque res bellica Deliis  
 Ornatum foliis ducem,  
     Quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,  
 Ostendet Capitolio;  
     Sed quae Tibur aquae fertile praefluunt  
 Et spissae nemorum comae  
     Fingent Aeolio carmine nobilem.  
 Romae principis urbium  
     Dignatur suboles inter amabiles  
 Vatum ponere me choros,  
     Et iam dente minus mordeor invido.  
 O testudinis aureae  
     Dulcem quae strepitum, Pieri, temperas,  
 O mutis quoque piscibus  
     Donatura cycni, si libeat, sonum,  
 Totum muneris hoc tui est,  
     Quod monstror digito praetereuntium  
 Romanae fidicen lyrae:  
     Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

*“Quem tu, Melpomene, semel...”*

Him on whose favour'd birth  
 Thou deignest once, fair Queen of Song, to smile,  
     No common palms of earth  
 Shall grace, no guerdon of Olympian toil,  
     The boxer's manly praise,  
 Or conqu'ring steed in swift Achaean car,  
     Nor yet the Delian bays  
 That deck the chief who in the dust of war  
     Hath trailed the pride of kings,  
 And, as the gazing crowd his fame extol,  
     On Victory's eagle wings  
 Scales the high slope of Rome's grey Capitol.

Him rather streams that lave  
 Rich Tibur's meads, and bowery groves, inspire:  
     Voices of wood and wave  
 Mould the young Minstrel of the Lesbian lyre.  
     Rome, City without peer,  
 Hath twin'd her Poets' garland on my brow;  
     Her children hold me dear,  
 The venom'd tooth of envy wounds not now.  
     Queen of the golden shell,  
 Thou at whose touch the soft shrill numbers start,  
     Who, if it seem'd thee well,  
 Could'st to mute fish the swan's sweet voice impart.  
     If, wheresoe'er I go,  
 They point and whisper, “See, our Bard divine”—  
     All all to Thee I owe,  
 The charm, if e'er we charm, the breath from Heav'n  
     is Thine.

SHANKLIN, February, 1892.

HORACE, *Carm.* iv. v.

Divis orte bonis, optime Romulac  
 Custos gentis, abes iam nimium diu;  
 Maturum redditum pollicitus Patrum  
     Saneto concilio redi.

Lucem redde tuae, Dux bone, patriae:  
 Instar veris enim voltus ubi tuus  
 Adfulsit populo, gratior it dies  
     Et soles melius nitent.

Ut mater iuvenem, quem Notus invido  
 Flatu Carpathii trans maris aequora  
 Cunctantem spatio longius annuo  
     Dulci distinet a domo,

Votis ominibusque et precibus vocat,  
 Curvo nec faciem litore dimovet;  
 Sic desideriis icta fidelibus  
     Quaerit patria Caesarem.

Tutus bos etenim rura perambulat,  
 Nutrit farra Ceres almaque Faustitas,  
 Pacatum volitant per mare navitae,  
     Culpari metuit Fides,

Nullis polluitur casta domus stupris,  
 Mos et lex maculosum edomuit nefas,  
 Laudantur simili prole puerperae,  
     Culpam poena premit comes.

*“Divis orte bonis, optime Romulae...”*

Blest Son of Heav'n, of all the War-god's race  
 Chief Champion Thou, too long, too long from home !  
 The reverend Senate pleads thy plighted grace :  
 Make good thy word and come.

To darken'd Rome, kind Prince, her light restore !  
 Thy smile is springlike ; when its glories beam  
 On Town and People, daylight charms the more,  
 And suns serener gleam.

The sailor youth, that o'er Carpathia's deep  
 Hides and yet bides beyond the promised year,  
 With jealous blast the southern tempests keep  
 From home and mother dear.

With boding prayers the mother calls her boy,  
 From beach and bay her face she never turns :  
 So fair, so dear, with anxious fear and joy  
 Beneath for her Caesar yearns.

For now the steer may wander o'er the lea,  
 The happy lea, where Peace and Plenty reign :  
 No prate scares the barks that scud the sea,  
 Chaste Honour shrinks from stain.

Our homes are pure, our wedlock undefil'd,  
 Nor laws alone the Censor's triumph win ;  
 The good wife reads the father in her child,  
 Shaming dogs the heels of Sin.

Quis Parthum paveat, quis gelidum Seythen,  
 Quis Germania quos horrida parturit  
 Fetus, incolumi Caesare? quis ferae  
 Bellum curet Hiberiae?

Condit quisque diem collibus in suis,  
 Et vitem viduas ducit ad arbores;  
 Hinc ad vina redit laetus et alteris  
 Te mensis adhibet Deum;

Te multa prece, te prosequitur mero  
 Defuso pateris, et Laribus tuum  
 Miscet numen, uti Graecia Castoris  
 Et magni memor Herculis.

“Longas o utinam, Dux bone, ferias  
 “Praestes Hesperiae!” dicimus integro  
 Sicci mane die, dicimus uidi,  
 Cum Sol Oceano subest.

What dread of Parthian or the Scythian rude,  
While Caesar lives to smile at vague alarms ?  
Who fears the German mother's shaggy brood,  
Or wild Iberia's arms ?

Safe in his own dear dale at eventide,  
To widow'd elm the peasant weds the vine ;  
Anon, at jocund board, with loyal pride  
Invokes thy Name Divine.

To Thee he prays, to Thee libation pours,  
Thee with his Gods of home he links in one,  
As pious Greece her Castor's star adores,  
Or fam'd Alcmena's son.

“ Long years of blissful Peace, dear Prince, bestow  
“ On favour'd Italy ! ” For this we pray  
Dry-lipp'd at dawn, for this when beakers flow  
At set of summer day.

GREECE, 1892.

HORACE, *Carm. IV. vii.*

Diffugere nives, redeunt iam gramina campis  
 Arboribusque comae;

Mutat terra vices et decrescentia ripas  
 Flumina praetereunt;

Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet  
 Ducere nuda choros.

Immortalia ne speres, monet annus et alnum  
 Quae rapit hora diem.

Frigora mitescunt Zephyris, Ver proterit Aestas  
 Interitura, simul

Pomifer Autumnus fruges effuderit, et mox  
 Bruma recurrit iners.

Damina tamen celeres reparant caelestia lunae:  
 Nos, ubi decidimus,

Quo pater Aeneas, quo dives Tullus et Ancus,  
 Pulvis et umbra sumus.

Quis seit an adiant hodiernae crastina summae  
 Tempora Di superi?

Cuncta manus avidas fugient heredis, amico  
 Quae dederis animo.

Cum semel occideris et de te splendida Minos  
 Fecerit arbitria,

Non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te  
 Restituet pietas:

Infernus neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum  
 Liberat Hippolytum,

Nec Lethaea valet Theseus abrumpere caro  
 Vineula Pirithoo.

*“Diffugere nives...”*

The snows are gone, the fields renew their grass,  
 The woods their tresses green ;  
 Adown their shores the slack'ning rivers pass,  
 Earth shifts her every scene.

Lo ! with their Nymphs in white-limb'd dance appear  
 The Sister Graces three :—  
 Mortal, the dying day, the drifting year  
 May read a truth to thee.

Frost yields to Zephyr, Summer treads on Spring,  
 Foredoom'd to fade away  
 Soon as lush Autumn shed his fruits and bring  
 Slow Winter's shortest day.

Yet the swift moons their skyey waste repair ;  
 Not so with man—we fall,  
 And, as Aeneas, Tullus, Ancus were,  
 Are dust and ashes all.

Live for the day ; to-morrow's ling'ring feet  
 Rest with the lords of heav'n ;  
 Let all that hopes thy greedy heir to cheat  
 To thy dear soul be given.

For know, my friend, if once thou vanish hence,  
 And Minos seal thy doom,  
 Nor birth, nor piety, nor eloquence  
 Can wake thee from the tomb.

From nether shades bright Dian calls in vain  
 Her chaste Hippolytus ;  
 Nor Theseus' love may rend the slumb'rous chain  
 That binds Pirithous.

GREECE, 1892.

HORACE, *Carm.* III. xi. 25.

“*Impietate pia est.*” OVID.

Audiat Lyde scelus atque notas  
 Virginum poenas et inane lymphae  
 Dolium fundo pereuntis imo  
 Seraque fata,

Quae manent culpas etiam sub Orco.  
 Inpiae (nam quid potuere maius ?)  
 Inpiae sponsos potuere duro  
 Perdere ferro.

Una de multis face nuptiali  
 Digna perjurum fuit in parentem  
 Splendide mendax et in omne virgo  
 Nobilis aevum,

“Surge,” quae dixit iuveni marito,  
 “Surge, ne longus tibi somnus, unde  
 “Non times, detur; sacerum et scelestas  
 “Falle sorores,

“Quae velut nactae vitulos leaenae  
 “Singulos eheu lacerant: ego illis  
 “Mollior nec te feriam neque intra  
 “Claustra tenebo.

*“Audiat Lyde scelus...”*

### A PARAPHRASE

Lyde needs a solemn warning; once again the story tell—  
Danaus and his fiendish Daughters, and their awful  
doom in Hell.

Wretches! Could their crime be blacker?—each, the  
night that she was wed,  
Took a sword, and slew her Husband, on the very  
marriage-bed!

One alone of all the Fifty worthy of the nuptial tie,  
Foiled her cruel Father's treason with the brave im-  
mortal lie—

Glorious lie, to stand for ever monument of Maiden ruth,  
Holy fraud for faith unholy, loyal lie for treacherous truth!

“Rouse thee,” to her Lord she whispered, “Rise, or  
sleep to rise no more!

“Slumber, whence thou little deemest, lurks within  
the chamber-door.

“Flee the Prince thou callest father, flee my guilty  
Sisters all!

“Stealthy deeds—by stealth escape them—haunt this  
hour the bridal Hall.

“Lo! the Brides have seized their Bridegrooms, Brides  
no more but lions grim,

“Seized them, calf-like, for the slaughter! Hark! they  
tear them limb from limb!

“Monsters! I, of milder moulding, rouse thee but to  
set thee free:

“Swordless is the hand that grasps thee, blow nor  
dungeon fear from me!

“ Me pater saevis oneret catenis,  
“ Quod viro clemens misero pepercit;  
“ Me vel extremos Numidarum in agros  
“ Classe relegeat.

“ I, pedes quo te rapiunt et aurae,  
“ Dum favet nox et Venus; i secundo  
“ Omine, et nostri memorem sepulcro  
“ Sealpe querellam.”

- "Go! On me a Father's fury soon, methinks, will be  
outpoured:  
"Let him load with heaviest fetters her who spared  
her hapless Lord!  
"Let him crowd his ships to bear me far to Afric's  
burning sky;  
"There in exile let him leave me, there in exile let  
me die!"
- "Haste, O haste thee to the harbour, swift of foot  
and swift of sail!  
"Night befriends and kindly Venus; haste, nor lose  
the favouring gale!  
"Fly, and when my death thou hearest, on a stone  
that all may see  
"Write the name of Hypermnestra: tell them how  
she died for thee!"

HUELGOAT, BRITTANY, *August 29, 1910.*

HORACE, *Carm.* III. ix.

“*Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus  
Interpres.*”                            *Ep. ad Pisones*, 133.

“*Amantium irae amoris integratio est.*”

TERENT., *Andr.*, III. 3, 23.

*Horatius.* Donec gratus eram tibi,  
     Nec quisquam potior brachia candidae  
     Cervici iuvenis dabat,  
     Persarum vigui rege beatior.

*Lydia.*     Donec non alia magis  
     Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloen,  
     Multi Lydia nominis  
     Romana vigui clarior Ilia.

*Horatius.* Me nunc Thressa Chloe regit,  
     Dulces docta modos et citharae sciens,  
     Pro qua non metuam mori,  
     Si parcent animae fata superstiti.

*Lydia.*     Me torret face mutua  
     Thurini Calais filius Ornyti,  
     Pro quo bis patiar mori,  
     Si parcent pueru fata superstiti.

## A PARAPHRASE

(With the Metre's humble apologies to the Poet,  
dear to all Scholars, for this very modern travesty of his  
refined and famous Masterpiece.)

For Barytone and Soprano, *con molta espressione.*

Madam, while I had the honour of a *bonne entente*  
with you,

Ere, alas ! a luckier rival dearer arms around you threw,  
I was happy ! Hearts so guileless ! Not a cloud in all  
the sky !

'Pon my soul, the King of Persia wasn't half so blest as I.

Sir, before a wilier mistress kindled what you call your  
heart,

Ere that priggish little Chloe played her sly supplanter's  
part,

I was happy !—not another happier girl in all the town !  
Romulus' and Remus' Mother hadn't half your Queen's  
renown.

'Chloe now, I don't deny it, holds me in her sweet control :  
How she fiddles ! How she warbles ! What a genius !  
What a soul !

Boldly would I die to save her, die the death for her alone,  
So the kindly Fates vouchsafe her length of days when  
I am gone.

Lydia too has found a lover—ah ! we nurse a mutual  
flame—

Princely son of princely father ; Calais is my hero's name.  
Calmly would I die to save him, twenty deaths for him  
alone,

So the kindly Fates vouchsafe him years on years when  
I am gone.

*Horatius.* Quid si prisca redit Venus,  
Diductosque iugo cogit aeneo?  
Si flava executitur Chloe,  
Reiectaeque patet ianua Lydiae?

*Lydia.* Quamquam sidere pulchrior  
Ille est, tu levior cortice et improbo  
Iracundior Adria,  
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

Dearest! How if Lady Venus, She who yoked our  
 hearts of old,  
 Somehow stole again between us with her coupling  
 links of gold?  
 How if all-accomplished Chloe vanished briskly through  
 the door,  
 And Another, long a stranger, entered in to stray  
 no more?

---

Wretch! Although my peerless Calais brighter is than  
 any star,  
 You as light as cork and ruder than your Adria's  
 billows are,  
 Yet, if love must be out-spoken, and true love can  
 never lie,  
 Gladly would I live with Horace, and with Horace  
 gladly die.

HUELGOAT, BRITTANY, *August*, 1896.

*Frater, ave atque vale.*

Multas per gentes et multa per aequora vectus  
 Advenio has miseras, Frater, ad inferias,  
 Ut te postremo donarem munere mortis  
 Et mutam nequiquam alloquerer cinerem.  
 Quandoquidem fortuna mihi tete abstulit ipsum.  
 Heu miser indigne Frater adempte mihi.  
 Nunc tamen interea haec, prisco quae more parentum  
 Tradita sunt tristi munere ad inferias,  
 Accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu,  
 Atque in perpetuum, Frater, ave atque vale.

CATULLUS.

A. G. B.

Through many a land, o'er many seas, I passed  
 To stand, dear Brother, by thy tomb at last;  
 To pay my last fond tribute, all too vain,  
 And speak to dust that cannot speak again:  
 Dust, not thyself! Thyself, ah woe the day,  
 Fate, cruel fate, hath roughly snatched away.  
 Yet since such gifts our fathers' rites demand,  
 Take these, oh take them, from a brother's hand!  
 Wet with a brother's tears, their tale they tell—  
 For ever and for ever ah! farewell!

TRINITY LODGE, January 31, 1909.

*“Infelix, utcunque ferent ea facta minores.” Aen. vi. 823.*

Stat trepidans Brutus; mortique paratus uteque  
 Stat reus iratum filius ante patrem.  
 Nec Genitor damnare potest, nec parcere Consul,  
 Inque vices veniam datque negatque Parenſ.  
 Sed simul ac patrias oculos conveſhit ad aras      *rl*  
 Saxaque Tarpeio rite dicata Iovi,  
 Tum genitoris amor patriae concessit amori,  
 Et, Patre deposito, nil nisi Consul erat.

HENRY HOLDEN, *Ball. Coll.*

*“The Consul, not the Father, sheds the blood.” DRYDEN.*

He ponders—marked for death, on either hand  
 Two traitor sons before their Father stand.  
 How should the Father doom, the Consul spare?  
 By turns he grants, by turns rejects, the prayer.  
 But lo! his eyes to Rome’s high altar rove,  
 The crags, the shrines, of stern Tarpeian Jove:  
 No more home-love with love of country strives,  
 The Father lives no more, the Consul sole survives.

*February 27, 1912.*

## PROPERTIUS v. xi.

Desine, Paule, meum lacrimis urgere sepulchrum :  
 Panditur ad nullas ianua nigra preces.  
 Cum semel infernas intrarunt funera leges,  
 Non exorato stant adamante viae.  
 Te licet orantem fuscae deus audiat aulae,  
 Nempe tuas lacrimas littora surda bibent.  
 Vota movent superos : ubi portitor aera recepit,  
 Obserat umbrosos lurida porta rogos.  
 Sic maestae cecinere tubae, cum subdita nostrum  
 Detraheret lecto fax inimica caput.  
 Quid mihi coniugium Paulli, quid currus avorum  
 Profuit aut famae pignora tanta meae ?  
 Num minus inmites habui Cornelia Parcas ?  
 En sum, quod digitis quinque levatur, onus.  
 Damnatae noctes, et vos vada lenta paludes,  
 Et quaecumque meos implicat unda pedes,  
 Inmatura licet, tamen huc non noxia veni :  
 Det Pater hic umbrae mollia iura meae.  
 Aut si quis posita iudex sedet Aeacus urna,  
 In mea sortita vindicet ossa pila :  
 Adsideant fratres iuxta et Minoida sellam  
 Eumenidum intento turba severa foro.

## CORNELIA'S DEFENCE

*"Desine, Paulle..."*

Cease, Paullus, cease! these vexing tears restrain!

The sable portal of the Stygian bourne  
Lifts not to prayer: who enter Hell's domain,  
A bar of adamant forbids return.

Death's dusky hall may hear thy voice; but see  
Deaf to thy tears the dry and thirsty shore:  
Once the grim Boatman grips his ghostly fee,  
The shadow'd tombs, dark-bolted, ope no more.

Such the sad trump, when, kindled 'neath the bier,  
The rav'ning flame-wreath wrapp'd my shrivell'd head:  
What profit then that Paullus held me dear,  
Or triumph-chariot of the mighty dead,  
  
Or those sweet pledges of my matron fame?  
Found I less stern the ruthless laws of Fate?  
Lo! the proud dust that boasts Cornelia's name!  
Five little fingers lift its tiny weight.

Black nights of doom, dull pools of sluggish slime.  
Whate'er the wave that curdles round my feet,  
Guiltless I come, yet summoned ere my time,  
Here in Hell's Sire a gracious judge to meet.  
  
Or if stern Aeacus his court prepare,  
With urn and lot our issues let him try,  
Yea and his Brothers, while at Minos' chair  
The Furies stand, a grisly company.

Sisyphe, mole vaceſ, taceant Ixionis orbes,  
Fallax Tantaleo corripere ore liquor,  
Cerberus et nullas hodie petat improbus umbras,  
Et iaceat tacita lapsa catena sera.  
Ipsa loquar pro me: si fallo, poena sororum  
Infelix umeros urgeat urna meos.  
Si cui fama fuit per avita tropaea decori,  
Afra Numantinos regna loquuntur avos:  
Altera maternos exaequat turba Libones,  
Et domus est titulis utraque fulta suis.  
Mox, ubi iam facibus cessit praetexta maritis,  
Vinxit et acceptas altera vitta comas,  
Iungor, Paulle, tuo sic discessura cubili:  
In lapide huic uni nupta fuisse legar.

Give audience, all ! Leave Sisyphus, thy rock !  
 Hush'd be the whirring of Ixion's wheel !  
 Water of Tantalus, forbear to mock ;  
 Let yon parched tongue for once thy freshness feel !

No bark, no spring for Cerberus to-day,  
 Lull'd be the fury of the restless Hound ;  
 Limp on its padlock, while he spares his prey,  
 Let the loose chain lie silent on the ground.

Cornelia's lips Cornelia's cause shall plead ;  
 If perjured, grant me, Gods, the wage to earn  
 Of that false Sisterhood<sup>1</sup> of Egypt's seed  
 Whose guilty shoulders bear th' avenging urn.

Such fame as flows from laurell'd sires was mine ;  
 Afric and Spain my Fathers' glories own ;  
 Nor less the Libos grace Scribonia's line,  
 Each house is propp'd on columns of its own.

When girlhood pass'd, and now my maiden dress  
 To marriage torch its lowlier state resign'd,  
 And on the brow, the snood was wont to press,  
 A broader braid my matron locks confined,

To thee, dear Lord, I gave my virgin plight,  
 Till now, by Death's divorce, inviolate :  
 Lo ! on my tomb love's pious fingers write,  
 "Here lies, once wedded, noble Paullus' mate."

<sup>1</sup> The Danaides.

Testor maiorum cineres tibi, Roma, verendos,  
 Sub quorum titulis, Africa, tonsa iaces,  
 Et Persen proavi simulanten pectus Achillis,  
 Quique tuas proavo fregit Achille domos,  
 Me neque censurae legem mollisse, nec ulla,  
 Labe mea nostros erubuisse focos.  
 Non fuit exuviis tantis Cornelia damnum,  
 Quin erat et magnae pars imitanda domus.  
 Nec mea mutatast aetas, sine crimine totast:  
 Viximus insignes inter utramque facem.  
 Mi natura dedit leges a sanguine ductas,  
 Ne possem melior iudicis esse metu.  
 Quaelibet austeras de me ferat urna tabellas:  
 Turpior adsessu non erit ulla meo,  
 Vel tu, quae tardam movisti fune Cybeben,  
 Claudia, turritae rara ministra deae,  
 Vel cui, commissos cum Vesta reposceret ignes  
 Exhibuit vivos carbasus alba focos.  
 Nec te, dulce caput, mater Scribonia, laesi:  
 In me mutatum quid nisi fata velis?

Shades of my Sires, Rome's gods, by you I swear,  
 You at whose footstool, like a mourning bride,  
 Lorn Afric weeps, and Him<sup>1</sup> who feign'd to share  
 Achilles' blood, and "perish'd in his pride,"

Ne'er was I fain to crouch at Censor's knee,  
 No guilt of mine e'er tinged your hearths with shame ;  
 Your brightest trophies shone renewed in me,  
 And borrowed lustre from Cornelia's flame.

So passed the changeless tenor of our days,  
 Nor once assoiled by slander's tainting breath :  
 From torch to torch we lived, and gathered praise,  
 The torch of Wedlock and the torch of Death.

No cringing terror taught me Virtue's laws ;  
 I drew them in the blood, and served her free :  
 How stern soe'er the Court that hears my cause,  
 No woman e'er shall smirch for touch of me.

Not Thou<sup>2</sup>, whose hand could stir the ling'ring bark,  
 Choice Priestess of the Goddess turret-crown'd,  
 Or She<sup>3</sup>, whose robe revived the dying spark  
 At Vesta's call, and lo ! the lost was found.

Nor Thee, dear Mother, have I wronged ; thy tears  
 Are my best praise, and Rome hath shared thy gloom :  
 Of all I was through all those happy years  
 Nought wouldest thou change but this—my early doom.

<sup>1</sup> Perseus, King of Macedonia.      <sup>2</sup> Claudia Quinta.

<sup>3</sup> The Vestal Aemilia.

Maternis laudor lacrimis urbisque querelis,  
Defensa et gemitu Caesaris ossa mea.  
Ille sua nata dignam vixisse sororem  
Increpat, et lacrimas vidimus ire deo.  
Et tamen emerui generosos vestis honores,  
Nec mea de sterili facta rapina domo.  
Tu, Lepide, et tu, Paulle, meum post fata levamen,  
Condita sunt vestro lumina nostra sinu.  
Vidimus et fratrem sellam geminasse curulem ;  
Consul quo factus tempore, rapta soror.  
Filia, tu specimen censurae nata paternae,  
Fac teneas unum nos imitata virum.  
Et serie fulcite genus : mihi cymba volenti  
Solvitur aucturis tot mea fata meis.  
Haec est feminei merces extrema triumphi,  
Laudat ubi emeritum libera fama rogum.

One Patron more—great Caesar's grief is heard:

“Alas,” he mourns, “so dear a Sister dies,  
“My Julia's peer!” and at the gracious word  
Tears fell—we saw it—from the Hero's eyes.

Yet mine the guerdon due to offspring fair;

No childless home beheld my flight unblest:  
Dear Sons, my stay in death, ye twain were there:  
These lids were closed upon your faithful breast.

A Brother<sup>1</sup> twice in Curule state I knew;

Men hailed him Consul when his sister died:

Dear Daughter, to thy Censor-sire be true  
And, like thy mother, once—but once—a bride.

My children, be it yours in stately row

With pillars fresh to prop our ancient race:  
For me the bark is loos'd, nor grieved I go,  
So many left their mother's deeds to grace.

The dearest meed that Woman's worth rewards,

The crowning triumph of a Woman's life,  
Is when the voice of honest fame records,  
“Peace to the ashes of a perfect Wife.”

<sup>1</sup> Publius Cornelius Scipio.

Nunc tibi commendo communia pignora natos:  
 Haec cura et cineri spirat inusta meo.  
 Fungere maternis vicibus, pater: illa meorum  
 Omnis erit collo turba fovenda tuo.  
 Oscula cum dederis tua flentibus, adice matris:  
 Tota domus coepit nunc onus esse tuum.  
 Et si quid dolitus eris, sine testibus illis!  
 Cum venient, siccis oscula falle genis!  
 Sat tibi sint noctes, quas de me, Paulle, fatiges.  
 Somniaque in faciem credita saepe meam:  
 Atque ubi secreto nostra ad simulacula loqueris.  
 Ut responsurae singula verba iace.  
 Seu tamen adversum mutarit ianua lectum,  
 Sederit et nostro cauta noverca toro,  
 Coniugium, pueri, laudate et ferte paternum:  
 Capta dabit vestris moribus illa manus.  
 Nec matrem laudate nimis: collata priori  
 Vertet in offensas libera verba suas.

Now to thy charge our darlings I confide,  
 Dear pledges of the love we wont to share :  
 E'en in these ashes, cold to all beside,  
 Lives one warm relic of mine earlier care.

Be Father, Mother, Paullus, both in one !  
 A Father's strength, a Mother's love combine :  
 Bear on thy neck the load I did not shun,  
 The little laughing load that once was mine.

Or if with smiles thou dry their infant tears,  
 To thine own kisses add a kiss from me :  
 From this dark day, and on through lonely years.  
 Our house, with all its burthen, leans on thee.

But O ! if grief o'ertake thee, weep apart !  
 Nor, as they nestle to thy close embrace,  
 Let those bright eyes detect the bleeding heart,  
 Or track a tear upon their Father's face.

Enough the night for brooding o'er the dead,  
 For dreams that fondly feign the absent nigh !  
 Speak to mine image from thy widow'd bed ;  
 Fling word on word, and deem these lips reply.

Should changes come, and should another fill  
 The hallow'd couch that once Cornelia press'd,  
 Chafe not, my sons, a jealous stepdame's will,  
 But meekly bow beneath your Sire's behest.

So shall your gentleness her pride disarm :  
 But ne'er, dear boys, too high my merits raise,  
 Lest in the chorus of a rival's charm  
 She catch the echo of her own dispraise.

Seu memor ille mea contentus manserit umbra  
Et tanti cineres duxerit esse meos,  
Discite venturam iam nunc lenire senectam,  
Caelibis ad curas nec vacet ulla via.  
Quod mihi detractumst. vestros accedat ad annos:  
Prole mea Paullum sic iuvet esse senem.  
Et bene habet: numquam mater lugubria sumpsi:  
Venit in exequias tota caterva meas.  
Causa peroratast. Flentes me surgite, testes,  
Dum pretium vitae grata rependit humus.  
Moribus et caelum patuit: sim digna merendo,  
Cuius honoratis ossa vehantur avis.

But should my Lord these ashes hold so dear  
 That one poor shade, but one, his heart possess,  
 Mark the first footprints of the failing year,  
 And gently block each path to loneliness.

To you be reckon'd—'tis a Mother's prayer—  
 The years out-blotted from my life's brief page :  
 Cheer'd by the sons his own Cornelia bare  
 My Paullus shall not dread the snows of age.

There Heav'n was kind, for, while ye grew and threwe,  
 Ne'er was I call'd to wear the weeds of gloom :  
 Of all the nurselings of a Mother's love  
 Not one was lacking at her early tomb.

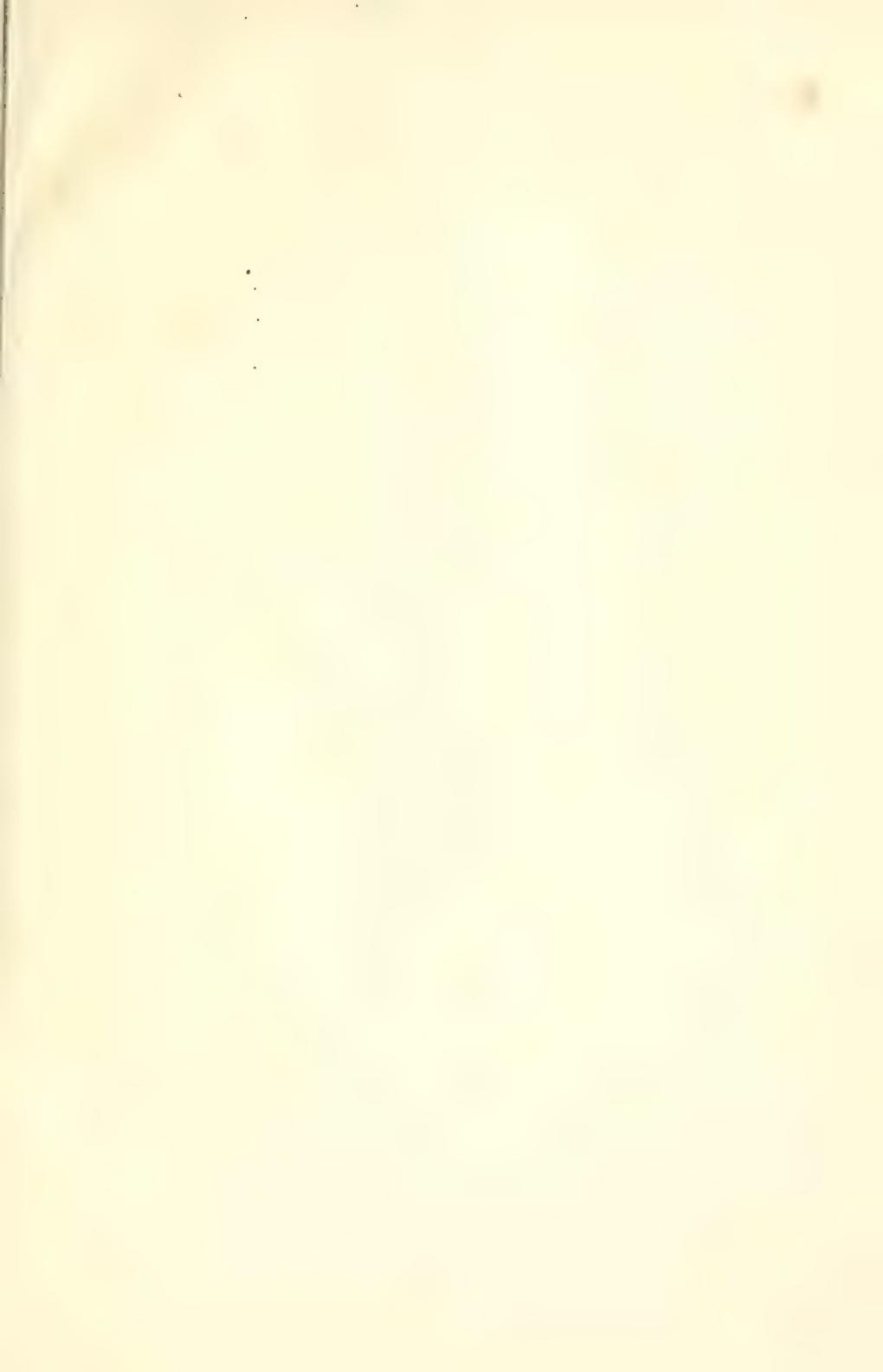
My task is o'er ; ye hear my life's defence ;  
 Rise, weeping friends, bear witness as I plead,  
 Till grateful earth accord me recompense,  
 And crown the past with Virtue's hallow'd meed.

To Virtue e'en the gates of Heav'n unfold :  
 There pass'd the Fathers of my glorious line :  
 There may I pass, in Hero ranks enroll'd,  
 Nor shall their merit suffer shame from mine.

A LYTH, *September 21, 1892.*

*Cambridge*:

PRINTED BY JOHN CLAY, M.A.  
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS



4



**UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY**  
**Los Angeles**

**This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.**

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**AA** 000 368 115 2

PR  
4349  
B6621s

